



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

**SEVEN DAYS'
BOOK.**

P270.3

Bd. May, 1889.



Harvard College Library

FROM THE REQUEST OF

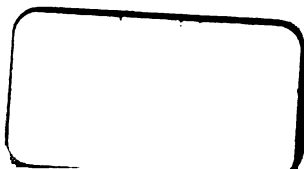
MRS. ANNE E. P. SEVER,

OF BOSTON,

WIDOW OF COL. JAMES WARREN SEVER,

(Class of 1817),

7 Nov. 1888 - 9 April, 1889.





1875

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII.

List of Contributors to Volumes I. to XIII.

AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER'	FARRER, J. A.	NATHAN, GEORGE I.
AUTHOR OF 'CHRISTINA NORTH'	FAWCETT, EDGAR	NELSON, W. F.
AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HALI- FAX, GENTLEMAN'	FORTESCUE, HON. J. W.	NEBBIT, E.
AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HERRING'	FREEMAN, EDWARD A.	NICHOLS, J. B. B.
AUTHOR OF 'JOHN WARD, PREACHER'	PROUDE, J. A.	NOBLE, JAS. ASHCROFT
AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERN- INGHAM'S JOURNAL'	GASKELL, LADY C. M.	NORRIS, W. E.
AUTHOR OF 'REATA'	GIBSON, JOHN	O'DONOGHUE, J.
AUTHOR OF 'THE EPIC OF HADES'	GOSSE, EDMUND W.	OLIPHANT, MRS.
ADAIR, ALAN	GOSSE, P. H.	OLIVER, J. WESTWOOD
ADAMS, CHARLTON	GRAHAM, P. ANDERSON	ORME, ELIZA
A. K. H. B.	GURNEY, EDMUND	OVERTON, CANON
ALLEN, GRANT	HAGGARD, H. RIDER	OWEN, SIR R., C.B., F.R.S.
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM	HAKE, DR. T. G.	PALEY, F. A.
ANDRÉ, G. G.	HALES, JOHN W.	PALMER, GREVILLE
ANSTEF, F.	HAMERTON, P. G.	PARKER, ROBERT WM.
ARCHER, WILLIAM	HAMILTON, A. H. A.	PARR, MRS.
AUSTIN, L. F.	HARDWICKE, W. W.	PAYN, JAMES
AVONVALE	HARDY, THOMAS	PAYNE, JOHN ORLEBAR
BALL, SIR ROBERT S.	HARRIES, HY.	PEEL, E. LENNOX
BALLANTYNE, ARCHIBALD	HARTE, BRET	PHILLIPOTS, EDEN
BARKER, H. J.	HASTIE, BERNARD	POLLARD, MRS.
BATTERSBY, CARYL	HAWES, REV. H. B.	POLLOCK, W. H.
BECKER, LYDIA E.	HEATHCOTE, A. M.	PROCTOR, RICHARD A.
BERSELY, A. H.	HENDERSON, W. J.	PROTHEO, R. E.
BENNETT, REV. HUGH	HERMAN, HENRY	PURVES, JAMES
BENT, J. THEODORE	HERVEY, CHARLES	REEVE, MRS.
BESANT, WALTER	HICKEY, MISS	RICHARDSON, B. W.
BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.	HILLIER, G. LACY	ROBERTS, CHAS. G. D.
BLACK, MISS CLEMENTINA	HORNE, R. HENGIST	ROBERTSON, D. J.
BLACK, WILLIAM	HOWELLS, W. D.	ROBINSON, E. KAY
BLATHERWICK, CHARLES	HUDSON, W. H.	ROSS, MRS.
BOWEN, H. COURTHOPE	HUNT, MRS. ALFRED W.	ROSS, PERCY
BOYD, CHARLES WALTER	HUNT, VIOLET	RUSSELL, GEORGE W. E.
BOYES, JOHN FREDK.	INGELW, JEAN	RUSSELL, W. CLARK
BOYLE, FREDERICK	JAMES, HENRY	SCHLOSS, DAVID F.
BRAND, CANNOCK	JEPPERIES, RICHARD	SCOTT, R. H.
BRINDLEY, RUTH	JERSEY, COUNTESS OF	SELBY, REV. T. G.
BUCKLAND, C. T., F.Z.S.	JESSOP, GEORGE H.	SIM, W. A.
BURBOUGHS, JOHN	KEBBELL, T. E.	SIMCOCK, EDITH
BUTLER, CANON	KENDALL, MISS MAY	SMILES, SAMUEL
CARTER, MISS KATE	KEY, MISS B. A.	STACPOLE, W. H.
CARMARTHEN, E.	KEYSE, ARTHUR	STEVENSON, J. L.
CHAPMAN, EDWARD M.	KIDD, BENJAMIN	STUART, ESMÉ
CHOLMONDELEY- PENNEL, H.	LANG, ANDREW	STURGIS, JULIAN
CLARKE, SHELDON	LAUGHTON, J. K.	TAYLOR, A. ASHWORTH
COBBAN, J. MACLAREN	LAYARD, MRS.	TAYLOR, WELD
COLEMAN, JOHN	LELAND, CHARLES G.	THACKERAY, F. St. JOHN
COOK, DUTTON	LONGMAN, C. J.	TOMSON, GRAHAM R.
CORK, COUNTESS OF	LUMMIS, E. W.	TROLOPE, HENRY M.
COURTNEY, W. L.	MCCARTHY, JUSTIN, M.P.	TYNDALL, JOHN, F.R.S.
COX, REV. SIR G. W., BART.	MACKAIL, J. W.	VACHELL, M. C.
DOBSON, AUSTIN	MALLINS, H.	WATKINS, REV. M. G.
DUNS, EARNEST	MANSTON, AUGUSTUS	WATSON, ALFRED E. T.
EVANS, B. G.	MARTIN, MISS A. L.	WATTS, W. H. S.
EVANS, SEBASTIAN	MATTHEWS, BRANDER	WEBER, F.
FARRAR, ARCHDEACON	MILLER, W. C.	WERNER, MISS
	MILNER, GEORGE	WHITEFORD, S. T.
	MOLESWORTH, MRS.	WILLINK, H. G.
	MORRIS, EDWARD E.	WILSON, ANDREW, F.R.S.E.
	MORRIS, LEWIS	WILSON, J. ARBUTHNOT
	MURDOCH, W. L.	WOOD, REV. J. G.
	MURRAY, D. CHRISTIE	WOTHERSPOON, G.
	MURRAY, HENRY	WRIGHT, MISS M.
	MUSGRAVE, MRS.	YOXALL, J. H.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

~~~~~  
VOL. XIII.

NOVEMBER 1888 TO APRIL 1889  
~~~~~



LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
AND NEW YORK: 15 EAST 16th STREET
1889

All rights reserved

1888, Nov. 7 - 1889, April 9.
Sever fund.

~~DIXLV~~

P270.3

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON



No. LXXIII.]

Contents

[NOVEMBER 1888

PAGE

A Dangerous Catspaw. VII.—IX. I

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY MURRAY

A Scheme in lieu of 'Payment by Results' 28

By J. H. YOXALL

Mated by Magic 44

By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK and BRANDER MATTHEWS

The Frog and his Relations. 61

By CANNOCK BRAND

Margery Daw 77

By Miss HICKEY

Barbara 81

By MAY KENDALL

A Fresh Herring. (*Illustrated.*) 93

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD

At the Sign of the Ship 105

By ANDREW LANG

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row
and New York: 15 East 16th Street





NOW! IS THE CONSTANT SYLLABLE TICKING FROM THE CLOCK OF TIME.

NOW! IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE WISE.
NOW! IS ON THE BANNER OF THE PRUDENT.
NOW! YOU CAN CHANGE THE TRICKLIN
STREAM, BUT TO-MORROW YOU MAY
HAVE THE RAGING TORRENT TO CON-
TEND WITH.

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE
ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is an imperative
hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood
pure, prevents fevers and acute inflammatory diseases,
removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics,
such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means;
thus restores the nervous system to its normal condi-
tion, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood
and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability,
worry, &c.

**DON'T GO TO SEA WITHOUT A
BOTTLE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT
SALT.'**—'From a Town in British Guiana, South
America.—J. C. Eno, Esq., London.—Sir,—After two
years' trial of your excellent "FRUIT SALT," I can
safely say that it has saved me much misery from
Colonial fevers, indigestion, and impaired appetite, to
which I have been subject during eleven years' resi-
dence in the tropics. It is invaluable to travellers as
a preventive of sea-sickness, and a relief from the other
ailments of life aboard ship; and for myself I would
as soon think of going a voyage without my tooth-brush as my bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." With ordinary
care it does not get hard and caked as other effervescent preparations do in warm and humid climates, and this
is greatly in its favour.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, W. J. B.

HEAD WINDS AND HEAVY SEA CROSSING 'THE BAY.'—'I have recently
returned from a trip in a P. & O. Company's ship, and consider it a duty incumbent upon me to make
known to you that, during a nautical career extending over a period of 30 years, I have been invariably a sufferer
from sea-sickness, more or less, according to the weather; but on the last occasion, I am happy to say (although
we experienced strong head winds and heavy sea crossing "The Bay"), I entirely escaped; and this I attribute
to my HAVING PROVIDED MYSELF WITH ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," which I can most conscientiously recommend to
all who may be similarly afflicted, whose business or pleasure may cause them to "go down to the sea in ships."—
I am, Sir, yours faithfully, A. PURSER.'

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA.—Important to all Travellers.—
'Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." I have tried ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" in
America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satis-
factory results. I can strongly recommend it to all Travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully,
AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL, June 26, 1878.'

'I used my "FRUIT SALT" freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved
my life.—J. C. Eno.'

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S "FRUIT
SALT."' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

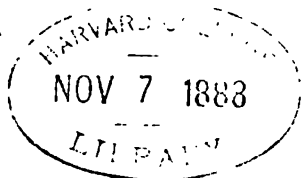
DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIOUS ATTACKS.—A Gentleman writes: 'Dec. 27,
1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the "VEGETABLE MOTO," I unhesitatingly
recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so
gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-
for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."
—Yours gratefully, ONE WHO KNOWS.'

West Indies.—To Mr. J. C. ENO, London.—'Please send me further supply of your "VEGETABLE
MOTO" to the value of the P.O. inclosed (eight shillings). The first small parcel came fully up to what is
written of them.—St. Kitts, West Indies, Oct. 11, 1887.'

THE SAME CORRESPONDENT, in ordering a further supply of the "VEGETABLE MOTO," in July
1888, writes as follows: 'I cannot help telling you that the "Moto" is a valuable addition to your "FRUIT SALT,"
and ought to be as generally known as the latter.'

ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.



LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1888.

A Dangerous Catpaw.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HENRY MURRAY.

VII.

A LITTLE after luncheon Miss Pharr and the doctor went back to the lawn and resumed operations there. Mrs. Wyncott, who was still inclined to be chill with Arnold, followed them, and took up once more her place in the tent. Edith and Arnold remained behind for a time.

'I see,' said the maiden lady, 'that you observed my signal. Sit down, Arnold. I want to have a serious talk with you.'

Arnold sat down obediently, and waited. Edith drew a chair pretty close to his, and laid a hand upon his arm.

'I am quite old enough, Arnold,' she began, 'to take elderly sisterly airs with you. I don't want to waste time in beating about the bush, and, above all things in the world, I hate hints and mysteries.'

With this preamble, she began to speak in parables.

'There is a young clergyman, a friend of mine—in fact, a not very distant relative—who came down here last year. There was a young lady here at the same time, and I have every reason to believe that she and the young clergyman were beginning to be very seriously attached to each other. All on a sudden the young clergyman discovered that the lady was going, one of these days, to be an heiress, and, being himself an absurdly Quixotic and high-minded boy, he ran away as soon as he could conveniently do it, and left the poor girl under the impression that she had somehow

offended him. Now, if ever you should meet that young clergyman, Arnold, I want you to tell him that he behaved very foolishly and rather badly.'

'I happen to know something of the circumstances of the case,' Arnold answered. He was blushing like a girl, and kept his eyes fixed upon the pattern of the carpet. 'I happen to know that the young clergyman did the only wise and honourable thing he could do under the circumstances.'

'Did the young lady decline to listen to him?'

'No,' said Arnold, looking up for a moment. 'He never ran that risk.'

'Arnold, dear,' said the old maid, 'I think that he was very much in love with her.'

'Please say no more about it,' said Arnold, rising. 'If you asked me down here to say this to me I can't do less than thank you for it, because I know you meant it kindly. If that young clergyman had any dreams he awoke from them last autumn, and is not likely to go to sleep in those delusions any more.'

'But if there were no delusions?' the old maid answered him. 'Suppose the girl were wounded?'

'There is no ground to suppose anything of the sort,' he said, with such a brusque decision that she was more than half afraid of him.

'If I thought that,' she said, 'I should be a very foolish and wicked woman to put these thoughts into your mind. I believe she cares still, and I am quite sure that she did care a little less than a year ago.'

She was blushing now, and what with that, and a certain humid brightness in her eyes, she looked quite young again, and almost pretty.

'I knew a girl,' she said, half between laughing and crying, but wholly doing neither—'it is nearly twenty years since. A girl who would have given anything for somebody to do what I am doing now. But nobody did it, and the girl's an old maid, my dear. Not unhappy, very far from being unhappy, but not nearly, oh, not nearly, so happy as she might have been.'

Arnold stooped over her and kissed her, and she allowed her head to rest for a moment on his shoulder. Then she moved away, and having wiped her eyes with a transparent make-believe of complete self-possession, she came back to him.

'I shan't mend my cause in that way,' she said, 'I shall only make you think that I am a silly and sentimental old woman.'

'I won't deny,' said Arnold, looking away from her, and speak-

ing with great slowness and deliberation, 'that I had begun to have some fancies. I won't deny even that the fancies carried me a long way sometimes. I never spoke of this till now to a soul,' he interjected abruptly, turning his eyes upon her, 'and never meant to.'

'I am sure of that,' said Edith.

'I do not think,' he went on deliberately again, 'that Miss Pharr ever cared at all. I suppose a man may speak of these things without being a contemptible coxcomb. I had what seemed to me good grounds for believing that she did not care. But I should have tried my fortune if I hadn't heard of hers.'

'Exactly. Silly fellow!' cried Edith. 'I was sure of it all along.'

'But a woman,' Arnold went on, disregarding her interruption, 'of her fortune, and with her worldly chances, can hardly be asked to bury herself in the East End of London, to live the life I live, and meet the people amongst whom I spend my days. I like my work so well that I won't leave it for anything in the world. I have no right to ask a delicately nurtured woman to share it. In plain English, my dear Edith, the only fault I have been able to find in the character of the lady whose affairs I am so impertinently discussing, is that she has been a little spoiled. What some women might endure with cheerfulness would be unbearable, even horrible, for her. Now let us go away and forget everything that has been said. That is the best thing we can do.'

She would have urged him further, but he was so very resolute and quiet that she forbore, being afraid that if she went too far she might draw him into some declaration from which he would be unable to retire. She was too good a diplomatist to risk a permanent defeat when she could escape with a temporary one, and so she accepted the situation with the best grace she could command.

They talked of commonplace things for awhile, and then went out upon the lawn together.

'It is unreasonable,' Edith whispered to him as they emerged from the house, 'to be as chilly as you were this morning. She will think she has offended you.'

This was not particularly subtle for a woman, but it was quite deep enough for Arnold, who fell headlong into the simple trap thus set for him, and straightway did his loyal best to be cordial. Miss Pharr thawed at once, and Edith, having established this preliminary footing, left them to their own devices. She joined

mamma, whose manner seemed to refrigerate the atmosphere of the tent.

The elder lady dozed and the younger embroidered, for a sleepy hour or two. The trio on the lawn seemed to Edith to be engaged in conversation rather than in the manufacture of sun pictures; and once, pulling the canvas wall of the tent slightly on one side, she saw them all seated idly together in the shadow of a giant beech. Elphinstone's Scottish drawl sounded from the distance at which he sat like the hum of a slow-going bee. He seemed to be entertaining his listeners rarely, for Miss Pharr's ready laugh rippled pretty often across the leisurely hum of his speech. It was very hot indeed, and Mrs. Wyncott's deep and regular breathing and the level murmur of the doctor's voice had so soothing an influence upon Edith's nerves that she herself was startled from a doze by the voice of one of the maids.

'If you please, miss,' said the maid, 'Miss Pharr sends me to ask if you would like to have tea served on the lawn.'

'Certainly,' she answered, waking up. 'By all means.'

The photographic apparatus was at work again, and this time the doctor had taken it in hand. Miss Pharr and Arnold were talking together with apparent naturalness and ease. So Edith feigned her usual interest in art, and crossed over to ask if she could be of service to the doctor.

'No, no,' said he. 'This is a little challenge from Janet yonder, and I'm engaged sengle-handed. It's a pairfect light for open-air work. The materials ought to be of the best, and I'm going to try to give her an ideal pecture.'

The two maids came out, carrying the one a table, and the other a tray, and a page boy in the rear bore the tea urn.

'Get away there to one side,' said Elphinstone solemnly. 'Arrange your table yonder, oot o' my line o' sight, and let no one o' ye cross it till I give the word.'

The three domestics moved on stealthy tiptoe, and Mrs. Wyncott, waking from her doze, appeared at the door of the tent with a sunshade. At the moment at which she stepped upon the lawn, 'click' went the shutter of the camera, and Elphinstone turned upon Miss Pharr with a bow of triumph.

'I think ye'll find that right, Miss Janet,' the old man said, twinkling his brightest.

'Very good,' said Miss Janet; 'and now for my turn.'

She set to work gaily, protesting that the light was fading, and that the conditions of the combat were unfair.

'And mind you,' she declared, pretending to a gravity equal

to Elphinstone's own customary expression, 'I want that same perfect stillness which was *exigé*—what is the English word?—by you.'

'Ye shall have it, Janet,' said the doctor. 'Let no living creature presume to stir, on pain o' death.'

Straightway everybody went silent, and the domestics posed sheepishly, under the impression that they were about to have their portraits taken. The page boy's grin was ghastly, but the aspect of the country maids was not untouched by coquetry.

There was a pause of a minute or two, in which Miss Pharr alone made any movement. She skipped hither and thither with a face of severe importance and determination. Finally the shutter of the camera clicked again.

'Folks are once more at leberty to breathe,' said the doctor, and all the pent-up stream of life moved on again. 'Ye're quite right, Miss Janet Pharr, in declaring that this is no fair competition,' he added, twinkling again. 'Ye've stolen my focus.'

Miss Pharr herself was already moving across the lawn towards the house, but she turned at this to wave a threatening fore-finger at him.

'Tea, Janet,' cried Mrs. Wyncott.

'Yes,' she answered, dancing backward with both hands in the air. 'I must wash my hands. Don't wait for me. I'll be down in a moment.'

With that, she turned and darted towards the house, and only a minute later, if so much, there was heard a most prodigious and unwonted shrill clatter of a bell, and then a clash of metal, which told that the bell itself had fallen upon the oaken floor of the hall. Almost before anybody could express a wonder as to what this might mean, Miss Pharr appeared at one of the windows of her bed-chamber, and seemed to struggle frantically to open it. When she had succeeded, she thrust out her head and shoulders, and cried in an agitated voice,

'Arnold! Edith! My jewels!'

Arnold, Edith, and the doctor all ran towards the house, leaving Mrs. Wyncott terror-stricken, and as if rooted to the lawn. Arnold was naturally foremost, and as he rushed upstairs he caught a momentary sight of a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, with a face as white as marble. She was clinging to the jamb of the door at the entrance to Miss Pharr's chamber, and she wore a look of awful terror. She and Arnold catching sight of each other at the same instant of time, she slipped swiftly into the room, and when he in turn entered she was standing before Miss Pharr.

'My jewels!' cried the heiress. 'My jewels! They have stolen my jewels.'

The girl's glance travelled slowly across the wall with such a look of being drawn by some horrible fascination that Arnold could but follow it. Before he could well decide at what she was looking she gave a gasping cry, and fell prone upon the ground. Her head came in contact with the fender, and she lay like a corpse.

Miss Pharr, forgetting even her jewels for the instant, darted forward with a cry of dismay and knelt by the side of her maid. Arnold wound his arms about the recumbent figure and lifted it. The girl's head fell back nervelessly as he did so, and at that moment the doctor entered the room with disturbed breath and hurried and ungainly gestures.

'What's this?' he said pantingly. 'Violence?'

He snatched two or three towels from the toilet rail, spread out some of them upon the pillow of the bed, and assisted Arnold in laying down the unconscious figure. Then he dexterously undid the great knot of the girl's hair, and asked, business-like, for a sponge. Miss Wyncott, who had followed immediately upon the doctor's heels, began to scream hysterically at the sight of blood, and Elphinstone, turning to Miss Pharr, who stood pale and trembling by his side, said calmly:

'Don't let Miss Wyncott do herself a damage, Janet. Take her away and keep her quiet. Send me a few large handkerchiefs and a pair of scissors.'

Janet obeyed. The two maids and the page boy were standing in the corridor in a frightened group, and as she passed them she gave one of them orders to wait upon the doctor.

'Can I be of use, Dr. Elphinstone?' Arnold asked.

'Yes, sir,' said Elphinstone. 'You can hold your tongue. Gi' me that basin o' water. Hold it so.'

The girl had fallen upon an almost knife-like edge of the polished steel fender, and had received a serious wound. It bled copiously, and for a time it was impossible to ascertain clearly its character and dimensions, but when one of the maids had brought the scissors Elphinstone had asked for, he shore away the great folds of hair, and examined the injury critically.

'What's this cry about the jewels?' he asked, when he had succeeded in checking the hæmorrhage by the application of a cold-water compress.

'I know nothing,' Arnold answered, 'except that Miss Pharr declares them to be stolen. Are they of great value?'

'Value?' returned Elphinstone. 'They're worth betwixt thirty and forty thousand pounds. The patient 'll do for awhile,' he added. 'Here you, Harriet. Set ye down here, and give your friend a wheff of the salts now and again.'

'I suppose,' said Arnold, 'that this is the cupboard from which they were stolen.'

He and the doctor crossed the room together, and inspected the recess he indicated. The door of the cupboard lay upon the floor, and the framework, painted and varnished in imitation of ebony, stared white where the hinges had been wrenched away. In the very centre of the framework on that side was a square flat bruise in the wood, and Arnold laid a finger on it.

'Ay!' said the doctor. 'That's where the lever went in. It took a strongish hand to do that piece o' work.'

'Well, sir,' said Arnold, 'we can do no good by standing here. It will be best to send a message to the police authorities in London without loss of time.'

'I think you may take that upon yourself, Mr. Esden,' the old man answered; 'and if there should be any need for it I'll share the responsibility.'

So arranged, so done. Arnold ran full tilt to the village post-office, and thence despatched a message—'Within last few hours, jewels value thirty thousand pounds have been stolen from Hill House, Wootton Hill, Kent. Send experienced detective immediately.'

Until now he had not had a second in which to think clearly, but as he walked slowly back the horror-stricken face he had seen at the top of the stairs intruded itself upon his mind. The expression it had worn made it memorable, and it hung before his thoughts as a life-like pictured semblance of it might have hung before his eyes. Was it a face of guilt? he asked again and again, and an undertone in his thoughts always answered 'No.' Yet apart from guilt he could discover no reason for the monstrous agitation under which the wearer of such an expression must have laboured. He wondered if a woman's hand could have wrenched the door away, or if the maid might have been an accomplice in the act. In his excited thoughts he felt a sort of pity for her beforehand, a pity both for her guilt and for its inevitable discovery, even whilst he admitted that he had no reasonable ground for suspecting her.

In this frame of mind he reached the house. He found everybody unexpectedly tranquil there. The old lady, her daughter, Miss Pharr, and the doctor, were all gathered together awaiting

his return. They were all very quiet, and the three ladies wore something of an awe-struck air.

'Ye'll have your jewels back again, Janet,' said Elphinstone, when Arnold had recited his message, 'it's a thousand to one.' The discovery happened too close upon the theft. 'It appears'—he turned upon Arnold with this intelligence—'that one o' the maids was in Miss Pharr's room ten minutes before she herself went up. Everything was in order then, and so the thief had no great time to get to any distance. They'll lay hands upon him, never fear.'

'And some poor wretch,' cried Janet, 'will be sent to prison through my pride and folly. I would a thousand times sooner have lost them in any other way.'

'Ma dear,' said the old doctor, soothingly, 'that's just a piece of tender-hearted nonsense. Ef a man can't refrain himself from knocking me on the head because I've a purse in my pocket and a watch in my fob, there's not the least little bit o' moral obsequity in my carrying them, and the scoundrel that has that murderous envy of them has got to be put away for the safety o' society.'

But Janet was not to be consoled by this obvious social philosophy, and was in genuine and deep distress at the result of her own rashness. Mrs. Wyncott and Edith alike forebore to upbraid her, though the temptation to say, 'I told you so,' burned in the soul of either.

'Now, ladies,' said Elphinstone, 'in the natural excitement of the time the five o'clock has been forgotten. I'm not going to have three patients on my hands, and I'll just take the liberty of ordering tea. That on the lawn will be cold and useless by this time.'

Nobody dissented, and tea being ordered and brought, they sat sipping it in a doleful silence, when a sharp ring at the hall bell startled the ladies into a simultaneous exclamation. They had scarcely calmed themselves when one of the maids appeared.

'A gentleman from Scotland Yard, ma'am. Mr. Prickett.'

VIII.

The doctor rose to his feet and ran out into the hall, and there upon the doormat stood a stranger who nursed a very lustrous silk hat tenderly by the brim, and examined the hall as if he were a builder with a contract to erect another on a similar pattern.

'Mr. Preckett?' said the Doctor, as he advanced towards him.

'The same, sir,' Prickett answered.

'Ye're here before ye were expected. I had not attended so much despatch.'

'I happened to be at the Yard when the telegram came in, and I found a train at Charing Cross in a quarter of an hour.'

'I'm very glad ye're here,' returned Elphinstone. 'Come this way, and I'll introduce ye to the lady that owns the stolen property.'

Mr. Prickett followed him into the drawing-room, and distributed four crisply amiable nods.

'Good afternoon, sir. Your servant, ladies.'

Mr. Prickett had one peculiarity—a calmly wandering glance, which appeared to be governed by system. It travelled over every article in the room, lingering nowhere, and missing nothing, and in the same quiet fashion touched every face, and every detail of costume and personal adornment.

'This is Miss Pharr,' said the Doctor, 'the owner of the jewels.'

'Could have wished,' said Mr. Prickett, with perfect respectfulness, 'to have met Miss Pharr under pleasanter circumstances.'

'Will you take a seat, sir?' said the old lady. 'A most dreadful thing has happened, and I am sure that though one reads of them in the newspapers they never really come home to one's feelings until——'

'Exactly, madam,' Mr. Prickett interposed. 'That is the general experience. Now, suppose, sir, to begin with, I was to be allowed to ask a question. Have you got anything to show me? Is there any breakage?'

'I must show this gentleman to your chamber, Miss Pharr,' the Doctor said, half apologetically.

'We'll go with you,' Janet responded.

'The fewer the better,' said Elphinstone. 'Ye mustn't forget that Grainger lies hurt there. That's a matter that may concern ye to know, Mr. Preckett,' he continued, as he led the detective from the room. 'I'll explain it later. I'll ask ye to tread softly, and not to talk in the chamber unless it's needful.'

The room reached, Elphinstone signalled the breakage by a mere motion of the fore-finger, and the other, approaching the cupboard on tiptoe, scrutinised the fractures closely. Next, he picked up the door, which lay where it had fallen, and, having examined that in turn, laid it down and stole out noiselessly. The two returned to the drawing-room, and the detective, politely waiting until the old gentleman was seated, resumed his place.

'There's one thing certain, ladies and gentlemen,' he said.

'It's no professional work. Amateur, I should call it, and clumsy for that. Hopelessly amateur. The next thing is as near as may be to fix the time when it was done.'

'It was done,' said Arnold, 'between ten minutes to five and five o'clock.'

'Come,' said Prickett, turning his calmly observant eye upon him. 'That's something, sir. How might you have come to know that?'

Arnold, it appeared, had consulted his watch at the moment at which Miss Pharr left the lawn. The maid who had last entered Miss Pharr's bedroom could fix the hour with almost equal accuracy. Tea had been ordered for five o'clock, and she had noticed the time before going upstairs.

Within the space of a quarter of an hour Mr. Prickett, by dint of judicious inquiry, had made himself acquainted with the name, age, and antecedents of every domestic employed in or about the house. Butler and cook were man and wife, and had gone away that morning by their mistress's permission to attend a wedding in the neighbouring village of Hemsleigh. The two maids and the page-boy had been upon the lawn for the greater part of the fateful ten minutes. The only person known to have been in the house during that time was the maid Grainger, and she at present was not in a condition to be interrogated.

'I altogether refuse to suspect Grainger,' Janet said warmly. 'Her parents are most respectable people, and she was highly recommended to me by Lady Hilton.'

'Well, don't you see, miss,' said Mr. Prickett persuasively, 'it's only fair to the young woman that the circumstances should be inquired into. What we've got to do is to clear the poor thing's character. It might be flung in her face in ten years' time, as she was the only young person known to be in the house when this job was done. Where might she be supposed to be if she was in the house at the time?'

'She would probably be in her own bedroom,' Janet answered.

Learning that the maid's bedroom was in the same corridor with Miss Pharr's and nearly facing it, Mr. Prickett mused awhile.

'That there black oak flooring,' he said, 'is very talkative. I noticed that myself. She'd be likely to hear anybody as went by. Suppose she did that, she might ha' put two and two together when she heard about the robbery, and that might be what frightened her. 'You see, miss,' added Mr. Prickett, with a saponaceous

smoothness, 'if she said to herself, "Now, that's a stranger's foot-step, and I ought to go out and see who's there!" and then if, on top of that, she said to herself, "Rubbish! It's broad daylight, and I'm getting nervous," that might account for her tumbling down in such a startling way when she heard as the jewels was gone.'

Janet accepted this solution with warmth, and began to think highly of Mr. Prickett's powers of discernment. But that wily personage had noticed that the mistress was disposed to take up the maid's cause in something of a partisan spirit, and was simply smoothing his way for future inquiries.

At his own request he was allowed to inspect all possible means of egress and ingress, and, still with a view to clearing Grainger's character, was permitted to overhaul her belongings. Finding nothing which was of the slightest service to his inquiry, he returned to the drawing-room, and gave a judicial summing-up of the case.

'Now, ladies and gentlemen,' he began, 'this is what it comes to. So far as we know at present, the two Miss Wades, the young ladies visiting here at the time and since gone away, Mr. Wyncott Esden, barrister-at-law, absent all afternoon in London, and the present company (with the exception of this reverend gentleman), was the only people aware of the existence of this valuable property. It seems that all of you was allowed to know where the jewels was kept, and, so far as you can tell, nobody else knew a word about it. It seems further,' he continued, with a quiet legal relish, 'as on the evening when the jewels was shown the lamps was lighted, and this window, which I notice to be a French window, opening all the way down, was open. The value of the jewels was talked about, and maybe the talk was overheard. Maybe again, somebody broke confidence, and spoke about the things. All these considerations has got to be looked at. It's a great pity as we can't have a bit of a talk with this young woman. She might throw a light on the case. I understand you, sir, to be a medical gentleman, and, so soon as you give me leave to do it, I must ask her a question or two.'

'I'll see her at once,' said Elphinstone.

'I'm sorry,' resumed Mr. Prickett, when the Doctor had gone away, 'very sorry, as Mr. Wyncott Esden chanced to be absent when this thing occurred. I've had the honour of being professionally associated with Mr. Wyncott Esden on one or two occasions, and I don't know a smarter gentleman at the bar. These sort of

things is like everything else in one respect. Amateur work is pretty nearly always loose, and that isn't so true of anything as it is of amateur observation. With a trained mind on the spot an hour before I got here—Lord! you don't know what it *might* ha' done. Where could the thief ha' got to in ten minutes' time? Why, Mr. Wyncott Esden would ha' been at the railway stations in the neighbourhood. He'd ha' been down to the local police, he'd ha' made inquiries about suspicious strangers, and might ha' laid hands on the man before he could ha' got five miles away by train. Between the time that job was done and now, ladies, six trains has left this neighbourhood, two east, and one west at Hemsleigh Junction, and two down, and one up at Wootton Hill. You mightn't ha' wanted me if Mr. Wyncott Esden had been here on a hot scent like that.'

Even in her agitation and distress the old lady experienced a momentary gratification as Mr. Prickett chanted the praises of her favourite nephew. She was glad that Janet should hear them. Mr. Prickett's speech helped to show the high consideration in which Wyncott was held by those who were in a position to appreciate his talents.

Whilst Prickett was still talking, the doctor returned, with his ordinary expression of gravity increased tenfold.

'Ye can see the gyurl, Mr. Preckett,' he said, 'but I'm sorely afraid ye'll make nothing out of her. Ye'd better come upstairs with me at once. Ye'll have to be very quaiet and soothing with her,' he added, turning upon the detective when they were half way upstairs together. 'It's only in view of the extreme importance of the case that I allow ye to see her at all.'

'You can trust me, sir,' responded Prickett. 'I shan't frighten her. That's no part of my business.'

One of the servants sat by Grainger's side nursing a bottle of smelling salts with a vague air of business. The doctor dismissed her with a word. Grainger was seated in an armchair by the window in an attitude altogether listless and feeble. Her tumbled hair and the white bandage about her head gave her a somewhat ghastly look, and her large dark eyes followed the movements of her visitors with a solicitude which was at singular variance with her aspect of bodily fatigue.

'This is a gentleman,' said Elphinstone, bending over her gently, and speaking with such a slow distinctness as he would have employed in addressing a foreigner who was but imperfectly acquainted with English—'this is a gentleman who has come down

from London on purpose to make inquiries about the event of this afternoon.'

Grainger looked from the Doctor's face to Prickett's, and back again with what seemed to both of them like a despairing challenge.

'You seem to have had rather an ugly accident,' said Mr. Prickett soothingly. 'Now, don't you go and over-exert yourself. I just want to ask you a question or two, and if you don't feel strong enough to be talked to now, why, I'll come up again in the morning. Now, did you happen, miss, to see anything, or hear anything, that gave you a bit of a turn?'

Grainger answered with a look of dreadful eagerness; but her speech was altogether unintelligible, a mere collection of inarticulate sounds. She seemed to read in Prickett's face the fact that she was not understood, and glanced from him to the Doctor.

'Now,' said Elphinstone, 'ye're suffering from a very considerable shock. Ye're not to agitate yourself, but ye don't speak plainly. Just try again. Very slowly, and as destenctly as ye can.'

She spoke again, the same incomprehensible brash of syllables. Prickett looked at the Doctor with a little incredulous shake of the head; but Elphinstone warned him with a fore-finger, and, producing a note-book from his pocket, opened it at a blank page, and laid it in the girl's hand.

'Just write that down for us,' he said, offering her a pencil.

She looked wonderingly at him, and then, taking the pencil, wrote slowly and painstakingly, like a child who is just learning to form letters. When she had finished, the Doctor took the note-book, and after a glance at it handed it to Prickett. The two lines she had written ran thus:

'D gha wn nt tuldvrn rtt tle mire vbt hemtt buturng.'

The officer's opinion was that the girl was shamming, and he wondered at the Doctor's patience and gentleness.

'I'll not trouble you to talk any more,' said Elphinstone. 'Just give me a sign, yes or no. Were you in the house when Miss Pharr rang her bell?'

The maid signalled 'Yes.'

'In your own bedroom?'

She signalled 'Yes' again.

'D'ye think ye'd been there for the last ten minutes?'

The signal was repeated, this time with energy.

'More than that?'

'Yes.'

'Did you hear any sound of footsteps, or any sound of breaking wood, or anything to excite suspicion?'

A decided shake of the head in answer, accompanied by a look of terror.

'There's nothing to be done at present,' said Elphinstone, and Prickett followed him obediently from the room, though he cast a glance or two at the girl in retiring.

'That's a pretty shallow style of humbug, ain't it, sir?' he asked, turning on the Doctor in the corridor.

'It's a not uncommon, but very obscure form of nervous disorder,' said Elphinstone, 'and, as far as I can judge at present, a case o' great deffeculty. It's a case o' severe nairvous shock, resulting in a complication of agraphia and aphasia.'

'You don't think the young woman's shamming, sir?' asked Prickett.

'I'm sure she's not. The cleverest actress in the world couldn't sham it.'

'Would you mind giving me those names again, sir?' The Doctor repeated the words to him, and Mr. Prickett whispered them thoughtfully to himself as he walked downstairs, 'aphasia, agraphia, agraphia, aphasia.'

'Do you think it's likely to last long, sir?' he asked. 'That girl knows something. She's got something on her mind.'

'The disorder's not often pairmanent,' said Elphinstone, 'when the pashint's under forty, and can both read and write, but how long it may last is just beyond any man's saying. Ye must wait, my man.'

Arnold and the three ladies waited anxiously in the drawing-room, but the Doctor as yet said nothing of the maid's condition, beyond remarking that she was not in a state to be closely questioned.

'I suppose,' said Prickett, 'that the village police know all about the case?'

'No, sir,' returned the Doctor. 'We've refrained ourselves from troubling the lockleyockle.'

'The what, sir?'

'The local yokel, sir,' returned Elphinstone, with an almost angry distinctness. 'The one member of the ceevil force in Wootton Hill might make a decent gatepost if ye planted him, though, if he's good for any other mortal theng, his Maker has seen fit to make a mystery of it. Ye remember, Arnold, that pony o' mire—'

but I'll not talk o' that at a time like this. I'll swear 'twas that jepsy tinker blackgyard that stole 'm, but yon ox went off on a false scent, and—I'll not talk about a loss like that at such a time.'

'I'd better see the man, sir,' said the detective. 'He'll be able to tell me if any strangers have been hanging round, perhaps; and while I'm away, miss, there's one thing you can do as will be of the greatest value. I shall want you, if you please, to draw up as full and complete a description of these here gems as you can manage.'

'Oh!' cried Janet, 'I can give you everything about them at once. My uncle had a catalogue of the jewels printed only a few months before his death. I have quite a number of copies, and you can have as many as are necessary.'

'That's lucky,' said Prickett. 'I'll take four of 'em, if you please—one for myself, one for the Yard, and one apiece for the two big Press Agencies.'

Mrs. Wyncott made an exclamation of dismay.

'Dear me! Will it get into the newspapers?'

'Why yes, ma'am,' returned Mr. Prickett, 'and a very good thing too. Every pawnbroker in the country, every honest dealer in gems, and every lapidary who works on the square, all England through, will be on our side to-morrow, and on the look-out for the thief. If you'd kindly let me have the catalogues at once, I'd send three of 'em up to town by the guard of the next train.'

Janet tore upstairs, and returned in a minute or two breathlessly, bearing a number of pamphlets in her hand.

'I suppose,' said Prickett, taking up one of them and glancing over its contents, 'that this doesn't include a description of your personal jewellery, miss?'

'No,' said Janet eagerly. 'But I can write that out for you.'

'Do, if you please,' he answered. 'That's likeliest to be offered first. In fact, that may be in the hands of the pawnbrokers already, just dropped here and there, in little parcels like. And now, sir,' turning gravely upon the Doctor, 'if you'd be so good as to direct me, I'll take a look at the local yokel.'

Arnold undertook to guide him to the police station, and the two set out together.

'You take no notes?' said Arnold, more for the sake of saying something, than because he was interested.

'Well, as a matter of fact, sir,' responded Mr. Prickett, 'a man in my line has got to spend his time in taking notes, but I don't find as I need trouble to write 'em down.'

‘Don’t you find that your memory betrays you sometimes?’

‘No,’ said Prickett, reflectively, ‘I don’t think it ever did, sir. The major part of people ruins their memories with reading novels, and songs, and trash. There’s a chap at the Yard as can recite by the hour. I should think as he knows Lord Byron from beginning to end, but his head’s that full of that kind of tack there’s no room in it for anything else. You tell him what time a train starts, tell him what complexion a man’s got, tell him what heighth he is, show him the plan of a building. If he don’t write down what you tell him he’ll be in a fog about it in twenty minutes. Many’s the time I’ve told him: “If you’d leave the wheels inside your head-piece free to act, you’d make a first-rate officer, but you clogs ’em up with all them treacly verses, and what d’ye expect?”’

‘Do you never read at all, then?’ asked Arnold, beginning to be interested.

‘Criminal cases,’ responded Mr. Prickett. ‘Law reports. Takes a look at the advertisements in the “Daily Telegraph” sometimes. Ye see, sir,’ he continued, growing suddenly warm and confidential, and laying a gloved fore-finger lightly on his companion’s arm, ‘all day long the inside of a man’s head is like a piece of machinery in motion. It’s bound to go, and it must have something to work at. Now, when I went into the force, sir, I made up my mind as I wasn’t going to stop on the bottom rung of the ladder all my life, and I says to myself, “Now, what’s the first thing wanted to make a tip-top officer?” I wasn’t long in making up my mind. He’s got to be notice-taking more than any other man alive, and he’s never got to forget any person or any thing as he’s once set eyes on. When I was on duty in the Strand—I was there for the best part of three years—I used to practise myself watching faces in the street. I spotted a man only yesterday that I see go by me seven years ago. I never see him before nor since, till yesterday, and I could ha’ picked him out among a million. You tell that to some folks, and they’d think it was a lie, but it’s just as true as gospel. Leave books alone, keep your head clear and your eyes open, and when you look at a thing, *look* at it. That’s the secret, if there is one.

‘Don’t you think, sir,’ continued Mr. Prickett, who had evidently mounted his pet hobby—‘don’t you think as I’m such a fool as to despise book learning. If I should live to be old agèd, and can afford the time, I mean to have a real burst at it, but just now I’ve got my way to make, and I can’t afford it.’

‘I suppose,’ said Arnold, ‘that you don’t mean to say that you never forget anything you have seen?’

‘Well, no, sir,’ returned the theorist, ‘I don’t say that, of course. But I never forget anything I’ve looked at. You’ll notice, sir, that most people see things without taking the trouble to look at ’em, and so they don’t rightly remember the things as ought to be the most familiar. Now, for instance, sir, you ought to know that room we’ve been sitting in a good deal better than I do. I’m not bragging, but I’ll bet you don’t.’

‘Well,’ said Arnold, ‘let us see.’

‘Carpet,’ said Prickett, as if he were dictating an inventory to a shorthand clerk—‘Brussels, whitish ground, sprinkled with largish roses. Wall paper same shade as carpet, diamond pattern in dull gold. Facing door, water-colour: girl crossing stream on stepping-stone, making signs to little chap on bank. Over door, water-colour: old gentleman, knee breeches, reading book in a wood. Twelve chairs, various—four easy, three spider-legged, in gold. Little round-topped table near window, microscope on it, and a bracket full o’ books: Tennyson’s poems, green and gold, seven vollums; “Imitation of Christ,” white vellum, gold letters; foreign book in a yellow cover, don’t know the name; “Leaders from the *Times*,” two vollums, name of Phillips. Little cabinet in the corner, seven drawers, key in the middle drawer, basket of flowers and lady’s photo on top. Chimley ornaments Dresden china, stag with antlers caught in a tree, left antler broke——’

‘I will not compete with you, Mr. Prickett,’ said Arnold.

The sun had fallen behind the hill by this time, and the whole landscape before them lay in the gentle and equable light which was reflected from the eastern skies. Everything was so still that the sounds of life in the yet distant village were clearly audible—the crack of a carter’s whip, his long-drawn cry to his team, the very tramp of the horses and complaining of the creaking wheels. A hundred yards away, beyond the turning of the road, there was the sound of a swift but equal footstep, and as they neared the turning Wyncott Esden rounded it, walking rapidly, and swinging a black dressing-case in his hand. Seeing them, he checked his footsteps for a mere second, and then came on again.

‘Hillo, Prickett,’ he said, in a hearty voice, ‘what brings you in this part of the world?’

IX.

There was a low stone wall running by the side of the road, and Wyncott, hearing the news, put out his hand towards it as if he felt he needed its support. For a second he glared rather wildly from his cousin to the detective, and then tilting back his hat and passing his hand across his forehead, recovered himself from his amazement.

‘That’s pretty bold work,’ he said, ‘isn’t it, Prickett? You’ve had more experience than I have, of course, but I never heard of anything like it. You have lost no time, either.’

‘Well, no, sir,’ said Prickett, mildly. ‘I don’t let the grass grow under me oftener than I can help.’

‘You’ll make any use of me you can, Prickett,’ said the barrister.

‘Thank you, sir,’ said Prickett. ‘I shall be very pleased to have your help, sir.’

He sketched briefly what had been learned already, and Wyncott listened keenly.

‘Well, now,’ he said at the end of Prickett’s statement, ‘let us divide our forces. You go and question Dadge, and I’ll go back to the railway station and make inquiries there. Or, look here, Arnold, you go to the station here, and I’ll walk over to Hemsleigh and make inquiries there. It’s a pity these things weren’t done at once. By this time the thief may be in Birmingham, or at Dover. You never saw the case in which the jewels were held, did you? It was about the size of a sheet of large post quarto, and four, or perhaps five, inches in depth. A man couldn’t carry it about under his coat without bulging suspiciously. He might carry it openly, or he might carry it in a bag, or he might carry it like a commonplace newspaper parcel, or rolled up in a coat, or in any one of fifty ways. The main thing is a stranger with a parcel, by the first train he could possibly catch after five o’clock. You might put the station master on to make inquiries at the next two or three stations each way. I’ll do the same at Hemsleigh. Now, where shall we meet again?’

‘I left my bag at the “Angler’s Rest” as I came along,’ said Prickett. ‘Pleasant-looking little sort of house. Perhaps you might meet me there, gentlemen, when you’ve made your inquiries. If you’ll allow me, Mr. Esden, I’ll leave your bag there,’

‘All right,’ said Esden, surrendering it. ‘I’ll be back in an hour. I shall expect to see you there too, Arnold.’

He was off at a swift and resolute pace, and Prickett stood for a moment to look after him.

‘That’s the exact line I told you, sir,’ he said, ‘that Mr. Wyncott Esden would have taken in a minute if he’d been on the spot. That’s the line that ought to have been taken.’

‘I suppose it is,’ Arnold answered, somewhat despondently.

‘Oh, I shouldn’t think, sir,’ said Prickett, ‘of blaming *myself*, if I was you. That sort o’ thing doesn’t come in your line, sir; and you don’t seem to have lost a minute in getting the news off to the Yard. It was hardly to be expected as you should start an inquiry on your own account.’

From the moment when Prickett had first suggested Wyncott’s probable lines of action Arnold had blamed himself for not adopting them, but every man’s experience is full of memories of lost opportunities. When it is too late to do a thing it is irritating to see how obviously it ought to have been done. The young clergyman went off crestfallen to his talk with the station master. Neither he nor Prickett found anything which could be of advantage to their quest, and when Wyncott joined them he had the same story of a blind trail.

The detective had ordered dinner for himself, and was engaged with a perfect philosophic phlegm over a round of cold boiled beef and a jug of home-brewed ale.

‘That looks appetising, Prickett,’ said Wyncott. ‘I think I’ll join you.’

‘The pickles, sir,’ said Mr. Prickett, exploring the pickle-jar in search of a chosen morsel, ‘is excellent. Country-made pickles is always the best, except when the yokels takes to boiling ha’pence with ’em to make ’em green.’

‘I’ll join too,’ said Arnold, ‘I am hungry, and we shall save them trouble at the house. Dinner is over there by this time, if they have had the heart to take it.’

The three sat and ate together, until Wyncott, suddenly pushing his plate away, began to pace up and down the room.

‘Prickett,’ he said, ‘I have an idea. I think it very possible that we may get the stolen property back again.’

‘That’s a thing to be wished for,’ said Prickett, tentatively.

‘Miss Pharr’s private jewellery,’ said Esden, ‘might pawn, perhaps, for a couple of hundred pounds. I’m not much of a judge in such matters, but I’ve seen it, and I don’t think it is likely to

have cost more than six hundred when it was bought. There are a lot of rare coins in the case which are almost priceless to people who know their value, but there isn't fifty pounds' worth of metal in the collection. Every one of them is famous, more or less, and they're only good as old gold to the thief. The gems are all uncut, and to take them to a lapidary, so as to fit them for the market, would be tremendously risky and expensive. The lapidary would certainly want to go shares, and then you know what gems in dishonest hands go for when they come to be sold.'

'That's how I always look at thieving,' said Prickett, picking his teeth with a penknife, and reclining in his chair with an air of after-dinner contentment. 'It's a depreciation of the value of property. If I was a thief I shouldn't steal nothing but sovereigns. It's a dreadful loss to the party robbed, and it's the smallest possible gain to the thief. It's a poor game. I always come to the conclusion that if a man does it he's got a hole in his intellect somewhere. Show me a thief, and I'll show you a born fool. Any way, it's a trade as no man o' sense ever stopped in.'

'Well now,' said Esden, who had endured this interruption patiently, 'it seems to me that if this theft has not been committed, as it may have been, in the hope of a thumping reward, a reward may at least persuade the gentry who are in it to return the property.'

'That looks a bit like compounding a felony, Mr. Esden,' said Prickett.

'Well, yes,' Wyncott admitted. 'It does, a little. What did you tell me,' touching Prickett lightly on the shoulder—'what did you tell me was Dr. Elphinstone's estimate of the value of the gems?'

'Why, sir,' returned Prickett, 'he reckoned the whole boiling of 'em at between thirty and forty thousand pounds.'

'Call it thirty,' said Esden. 'Take the lower fork of the estimate, and call it thirty. If you were in Miss Pharr's place, do you think that your sense of public duty would be strong enough to prevent you from saving nine and twenty thousand? Eh?'

Mr. Prickett smiled slowly.

'Well, sir,' he said, 'perhaps it wouldn't. I don't know as I should be going too far if I was to say as my sense of public duty might go to pieces afore an economy a quarter of that size. That isn't the Yard doctrine, as you know, Mr. Esden, but simply speaking like a mortal man.'

'Precisely,' said Esden. 'But the authorities couldn't object to a reward of a thousand pounds being offered.'

'Of course not,' Prickett answered. 'In a case like this a thief has got to trust a lot of people, and the bigger the reward, the likelier some one of 'em is to round on him. A thousand's a bit too much, though. Five hundred would work it.'

'Five hundred might induce an accomplice to split,' said Wyncott, 'but a thousand might tempt the thief himself. Miss Pharr's chief anxiety will be to have the jewels back again. Of course this is all between ourselves, Prickett. We're talking like men of the world now, and not like a pair of professional thief catchers. I haven't had a chance of speaking to Miss Pharr, but I'm pretty certain that that is what she desires, and if I were you,' said Esden, with a return of his old sly smile, 'I shouldn't object to the size of the reward. You may nail the man before he can make up his mind.'

Prickett sat smiling, as if the prospect pleased him. Then he sighed, half in resignation to the chances of a blighted hope, and half in digestive comfort.

'We had better get back, Wyncott,' said Arnold. 'The ladies are sure to be a little timorous to-night.'

'I'll walk with you, gentlemen,' said Prickett, 'if you'll allow me. Miss Pharr will have some papers for me, and I want to catch the last train with 'em.'

'Are you going up to town to-night?' Wyncott asked him.

'Why, no, sir,' Prickett answered. 'It's a wonderful fine night. There's a full moon due in about half an hour, and it'll be almost like daylight. I shall have a walk round and take a look at the lie of the country. Don't neither of you gentlemen take a pot shot at me from the winders.'

Miss Pharr had the desired description of her jewels ready when they reached the house, neatly copied four times over, and Prickett having received the manuscript made his adieu for the night and retired. Wyncott had to submit to a repetition of the narrative he had already heard, and unfolded his scheme for a reward. Everybody agreed with him, and Arnold was for going up to town at once with an advertisement for all the London dailies; but, said Wyncott:

'Give Prickett a day or two's law. Let us see if he can do anything. It would seem to show a distrust in the police to offer an independent reward so soon. Let us wait a little. I have

great faith in Prickett. They could hardly have sent us a more competent man.'

Mr. Prickett meanwhile had despatched his documents, and had strolled back towards the house on the hill in the placid enjoyment of a rank cigar. The night fulfilled his prophecy of it, and the moon, when it had once risen above the tree-tops, lit up the landscape with an almost tropic brilliance. The detective made a leisurely tour of the grounds, following the lines of the outer wall, and observing the various places of entry. He hung for two or three minutes on a latchet gate, which admitted to the front lawn, and noticed that the path which led to it was completely sheltered by a high line of rhododendrons.

'They was all on that back lawn,' he soliloquised, 'and if there was anybody in it beside the girl they'd have to get into the house this side, probably at this very gate. If she give the signal when the coast was clear, the party could have slipped along under the shelter of them bushes into the house, and back again the same way. Then the likeliest road would be along this wall. Let's have a look at things.'

He strolled along quietly, looking from right to left with a vigilance so habitual as to have grown almost unconscious.

'That old Scotch party,' he mused, '*looks* as if he'd got a head on him. I shouldn't think as he'd be a very easy sort to gammon, especially in his own line. Aphasia? Agraphia? I wish I'd asked him how he spelt 'em. I could ha' dropped a line to the Divisional Surgeon. I'll ask him when I see him.'

He came past the shelter of the wall which surrounded the grounds, and found himself in an open field. From the elevated spot he stood on he could see a black straight gash in the earth a quarter of a mile away.

'That's a railway cutting,' said he. 'Not an unlikely place for a cove to make for. Not across the open, though. Where's the most shelter? There's that hedge.'

The hedge had a deep ditch beside it, and the bright moonlight, pouring full into it, showed that the rank, damp grasses had been trodden down.

'Joseph,' said Mr. Prickett, in an inward voice of solemn exultation, 'you're on to something! I don't know;' he added more soberly, 'any village kid might ha' done that. Children's fond of walking in ditches, and getting into places where they've no business. Never mind, Joseph. We'll follow it up and see if it leads to anything.'

It led at length to a beanfield. There was a gap in the hedge, and Mr. Prickett, surveying the crop, could see a fairly distinct, rather zigzag line across it, which might have been made by the passage of a man.

'I suppose it's trespass,' he said, 'and wilful damage to property. Never mind. Here goes.'

He marched briskly across the field, keeping the line in sight, and came across another hedge which shelved diagonally towards the cutting. Here again was a ditch, but the hedge threw it into dense shadow. Mr. Prickett struck a vesta, and, kneeling down upon the grass, discovered new traces of footsteps.

'This is just the rout a man would take,' he whispered softly. 'Sheltered all the way except across that bit o' beanfield.'

He walked on smartly to the edge of the railway cutting. The side was precipitous, and from top to bottom ran a bricked open drain, leading from the ditch to a trench below. Beside the drain the earth was scored as if by the passage of a heavy sliding body. Doubting much if he would find a continuation of the track, the detective launched himself carefully upon the declivity, but, missing his footing at the first, shot downward at a greater speed than he had counted on, and landed with a shock at the bottom. For a second or two he was somewhat dazed, but recovering himself almost immediately he sat where he had fallen, and smoked his cigar with as impassive an air as if he had gone there in precisely that fashion for no other purpose.

On a sudden a glint of light struck his eye and vanished. He had just been in the act of moving to take an easier posture. He worked his head hither and thither to catch the gleam again, and an improbable notion that the light might have flashed from one of the lost gems quickened his blood a little. He caught the light again, and then stooped down towards it, and with a long-drawn inward whistle, picked up the object from which the gleam had been reflected. The moonlight, broad and clear as it was, did not satisfy him. He struck half-a-dozen wax vestas in a bunch, and examined his find until the lights burned his thumb and finger.

'Reuben, old pal,' he said, very quietly, 'I think *you*'ll have something to say to this. Let me see. It's half-past ten o'clock. A smart trap 'll take me up to town in an hour and a half. I'll try the "Crown and Cushion," Reuben.'

With that, he remounted the bank, choosing a spot less precipitous than that at which he had descended, and made his way rapidly towards the village. Every now and then he danced

in his gait, like a pleased child, and at length his inward eagerness so pricked him that he laid down his head and squared his shoulders, and raced across the fields at a pace of ten miles an hour.

Nearing the inn, he composed himself, and entered in apparent quiet, though his brow was moist and his breath still came quickly. The landlord was standing in the passage, and Prickett accosted him.

'I'm told, governor,' he said, 'you've got a famous little bit of horseflesh in your stable. I want to get up to London straight. I may want to get back to-night, or I may not, but I must be there afore midnight. Do you think the little 'orse can do it?'

'It 'll cost you a sovereign,' said the landlord.

'Good,' said Prickett. 'There you are. Short dealings make long friends. Get him in as soon as ever you can. I don't want to lose a minute.'

The landlord took the sovereign and bustled into the back yard. In three minutes a light dog-cart, with a slashing-looking mare in the shafts, was at the door.

'Nip in, sir,' said the driver. 'Where do you want to get to?'

'Holborn,' said Prickett, as he mounted.

'All right,' the driver responded. 'Land you there in an hour and ten minutes.'

Mr. Prickett had bestowed his find in his breast pocket, and had carefully buttoned it up there. In the course of the journey he laid his hand upon it a hundred times to assure himself of its continued presence, and once he took it out to examine it anew in the moonlight. In some mysterious way the news of the robbery had penetrated the village, and Mr. Prickett's occupation was already known.

'Found anything, sir?' asked the driver, looking sideways at him.

'Yes, young man,' said Mr. Prickett, drily, returning the object to his pocket. 'I've found as there's nothing more foolish than to tell your business afore you're sure of it yourself.'

They sped along the broad white country road in silence after this, until the yellow glare of the sky in front betokened the lamps of London, and when they had actually entered upon the streets, clocks every here and there boomed the half-hour. The dog-cart rattled on until Holborn was reached, and there at a certain point Prickett laid his hand on the driver's arm.

'Stop at the first court to the right. There's half-a-crown for you. Use it gently, because you'll have to drive home by yourself. I shan't want you again. Good night.'

He dismounted, and, walking up the court, turned into the

bar of an old-fashioned public house which found shelter there, as if it had shrunk away from its newer and more garish neighbours. He signalled the landlord by a glance, and the man came forward.

'Mr. Gale here? Tool maker. *You* know.'

'Yes, sir,' said the landlord. 'He's taking a glass of ale inside. If he'd take it somewhere else it 'd please me just as well, but he's used the 'ouse for twenty years now, and I don't like to say the word.'

'Tell him a party wants to speak to him,' said Prickett.

The landlord, shaking his head and sighing as one who foresaw trouble, obeyed this request, and Mr. Gale presently appeared. He betrayed neither tremor nor astonishment on seeing Prickett, but advanced with an outstretched hand, and asked if his visitor would take a drink. Mr. Prickett commanded a 'small lemon and a dash,' and stood tranquilly to consume that modest beverage.

'Reuben,' he said, poisoning the glass in his hand and eyeing its contents against the gaslight, as if they were of some rare and precious vintage, 'if you've got a spare five minutes you might as well give 'em to me. There's a trifle in the way of business I should like to talk about.'

'I'm at your service, Mr. Prickett,' Gale responded civilly, and the detective, looking keenly sideways at him, emptied his glass, set it on the counter, and moved towards the door. 'If you want to be private, you might as well come to my shop as anywhere,' said Gale.

When they came upon the court the detective took the honest tradesman's arm in the most friendly and familiar fashion, and Gale looked up at him with an undisturbed inquiry, but said nothing. The shop reached, Gale unlocked the door, and entered first. He lit the gas, which sprang up with a shrill, spiteful sounding song, and then passed behind his counter. Prickett, closing the door, drew his find from his breast pocket, and balanced it lightly in both hands.

'Did you ever see that afore, Reuben?' he asked with a voice of amiable badinage.

Gale, with a mild surprise, held out his knotted hand for the object, and, having received it, scrutinised it closely.

'I might ha' done, Mr. Prickett,' he responded, 'and I might not ha' done.'

There was a shadow of doubt and wonder on his face.

'Well, now,' said Prickett, 'the long and the short of it is this. That's your workmanship, Reuben.'

'Maybe it is,' said Gale. 'I shouldn't be disposed at present to take my oath it wasn't. It looks like part of a special order, I remember. What about it, Mr. Prickett?'

'That's one half o' the tool,' said Prickett, tapping it gently with the extreme tip of his finger-nail, 'as did the job at the Wootton Hill House this afternoon.'

He watched his man like a cat, but Gale lifted a face of innocent surprise.

'I haven't heard of it,' he said. 'It ain't got into the evening papers.'

'Oh, of course you haven't heard of it,' returned Prickett in friendly banter. 'That's why I thought I'd come and tell you all about it. I knew you'd take a sort of interest in it, Reuben.'

'Why, naturally,' Gale responded. 'In the afternoon, did you say? The hour's unusual, ain't it, Mr. Prickett? Is it a big affair?'

'It's jewels, Reuben,' responded Mr. Prickett, 'valued from thirty to forty thousand pounds.'

'My Jingo!' cried Gale, unmistakeably interested. 'That's a lift. Where was it?'

'Hill House, Wootton Hill. The residence of Mrs. Wyncott.'

Gale's glance fell towards the tool which lay upon the counter. He took it in his hands and examined it anew.

'Wyncott?' he said, musingly. Prickett thought he detected a little tremor in his wheezy voice. 'Wyncott? Where have I heard that name afore?'

'There's just a chance, you know, Reuben,' said Prickett, playfully, 'as a young gentleman as saved you from a ten stretch last week may put you in for one at next assizes.'

'Oh yes,' said Gale, drawling on the words. 'I remember Mr. Wyncott Esden. He's a relation of the lady's, maybe?'

'He's the lady's nephew,' said Prickett, 'and I've got the advantage of his assistance in the case. He's retained for the prosecution, he is.'

'Well, I wish you well, the pair of you,' returned Gale, laying down the tool with an odd decision of manner. 'As for that there little bit of ironmongery, I couldn't say anything, leastways not for certain. I wouldn't take my oath it wasn't mine. I shouldn't like, for sure, to say it was.'

'All right,' said Prickett. 'You'll come quiet, won't you?'

'Come,' said Mr. Gale, with cheerful submission. 'I'll come if I've got to come, of course. There's no need for it, you know, Mr. Prickett.'

'That's as maybe,' Prickett answered.

'I can account for every minute of my time to-day,' said Gale. 'I've been down at my place at Lime'us, discharging goods as come by canal from Birmingham. I've been there from nine in the morning until half-past seven at night, in the presence of competent and reliable witnesses, Mr. Prickett. I know no more about this job than the babe unborn. Look here. What time was it?'

'Close on five o'clock, Reuben.'

'Then,' said Gale, 'I'm safe again. Now I don't care where I goes. From a quarter to five to half-past five me and Richards, the Customus man, and Mr. George, the landlord of the "Cup an' Crown," was standing at the bar there, drinking stone ginger-ale and havin' a discussion about this here new Irish Act as is to put down patriotism.'

'If that's the case, Reuben,' returned Prickett, picking up the tool and buttoning his coat over it as a signal of his readiness to be gone, 'you'll be a free nigger at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. In the meantime we'll try and make it easy for you. You ain't a family man, I think? That's right. There'll be nobody to worrit about you. Gentlemen as leads adventurous lives should make it a point to keep single for the sake of the ladies, Lord love 'em. Your little absences would ha' made the average missus jealous.'

Mr. Gale passed a sufficiently agreeable night at the district police station, where he sat in friendly converse with two or three officers who had nothing to do, and were simply boring themselves to death before his arrival. At about three o'clock he was, at his own request, accommodated with a cell, and there slept the sleep of conscious innocence until nine. At that hour Mr. Prickett awakened him with the information that his *alibi* had been satisfactorily established, and that he was free to go.

'But, look here, Reuben,' said Mr. Prickett persuasively, 'it's all humbug your pretending not to know that tool. They was talking about a reward last night, and so large a sum as a thousand pound was mentioned. Any information you might bring to me would be paid for very handsome. You think it over, Reuben.'

'I'll think it over,' Gale answered, with his customary quiet. And to do him justice, he thought of nothing else all day. He thought to such purpose indeed, that in the afternoon he locked his shop, and started on a quest of his own.

(To be continued.)

A Scheme in lieu of 'Payment by Results.'

Introductory.¹

THE incredible is happening; England awakens at last to the errors of her system of primary schools.

That system, devised by a barrister and controlled by clerks, was from the first condemned by educationists. Yet for six-and-twenty years it has worked mischief to the nation. A plan of education worthy of Laputa only has been allowed to narrow the destinies of four school-generations of the English race.

In 1888 the nation deigns to listen to remonstrances which have been dinned into its ears since 1861. To-day the mercenary machine invented by Mr. Lowe stands generally condemned. Its erewhile advocates are silent; its defenders have quitted their guns. To-day the system exists on sufferance only, and in default of an alternative. 'Show us a better plan,' is the demand now heard.

'Show us a better plan'! The indiscreet, too-sanguine, too-hasty educationist jumps at the chance. He points to the Continent—and is lost! 'The conditions are dissimilar,' is the retort. Let me say at once that the constructive scheme which I here submit takes full cognisance of that dissimilarity. Public elementary schools abroad are controlled by the State or the municipality; sixty-nine out of every hundred such schools at home are under voluntary—i.e. denominational—rule. It is this dual ownership which complicates the problem, and any scheme which fails to recognise the complication must be futile.

Yet the schools exist for the children, and the management

¹ This article has been prepared in response to requests for an alternative plan, called forth by the publication of 'The Shortcomings of English Elementary Schools' in *Longman's Magazine* for August.

only exists for the schools; the schools must not be considered as existing for the management. Neither the one nor the other form of control must be strengthened or weakened at the cost of efficient schooling for the children. It is now generally agreed that 'Payment by Results' induces inefficient schooling, but many earnest and estimable persons linger on the brink of reform in the matter because they fancy 'Payment by Results' to be essential to the existence of the voluntary school. This illusion is apparently shared by a majority of the Royal Commissioners on Education, for only in this way can one explain the inconsistencies of their report.

The crux of the whole question is this point of the separability of 'Payment by Results' from the voluntary schools. It is nowhere alleged that the board schools could not exist without it.

In many quarters the present system is wrongly considered a guarantee that the subsidy paid by the State to managers of denominational schools shall not be wasted or misapplied, and a check on undue clerical influence in the schoolroom. But these are imaginary values; 'one penny per cent. for individual passes' checks education, not proselytism; 'Payment by Results' produces the very waste of money which it is supposed to prevent; and as for the misapplication of public subsidies, in voluntary schools no public audit of accounts is, under 'Payment by Results,' prescribed. The influence of minister or curate in the schoolroom, the hymn, the prayer, the catechism, the Bible-lesson, are all outside the purview of the Code. The Conscience Clause is the real and only guarantee against sectarian proselytism; it is in the great majority of cases an efficient guarantee; and it is separable from 'Payment by Results.'

Mr. Lowe's method of distributing the Parliamentary Grant can in nowise be considered an integral portion of the *Concordat* which was ratified in 1870 between the Nonconformists and the English Church.

As a board teacher I have no personal interests in the voluntary school. Yet, if in England it were ever possible for a practised teacher to be consulted in school affairs—if it could even be dreamt of that educational experience should have a voice in educational legislation—then I would urge on the powers that be the abolition of Mr. Lowe's disastrous device and the retention of the voluntary school.

The Basis.

Thus the basis of my scheme, and the only feasible basis for many years to come, is the continued existence of voluntary schools and board schools as such, and the entire release of both from the clog of 'Payment by Results.'

The line of least resistance to reforms in school-work is the maintenance of the *status quo* in school managership.¹ A symmetrical board school system may be a desirable thing; a strengthened voluntary system may be a desirable thing; but a better mode of educating the children is a more desirable thing than either. The urgent need for reforms in the schooling dwarfs any need for wholesale reforms in the managership. Let the minor matter wait its turn; both cannot be dealt with at once.

There appears no valid reason why the *Concordat* of 1870 should be now disturbed. The compromise then effected was a wise one; it has proved a peaceful one; the truce has lasted eighteen years. But the proposal of the Royal Commissioners to subsidise voluntary schools from local rates is likely to disturb the armistice, and if the nation permits itself to be dragged into a wrangle over that indiscreet proposal, then so much the worse for the children and the nation, for so much the longer life will be secured for 'Payment by Results.' If reform in the schooling is to await a new settlement of the managership, then a better education for the people will be indefinitely postponed.

Let us suppose, however, that wiser thoughts prevail; that polemics give the *pas* to the main issue; that the basis just stated be accepted; that 'Payment by Results' be abolished, and the *status quo* in managership be retained. What next? The next step in the development of any feasible scheme is to propound the proper theory of Parliamentary grants in aid of national education.

The Proper Theory of Grants-in-Aid.

When, a little more than half-a-century ago, the State began to subsidise the elementary school, the theory in vogue was much as follows:—

'Here are certain associations,² of benevolent persons engaged

¹ By *managers*, *managership*, and *management* is meant throughout this article the School Board or committee of voluntary managers in the case of any school.

² The 'National' and 'British' Societies.

in charitably providing cheap schools for the masses. Such praiseworthy efforts deserve some public recognition; the State might properly aid these private enterprises a little.' In 1834 the State was allowed to aid them—to the munificent extent of twenty thousand pounds a year. By the year 1846, however, the 'grants-in-aid' had materially increased in volume, and the early theory of them was becoming widened and ennobled. Year by year the schooling of the English people was gradually developing on the lines pursued successfully by Continental educationists down to this day. In 1861, however, Mr. Lowe assumed the charge of English education, and uprooted the sapling to see if it were really growing or not. In the too original legislation which followed, Mr. Lowe recurred to the old bad theory of grants-in-aid. The idea underlying his vaunted device of 'Payment by Results' is nothing better than the old mean conception of the State as an indifferent outsider, languidly concerned for the education of the poor, and dabbling in school-philanthropy to a strictly limited extent on strictly commercial principles. 'We will no longer furnish you with funds to work with,' in effect said Mr. Lowe to the school-managers; 'we will merely give you a small bonus on your efforts after they are made.'

But when a few years later the franchise was extended, 'We must educate our masters' became the cry, and in 1870 Mr. Forster accepted for the State that view of its duty as a schoolmaster which most other civilised nations had adopted long before. Schools began to multiply, teachers increased in number, and the Education Estimates grew yearly in amount. The prospects of national education at last seemed bright, and hopes rose high. Unhappily, however, Mr. Forster's Act had retained Mr. Lowe's arrangements for distributing the Parliamentary grant, arrangements based on the niggardly petty theory of fifty years ago. Hence all the tears, the failure, the over-pressure of goaded teachers on dullard scholars, the 'cram,' the educational jerry-building, the national disappointment over time and money lost, which have stained the course of popular education ever since.

Even the peculiarly British plan of fitting theory to practice has not been followed in educational concerns. The funds expended on schools have grown into not unhandsome proportions, but the nation has been baulked of the expected benefit by the stupid theory which rules the distribution of these funds. High time it is that practice and theory were assimilated. The nation has

decided that the nation shall be educated, and the old 'benevolent bonus' theory must go.

What, then, is the proper theory of grants-in-aid? I state it at length as follows:—

(1) To educate the nation, a sufficient number of schools should be supplied.

(2) These schools should be efficiently equipped, and efficient work should be required from them.

(3) The schools should be maintained in continuous efficiency if maintained at all.

(4) To maintain a school in efficiency adequate funds must be supplied it.

(5) To that end the cost of a year's efficient work in each school should be annually estimated before the year commences.

(6) A sum equivalent to the balance of estimated cost over local income should be paid to the managers of each school at the commencement of the year, out of the Parliamentary Vote for the purpose.

(7) In return for the grant-in-aid efficient work should be exacted from each school.

(8) So long as a school is annually reported as efficient, the subsidy should be continued to it annually without further question.

(9) Government inspectors, as representing the source of the grants-in-aid, should have due facilities and powers for investigating the condition of the schools, but a representative of the local sources of income should have a right to be heard in each decision.

Stated less formally, the theory is this:—

Schools are necessary; schools must be efficient; schools cannot be made efficient without the supply of adequate funds; adequate funds should be supplied and efficiency required in each case; so long as efficiency is maintained there should be no doubt or delay about the supply of annual funds; the schools should be judged by a Government representative, in the presence of a local representative to see fair.

It is discreditable to our national sagacity that a principle like this should need to be stated and urged at all. Its reasonableness is surely self-evident; upon it is founded the practice of every country where education is successfully carried on. But this is not the principle here in vogue. The Education Department appears to proceed on the theory that the sinews of war are not

necessary until after the war is won. And 'my lords' of that Department are far from insisting that every school shall exist in efficiency if existent at all. According to the latest official returns, eighty per cent. of infant schools and classes, and seventy-four per cent. of schools for older children, are not 'excellent'—twenty-eight and twenty-two per cent. respectively are not 'good'—and three per cent. and five per cent. respectively are not even 'fair.' If, now, we take the 'good' rating as the standard of efficiency, we find that 9,962 schools and infant classes are inefficient; whilst, if 'excellent' be the standard of efficiency, the inefficient schools and infant classes number 27,810. In all these there are degrees of inefficiency registered in shillings and pence. It is plain, therefore, that 'Payment by Results' is merely awkward machinery for maintaining, registering, and subsidising inefficiency in schools.

The Current Method of Grants-in-aid.

At the present moment every public elementary school in England and Wales is virtually living on credit; and as it cannot rely upon adequate receipts, it cannot, therefore, afford the necessary expenditure. The Government grants-in-aid are paid to the schools after—and often long after—the work of the year to be paid for is done. This hand-to-mouth arrangement is in itself a fertile source of inefficiency, but it is not the worst. For the grant to a school is proportioned, not to the needs of the school during the year current, but to the amount of weighed and measured work supposed to have been done during the year past.

Let us examine this arrangement at work. Let us take the case of an inefficient school, a school which receives from the inspector what is called a 'bad' report. That means the school is to obtain, as a bonus on its past year's work, not the maximum grant of, say, 100%, but a diminished grant of, say, 60% only. The school is fined for its inefficiency to the tune of 40%. What is the result? The school is—reckoned by the pecuniary standard—forty-pounds' worth below par; therefore forty pounds of grant are withheld. Yet is it not evident that those forty pounds are absolutely necessary to the school if it is next year to attain efficiency? The school is lame, and the system, meant to help it, takes away a crutch instead.

In this way the inefficient school is condemned to continual inefficiency, for the means to render it efficient are continuously withheld. Year after year the school goes haltingly on, perpetu-

ally fined, perpetually poverty-stricken, and hence perpetually incompetent for its purpose.

'To him that hath shall be given' appears to be the maxim embodied in the Code. The well-staffed, well-found school receives a plenteous bonus; the impecunious non-efficient school is never lifted from the bog of impecuniosity. The British people are the sole inventors and patentees of this marvellous method of 'assisting' the schools. Its wisdom is on a par with the charity which would say to a starveling beggar, 'Keep yourself alive somehow another twelvemonth, make yourself a respectable well-to-do individual, and then I will give you alms.' When it becomes clear to the reader that under 'Payment by Results,' the schools which need aid the most obtain it the least, there can be but one verdict; a system alike ridiculous and iniquitous must surely go.

In the place of the present varying bonuses on varying percentages of inefficiency, which, whilst they cripple a school, enable it to exist in a maimed condition so long as, for reasons educational or non-educational, the managers choose to claim for it the name of school—I suggest the equipment of each school with the means of efficiency, and the inexorable demand of efficient work from it as a *quid pro quo*.

The Proper Method of Grants-in-aid.

Thus the better method of grants-in-aid which I urge upon the reader's attention, in the hope that the reader will assist in urging it on the Department, is, the full provision of means to efficiency, and the requirement of nothing less than efficiency, in every public elementary school—the provision to be made beforehand, at the commencement of the year.

Bald, simple, and obvious as this idea must seem to the eye of common-sense, it is an idea not yet conceived by the official mind. Let me emphasise the fact, that at the present moment thousands of inefficient schools linger on in a state of quasi-insolvency, their degrees of inefficiency recorded and remunerated at the *end* of the year, according to the steelyard and ready-reckoner used by the Department in charge of the schools. Any business man will recognise the advisability of paying the grant at the commencement, instead of the end, of the year. So long as an income is uncertain and variable the bold will expend rashly, the cautious will expend too cautiously, and both with disastrous effect when the day of reckoning arrives. Inefficient schools are

left in the position of a trader without capital and without books, upon whom no Bankruptcy Law in mercy or in justice ever descends.

I proceed to develop the main details of this alternative scheme under three headings, viz. :—

The means to efficiency,	} in public elementary schools.
The tests of efficiency, and	
The cost of efficiency,	

The Means to Efficiency in a School.

These I state in their order of importance, as follows:—(1) A fair chance to work and a free field of operations; (2) a sufficient staff of assistant teachers; (3) a well-qualified head teacher; (4) an adequate supply of books, stationery, and school appliances. The first and second of these require enlarged notice here.

(1) *A fair chance and a free field.*—To obtain these, three things are essential. The first is 'a rational programme of work.' Educationists are agreed that the Code programme is not a rational programme of work. Psychologists condemn it from the theoretic point of view; educators denounce it from the standpoint of practice and experience. Its 'standards' and their graduation are arbitrary, unscientific, non-natural; its curriculum is fixed, inelastic, unadaptive; its plan of instruction is one and the same for schools in Sheffield, schools in Arcady, and schools on the coasts. I cannot better contrast with it a sketch of what a rational programme of work might be than by quoting the opinion of Mr. Fitch, a leading inspector, and the confidant and champion of 'my lords.' He thus outlines it:—'There shall be no grant to be awarded; ¹ no aim at uniformity; no course of instruction prescribed by authority; and no standards;' and he thinks that it may suffice to say to each school in turn, 'What is it you propose to do? What are your plans? What is your ideal? Now show us' (the inspectors) 'how you seek to realise it, and what you have done.' 'Prodigious!' cries the Dominie Sampson of the primary school, delighted; but he learns, alas, that Mr. Fitch refers to secondary schools alone! Nevertheless, some such rational programme of work as that must be furnished to the elementary school, and before a fair chance and a free field can be opened to it the Code must give effect to the following recommendations, adapted from the Royal Commissioners' Report:—

(a) The standards should be carefully revised;

¹ The italics are not Mr. Fitch's.

- (b) It is desirable to allow great freedom to the teachers in the instruction of their scholars ;
- (c) Managers and teachers should possess proper liberty to classify the scholars according to fitness ;
- (d) Several schemes of instruction should be laid down, so as to provide for various schools curricula varying with the numbers of scholars and the character and requirements of the populations which furnish them.

The second requisite is 'a more regular attendance of children at school.' The Report of the Department for 1887 shows that one out of every four children of school-age was last year daily absent from school. Powers to compel attendance exist, but in many districts they are laxly applied. It must be evident that unless a child is present at school he cannot be taught, and that, under the present system of examination at least, his absence retards the progress of others, who are kept 'marking time' until he recovers the lost ground.

The third requisite is 'the display of a fair amount of respect and confidence by the Department towards the teacher.' At present the teacher works in swaddling-clothes ; swathes and bandages hinder the free use of his powers ; the Department arranges everything for him, everything except the free opportunity to educate. And having hedged him round with inflexible restrictions, the Department even then distrusts him. The attitude of 'my lords' towards the teacher, as expressed (indirectly) in the Code, is one of mistrust and vigilant suspicion. The prisoner at the bar is held to be innocent until his guilt is proven, and his previous character is taken into consideration. Not so the primary teacher ; *he* is yearly required to prove himself neither idle, incompetent, nor dishonest, no matter what previous reputation he may have won. He must prove his innocence, moreover, not before a jury of his peers, but before a solitary inspector, who is wont to be crotchety if not haughty and incompetent to inspect. A fair field and a free chance can never be afforded to the schools until the Department respects and trusts the estimable and trustworthy teacher. 'As the teacher so the school' is a well-known maxim ; the school is but the material embodiment of its teacher's spirit. Rugby was Arnold, Uppingham was Thring. The repressive action of the Code on the teacher is shown by the remarkable fact that from the myriads of English elementary teachers no great educator, no educational innovator, no Pestalozzi or Froebel, has been able to arise.

'We refuse to admit that the teachers are, as a body, less unprejudiced or less regardful of the dignity and usefulness of their own profession than the members of other responsible professions,' a powerful provincial journal¹ recently said. Those words but voice the teacher's claims to trust and esteem, and the Royal Commissioners justify the claim by reporting that the present body of teachers are, as a whole, a very honourable body. Under 'Payment by Results,' however, distrust and espionage are the portion of that 'very honourable body.' Mr. Fitch, indeed, would give to teachers 'that large freedom, that sense of independence and responsibility, and that encouragement to spontaneous effort . . . which are indispensable to the maintenance of all that is best in the national character;' but these again, alas, he would give to *secondary* teachers alone!

(2) *A sufficient staff of assistant-teachers.*—At present the Department's method of measuring the sufficiency or insufficiency of staff in any school is merely to ascertain if there be, plus the head-teacher, one assistant or two pupil-teachers for every eighty scholars in average attendance. This is a minimum requirement which cannot be defended. It will at once be recognised that eighty boys or girls are far too many for any one teacher properly to manage and instruct; and the reader will doubtless endorse the Commissioners' recommendation that the minimum staff required by the Code should be considerably increased. Other nations deal more liberally in this particular, and their achievements go far to show that in educational matters liberality is wisdom. In Prussia, Hanover, and Rhenish Prussia the proportion of teachers to scholars is one to sixty, in Austria one to fifty-six, in Saxony one to fifty, and in Holland one to forty-five. Many efficient schools in England are staffed more liberally than the Code requires; but in the smaller and weaker schools the staffs are lamentably inadequate. In many cases the head-teacher of a school containing five or six distinct classes or standards, is supplied with one assistant or two pupil-teachers as sole aid. In thousands of schools anything like one teacher to one standard or class is a possibility never dreamt of.

It should be enacted, therefore, that the minimum requirement of staff should be considerably increased; that even the smallest school should employ at least two assistants, or one assistant and a couple of pupil-teachers; and that a graduated scale of staff should regulate the ratio of assistants to average attendance in each case.

¹ *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

Bound up with this question of staff is the future of the pupil-teacher system. It ought to be widely known that on the Continent the pupil-teacher does not exist. It is, perhaps, a desperate hope to dream that England will speedily rid herself of her unique custom of setting children to teach children; all that one dares now suggest is a modification of this parsimonious and foolish practice. I venture so far as to urge that pupil-teacher-ship should commence at the age of thirteen; that for the next two years the boy or girl should serve on probation, unrecognised by the Department in counting the staff; that at fifteen the pupil-teacher, if considered competent for the work, should be articled for a period of four years; and that at any time during these years the pupil-teacher should be dismissible for incompetency to teach. These arrangements would form at least some improvement on the current custom, which is to consider a child of fourteen competent to educate forty other children, and at eighteen to educate eighty!

Recurring awhile to the main line of my scheme, it is necessary to develop here the method in which the funds to purchase the purchasable means of efficiency should be supplied to the schools.

The first step would be for the managers of each school, towards the end of any given year to submit to the Department a detailed statement of expected local income, and an estimate of cost in working the school *efficiently* during the year to ensue. The document would be prepared in something like this form:—

APPROXIMATE INCOME AND EXPENDITURE FOR SCHOOL DURING
THE YEAR ENDING , 188—.

*Anticipated average attendance, ; average attendance during year
current, ; proposed staff, .*

Estimated Receipts.			Estimated Expenditure.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To school fees			By salaries and wages .		
„ subscriptions (or share of rates)			„ books and stationery .		
„ endowments or dona- tions			„ appliances		
„ other local income (de- tailed)			„ repairs and renewals .		
„ balance (Government grant required) . .			„ rent and rates . .		
	£	_____	„ other lawful expenses .		
			„ repayments for loans (board schools only) .		
				£	_____

The Department would examine the estimate, ascertain if the proposed staff and expenditure on books, appliances, etc., corresponded with the minimum requirements of an efficient school, and verify the balance. It would then pay over the balance of cost over local income to the treasurer of the school board, or the banking account of the voluntary school, *before* the beginning of the year under estimate. Any over or under estimate would be rectified on the certificate of a Government auditor by carrying over the debit or credit balance to the next year's account.

'But this would involve increased grants to denominational schools,' protests the anti-voluntarist. 'What increase of safeguards, *pari passu*, against misuse or waste of public moneys, do you propose?' I would increase the safeguards by adopting the Royal Commissioners' recommendations that all voluntary schools should be placed under efficient managers (I omit the 'where possible'), and that the parents of children attending such schools should be duly represented on the committees of management. To the recommendation that the accounts of voluntary schools should be open to the public, I would add the stipulation that such accounts should annually be examined by a Government auditor, and that any expenditure disallowed by the auditor should fall on the private purses of the managers in fault.

The question of the proportion of local income to whole income needs to be considered here. It is agreed that the managers of voluntary schools must show some pecuniary justification for the existence of their schools under voluntary control. Voluntary contributions and the weekly fees make up the local income of the non-board schools. The average voluntary subscription per scholar was last year 6s. 7½*d.* If grants-in-aid are to be everywhere assessed at the amount required for efficient working, a minimum ratio of local income per scholar must be agreed on. It might be calculated in one of two ways:—

1. At the current ratio per scholar in the case of each school; or

2. At a uniform ratio per scholar for all schools.

The second appears the fairer and preferable way. Last year the average ratio of local income per scholar in England and Wales was (farthings omitted):—

In Voluntary Schools (fees, subscriptions, etc.) . . .	17s.	9 <i>d.</i>
„ Board „ (fees, rates, etc.) . . .	26s.	9 <i>d.</i>
„ „ „ not including London . . .	22s.	11 <i>d.</i>

If a uniform ratio were adopted it would be wiser to exclude the case of metropolitan schools from the calculation.

It should be remembered by objectors of every class that these amounts are the amounts at present allowed to pass muster; they are parts of the *status quo*, parts of the basis of this alternative scheme. Granted the principle that the Government grants must in future reach the figures necessary for efficiency in the case of every school, to demand a corresponding increase of local income seems on the face of it a fair and wise stipulation. But to make such a stipulation would be to postpone indefinitely any chance of efficient work from the schools. Not only voluntary schools but board schools by the thousand would be denied the augmented local income; the subscribers would deny it in one case, the ratepayers in the other; to insist on the local incomes increasing would be fatal to all reforms. These local incomes, such as they are, pass at present, and have passed, unquestioned; it is surely too late to boggle over them now. In the face of the stern demand for better schooling, this consideration, like others, should be subordinated to the one grand necessity. It is for the critic to consider whether to block the way to efficient national education on this account be worth while.

But let us proceed, on the assumption that, as a matter of expediency, the demand for increased local incomes would be waived. Part of the Department's duty under some such new scheme as the one here indicated would be to ascertain if the local income set down in each school-estimate corresponded to the accepted ratio. If any board school failed to obtain the requisite amount of local income the Department would have power to order the election of a new school board. If any voluntary school failed to supply the requisite amount of local income, the school should be struck from the list of voluntary schools, and the school board or school attendance committee for the district should be directed to supply its place with another school. Pending the creation of a school board in a deficient district, the school attendance committee of the district should have interim powers to issue a precept on the local rating authority for the cost.

We now approach the consideration of the reforms necessary to obtain a just, considerate, and efficient method of inspecting, examining, and reporting on the schools.

The Tests of Efficiency.

It is to be assumed, by reason of foregoing stipulations, that all cause or excuse for inefficiency shall have been removed from the schools. Any *raison d'être* for a suspicious, querulous, and fault-finding spirit in inspecting schools would be entirely non-existent. But the demand for efficiency must be inexorably made and enforced.

The inspections and examinations under the new order of things would be directed, not to the discovery of varying percentages of inefficiency, but to the discovery of efficiency or inefficiency as a whole.

There should be not less than two inspections and one examination per school per annum, one of the three in each third of the year. The inspections should be visits to the school without warning, at which the inspector would view the school in its every-day dress, and ascertain, at full leisure, the ideals, the plans, and the methods adopted in the school. He would satisfy himself on these occasions that the school had made a fair amount of progress for the time of year; that the staff was sufficient and efficient, and that the supply of books, apparatus, etc., was adequate. His observations should be recorded at length in the school diary or logbook at the time.

Towards the end of the year¹ a duly-notified examination should be held. The examination should be conducted by the inspector in the presence of the head teacher and a competent representative of the school board or committee of managers. The method of examination should be, as a rule, the method known as 'class examination'—'the class should replace the child as the unit of examination,' and every class should be examined in sufficient detail to assure the inspector of the tone, character, efficiency, and general intelligence of the work. The results of any individual examination of scholars should only be recorded in the case of scholars requiring formal leave to labour.

The annual report on the school should be drawn up at the end of the examination by the inspector in consultation with the local representative and the head teacher, and the recorded results of the visits of inspection should be taken into consideration in preparing the report. The inspector's verdict should rate the school as either (1) Efficient, or (2) Inefficient. In either case the reasons for the verdict should be specified. It should be open

¹ School years do not necessarily coincide with the calendar year.

for the local representative to require a second hearing for any part of the school supposed to be defective, before the report is finally drawn up. The report should state whether the estimated requirements in staff, books, etc., have been faithfully met during the whole of the year by the managers.

On receipt of the inspector's certificate of efficiency for a school, the necessary grant for the next year's work should be supplied by the Department without further question.

When a school has been reported 'Inefficient,' the causes of the inefficiency should be notified to the managers, and a year of grace allowed them to remedy the defects. A school twice successively reported 'Inefficient' should be placed under new management.

To give effect to these suggestions, which differ at all points from the present practice, an increase in the inspectorial staff would be required, which should be effected thus:—

The present sub-inspectors (an efficient body of men possessed of actual experience in primary teaching) should be ranked with the university men appointed by patronage who now alone possess the powers and title of inspectors. All future additions to the inspectorate should be drawn from the body of inspectors' assistants, which should gradually absorb a sufficient number of the ablest experienced teachers at present at work in the schools. The wisdom and justice of opening the inspectorate to teachers worthy of it are exemplified in the similar practice successfully adopted on the Continent.

Incomplete in mere detail as is the scheme I have now developed, it is complete in outline. It is, moreover, immediately applicable; it could be adopted without delay, and without throwing all existing arrangements out of gear. Space forbids me the present consideration of the supply of teachers, their training, and their minimum qualifications; and what else remains to be done is to discuss the question of expense.

The Cost of Efficiency.

The final and decisive appeal must lie to the purse; efficient schools for the people cannot be furnished at the present cost. The Government grants to inefficient and efficient schools last year amounted to 3,071,547*l.*; if every school is to be made efficient that amount will not suffice. It would, however, be foolish to

startle the taxpayer by proposing a sudden and wholesale increase of expenditure. To the moderate, gradual, and automatic increase now annually reported the taxpayer makes no demur. The increase of 112,842*l.* last year passed unchallenged. It is by such a moderate gradual process as the one already sanctioned, therefore, that I would propose to lift the schools to culminating efficiency.

The main items of increased expense under the foregoing scheme would be the augmented supplies of staff, books, appliances, etc. These and all other expenses should be henceforth regulated on a graded scale, as thus :—

Years . . .	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894
Minimum proportion of teachers to scholars .	1 to 80	1 to 75	1 to 70	1 to 65	1 to 60	1 to 55	1 to 50
Annual cost of books, appliances, etc., per scholar .	say 4/	5/	5/6	6/	6/6	7/	7/6

By following out some such scale of supplies as this, English schools might in six years be placed on a footing of efficiency equal to that of Saxony, for instance, and the cost of lifting the schools into efficiency would be so gradual that the taxpayer could not take alarm.

In any case, the deprecating economist should remember that the experience of the last decade goes far to show that every shilling spent in educating the populace is repaid in the diminution of crime and the cost of repressing it.

J. H. YOXALL.

Mated by Magic.

A STORY WITH A POSTSCRIPT.

WHEN Steele Wyoming arrived at his customary apartments in Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, one morning early in June, he found a telegram awaiting him from Cecil Cameron. As was his wont, Wyoming, having left New York about the 1st of May on a steamer of the French Line, had been spending a month in Paris, rambling through the Salon, going to all the many smaller exhibitions, seeing all the shows of all sorts from the Théâtre Français to Neuilly Fair, and giving himself up to the lazy enjoyment a cultivated American can always attain in the city by the Seine. But when the race for the Grand Prix had been run, and when the theatres began to close their doors, he wrote over to London asking that his rooms be made ready; and about the time when the Queen's birthday is celebrated, Wyoming took the night train and arrived in London before the city by the Thames was yet awake.

Early as it was, the telegram from Cecil Cameron had arrived before him. While his trunks were being taken into his room, he tore open the brown envelope and read this message:

‘Steele Wyoming, 51 Half Moon Street, Piccadilly.

‘Welcome Rosicrucian Brother! I want you to call spooks from the vasty deep. Lunch at Babel Club at one. You hear my horn?’

‘CECIL CAMERON.’

Wyoming held the telegram in his hand for a moment.

‘That man makes me tired,’ he said to himself, ‘with his mania for trying to talk American. Why can’t he be content with his own insular and parochial dialect? But he’s a good fellow, for all that.’

The American’s face was even more solemn than usual as he laid the despatch on the table.

'I wonder what mischief he is up to now,' was his reflection. 'Raising spooks is always fun, however, and he can count me in.'

So it was that Wyoming went to the Babel Club to meet his friend at the appointed hour. The Babel Club, as all must know, was founded as a place of meeting for men who could speak at least three modern languages. Cecil Cameron, proud of his proficiency, offered the American language as one of his three. As he spoke French and German, in addition to English, he was admitted. To prevent a confusion of tongues, there was an unwritten law of the club, by which a member making use of any foreign word was fined elevenpence halfpenny.

As Steele Wyoming was about to take his seat at the little table in the bow window which juts out into Piccadilly, Cecil Cameron entered the dining-room.

'How are you, old man?' asked the American.

'I am able to sit up and take nourishment,' replied the Englishman. 'And how are you?'

'I'm not the better for the privilege of listening to your vain efforts to mimic our noble American language,' was Wyoming's prompt reply. 'Why are you not content with the dialect spoken by the inhabitants of Great Britain and her colonial dependencies?'

'Because I prefer the pictorial freedom of speech which echoes over the boundless prairies of the mighty West,' Cameron returned.

'Well,' said Wyoming, with a weary sigh, 'push forward to your own destruction. Linguistic pitfalls are on all sides of you. No man can speak American who is not born in the purple of American sovereignty. So I forgive you; and I may as well confess that I'd liever hear an energetic Americanism, now and again, than the enervating Briticisms which besprinkle the speech of most of you fellows over here. Now drive on your donkey-cart, and tell me about the spirits.'

'Do you know my Australian cousin, Frank Hardy?' asked Cameron.

'No,' the American replied. 'Do you want to scare up a spook or two for him?'

'Frank Hardy is in love with the only daughter of J. Bulstrode-Travis, Esq., of Redrose Hall, Flintshire.'

'Then he doesn't need anybody to raise his spirits, I take it,' ventured the American.

'Frank's all right,' Cameron returned; 'he's all wool and a yard wide!'

'Has the girl gone back on him?' asked Wyoming.

'No,' said the Englishman. 'Lavinia is as much in love with Frank as Frank is with her.'

'Well, then?'

'There is the cruel parient. He is worth 30,000*l.* a year, and Frank hasn't a red cent.'

'Then he'd better pass in his checks, hadn't he?' Wyoming inquired, dropping into American slang, as he did inevitably when he talked to Cameron.

'Here is where we can help. The young people have not dared to tell the old man the state of their feelings. He suspects nothing. He is very ambitious for his daughter. He would like her to be at least a countess. But he is also a little daft on the subject of spiritualism, and he has been going in for fads like——'

'One moment, if you please, Cecil,' interrupted Wyoming; 'as I warned you, the linguistic man-trap has you by the heel. "To go in for" and "fad" are Briticisms of the most British kind.'

'I know it,' Cameron admitted sorrowfully. 'But yours is such a difficult tongue to acquire.—Where was I?'

'You were saying that the girl's father was a man of many left-handed ideas.'

'That's it exactly. On some subjects he is like the rest of us, and on others he is very eccentric,' the Englishman continued.

'And in mechanics,' said the American, 'the eccentric is often very near a crank.'

'In some ways, he is cranky indeed,' Cameron replied. 'He is an enthusiastic chess-player for one thing—though he doesn't play remarkably.'

'But what have I to do with this estimable country gentleman?' asked the American.

'Only this. Mr. Bulstrode-Travis is a fatalist, a believer in signs and wonders, a practitioner of thought-reading, an interpreter of dreams, and so forth. Now, Frank knew that I was a student of modern magic and that I took no stock in spookical research. So he came to me and confided his plight, and asked me to help him out. Frank thinks that I can show the old man some strange marvel, and then ring in on him a prediction of some sort pointing to Frank as the only proper husband for Lavinia.'

'Work the oracle, in short?'

‘Precisely. And I have said I would; and I want you to help me as a member of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. Mr. Bulstrode-Travis has been up in town for a week, and although he has two old foggy clubs of his own, the Mausoleum and the Sarcophagus, I got him put down here as a guest, and I coaxed him to come here, and I prevailed on two or three good-natured fellows to play chess with him, and get beaten, so the old boy drops in here pretty freely. He and I are excellent friends. We talk over the mysteries of magic and thought-transference, and I am properly serious. He has asked me to run down with him to Redrose Hall to spend Saturday and Sunday. I have spoken to him about you, representing that you had been a profound student of strange rites; I said that I had been told that you had investigated the Eleusinian mysteries; I knew you had been present at a Voodoo exorcising; and I had seen you extract extraordinary information as to the future by means of the *sortes Virgilianæ*. In fact he takes you for a boss spook-stalker.’

‘Well?’ asked the American, with an expression of solemnity, not to say gloom.

‘If he comes here to lunch to-day, we drop into a chat together; and if he doesn’t ask you down to the Hall to spend Saturday and Sunday, then I haven’t any savvy.’

‘Well?’ repeated Wyoming.

‘And once down there we’ll raise the devil for him, or the Witch of Endor, or the Witches of Macbeth; and we’ll make them prophesy the union of Lavinia and Frank.’

‘I see,’ said the American; ‘and it’s a very pretty scheme if it works—but—’

‘Hush!’ Cameron interrupted. ‘Here he is!’

The broad door of the dining-room had opened to give passage to a handsome, portly old gentleman, bearing his sixty years bravely. This was Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. Cameron introduced Wyoming, successfully suggesting by his manner that he was presenting a man of marvel.

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis sat down to lunch with them, and before long the three were in full cry over mystery and magic. Wyoming and Cameron played into each other’s hands so as to hint dimly to the old gentleman that they were in some strange and secret way familiar with the personalities of Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, Faust, Robert-Houdin, the Egyptian magicians, Count Cagliostro, Arbaces, and various other engaging persons. Cameron related a tale which, as it happened, he had actually heard from an imaginative doctor, who said he had lived as a medical

student in Bulwer-Lytton's haunted house in Orchard Street, and that among other things they never wanted ('needed' interjected Wyoming with soft correction) any artificial light at night-fall, as an Unseen Power kindly provided it. Wyoming capped the story with an American tale of his own, the incidents of which he said had actually befallen him. Then they alluded casually, but frequently, to the wonders they had sometimes worked in conjunction. Mr. Bulstrode-Travis was in an ecstasy at the idea of such strange doings; he burned to see what they had seen and what they could accomplish; and therefore it was with peculiar cordiality that he asked Wyoming to accompany Cameron on his visit to Redrose Hall. The invitation was accepted with unaffected promptness, and Wyoming, thinking, unwisely perhaps, to add a touch, said mournfully:

'We could have shown you more had poor Monsieur Blitzini been here.'

'But you know, Steele,' replied Cameron, in a frivolous moment, 'it's no good wishing—he's gone up the flume!'

'Ah,' rejoined Wyoming, drily, 'he really speaks American like a native—sometimes.'

Redrose Hall stands on high ground, encircled or supported by lawns and a pretty succession of fish-ponds. Part of the house is really Elizabethan, the other part is skilfully arranged to match it. A carriage-drive sweeps up to a fine porch, through which one passes into a hall hung with armour, thence into an ante-room, at the left corner and end of which are respectively the dining-room and the drawing-room. In front of the drawing-room runs a terrace with a plashing fountain. At the further end of the drawing-room is a conservatory leading to the hanging-gardens, and at right angles to this the double door of the library. Coming out of the library into the ante-room one sees opposite the drawing-room a wide staircase leading to a gallery of bed-rooms.

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, whose fussy and interjectional manner belied his appearance, which was that of the fine old English gentleman, conducted our two friends to the drawing-room, with much pleasing prattle about his small but excellent collection of armour and weapons, and about his library of magical and cabalistic books which, handsomely arranged in glass cases, adorned the walls of the ante-room.

'Here is a pretty edition of Gabriel Herve, eh?' he would say, or 'Do but look, Mr. Wyoming, at this Reginald Scot, ha?'

The two friends lingered awhile in the library, where Frank Hardy soon joined them. Mr. Bulstrode-Travis and Wyoming chatted about books, leaving Hardy and Cameron to a game of piquet.

In the drawing-room, whither the host soon conducted the American, they found Miss Bulstrode-Travis, to whom Wyoming took a great fancy. Among the other guests were Sir Kensington Gower, K.C.B., and Lady Gower, Lord Luine—a great traveller who had been much in India, and took stock, as Cameron would have said, in fakirs and such like—and Mrs. Vendale, a slight, short, fantastic creature, who believed, or affected to believe, in Khoot-Hoomi.

In the drawing-room the conversation was of rain and fine time, but at dinner it soon took on it a colour of magical lore. Wyoming was seated next to Lavinia, and they got on capitally. The English girl thought the American amusing, and the American found the English girl bright and sympathetic. After dinner the party moved to the conservatory, where coffee was served and where smoking was always permitted.

Mrs. Vendale asked Lord Luine if the wonders of the Indian magicians were authentic—‘For my part, I do not doubt it; but perhaps they use *black* magic, and that would be horrible.’

Luine replied that he cared much more about tracking a tiger than about seeing a trick or a portent. ‘But, don’t you know, I have seen those fellows do things that no person’ (he was a Scotchman) ‘could explain.’

Then he recounted the mango trick and the basket trick, and added that the Indian conjurers had nothing on practically but a waistcloth, and how could they hide things?

Cameron and Wyoming looked at each other.

Then Luine related how he had seen a man climb up a rope until you lost sight of him, and he never came down again. Luine was a man of absolute veracity, but at this the two did *not* look at each other.

There was much serious conversation on this, broken only by a frivolous remark of Cameron’s to Wyoming.

‘Say, Steele, that Louis XV. clock reminds me of your watch that I had to wrap in a blanket at night when we travelled together because it ticked so loud. Have you got it yet?’

‘Yes, I have it,’ said Wyoming, ‘but don’t let your mind wander.’

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis’s appetite for the wonderful began to

grow by what it fed on, and he made such broken requests as 'Couldn't you, hey?—wouldn't it be possible—what?—when two people of such remarkable powers, and, as is evident, so completely *en rapport* with each other—it seems a pity, you know.'

The two friends made excuses and demurs until the old gentleman was near to dancing with unsatisfied expectation, and then when the rest of the party joined themselves to Mr. Bulstrode-Travis in polite importunity they consented, with a show of giving way gracefully, to see if the conditions would enable them to accomplish anything.

'Of course, you have heard,' said Wyoming, 'about what is called thought-reading?'

'A very primitive form,' added Cameron, and went on to say, 'Steele, will you try if our old experiment together can be worked? That is to say, I will leave the room, and shall try to gather from your magnetism, without word or touch, what action the company may wish me to perform.'

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis's eyes opened wide at this, and the suggestion was received with such delight that Mrs. Vendale's 'they do say that the Chelahs——' perished unachieved.

When Cameron left the room there was a complete silence for a moment.

'Seems to me,' said Luine, 'we'd better decide upon what we want the noble sportsman to do. Finding a pin is played out. Set him something more difficult.'

'Suppose,' said Mrs. Vendale, with the tone of a languishing spectre, 'suppose we were to move that beautiful vase up to the blue room, and will him to find it and bring it down again?'

'Might break it if he found it,' said Sir Kensington.

'Do you think, Sir Kensington—hey?' answered the host, 'that I value a vase one penny in comparison with the interest of science?'

'Don't spoil the fun, my dear,' added Lady Gower, a pleasing and vivacious person.

'Is that, then, what you all wish?' said Wyoming, and was answered by universal assent.

'Now,' Wyoming went on, 'let me carry the vase to the blue room and hide it somewhere in concert with Lord Luine, who will watch that there may be no possible collusion between my friend and myself.'

Lord Luine rose to accompany him.

'Add one thing more,' said Wyoming. 'Cameron ought to be blindfolded, the lights must be put out, and only one of our

party must carry a dark lantern to prevent our stumbling. *He won't stumble if it succeeds.*

Upon this Wyoming took the vase in his hands and left the conservatory, accompanied by Lord Luine. They went to the blue room, and after much deliberation Wyoming placed the vase on a bracket so high on the wall that a tall man could barely reach it.

As they went out Luine stopped at the door and said, 'But look here, he *will* break the vase if it's so high up as that.'

'No, sir,' said Wyoming, 'but to make assurance double sure I'll measure it once again.' He took three steps back to the bracket, picked up a small pin-cushion from a table close by, and with some difficulty placed it on the bracket.

'Cameron is not so tall as you are,' said Luine.

'No matter,' Wyoming rejoined, 'he will not break it.'

Then they went back to the conservatory, and Cameron was called in. Amid intense silence Wyoming looked him full in the eyes for about two minutes, when there stole over Cameron a dazed yet awakened look of a curious kind.

'Hush!' cried Wyoming, 'the charm works. Now let him go; we will follow after at some ten yards' distance.'

'But if he falls and hurts himself?' said Sir Kensington.

'Hush!' said Wyoming, authoritatively. 'He will not fall. Now!'

Cameron, who had been standing motionless, suddenly strode to the door, opened it, went straight through the drawing-room, opened that door, and walked into the now darkened ante-room. Here he paused awhile. Frank Hardy, holding the dark lantern, with silent gestures kept back the eager followers.

At last Cameron opened the library door, walked round, and came straight out again, and made immediately for the staircase, mounted it, and passed into the gallery until he reached the blue room, of which he at once opened the door. Then were there murmurs from those who watched him like those to be heard when fireworks are let off. As soon as he had opened this door Cameron shut it again, and stood outside it in hesitation. Then he went down the gallery and tried every door with intense deliberation. When he had done this he stood again as one in doubt, and then again ran as hard as he could to the blue room, opened the door, and rushed in. Hardy followed with the lantern, holding it so that those behind could see what happened. What happened was this: Cameron went to the bracket, put his left

hand against the wall, straightened himself up as if by a great effort, and just reached the base of the vase with his right hand.

‘He’ll break it,’ whispered Sir Kensington, upon whom his wife turned a look of scorn, which missed its effect because he did not see it.

Very carefully and slowly Cameron took down the vase without the slightest appearance of risk; but when he had it safe, as it seemed, in both his hands, he shivered and tottered so that Wyoming, who was nearest to him, rushed forward to save the vase, and supporting it with one hand laid the other heavily on Cameron’s shoulder, as if to infuse new magnetism into him.

From that moment Cameron’s descent to the conservatory was a triumphal march. There was no longer any question of managing the dark lantern, and people hesitated not to wonder in loud voices if he would restore the vase to its original place—which he did at once and without hesitation.

Having completed his appointed task, Cameron sank exhausted in an arm-chair, gazing into vacancy, and then quite suddenly gave a shiver, sat up, looked round him, and fixed his eyes interrogatively on Wyoming, who answered with a quiet nod. Then the silence which had fallen on the company, when Cameron sat down, was broken, and the chorus of comments, questions, answers, expressions of admiration, were even as the ‘confused noise without’ of the drama. This lasted some time, until the company, like tigers, having tasted blood (or, to make the simile more exact, like the people without consciences who encore singers), began to suggest ‘if it were possible,’ ‘Mr. Cameron must be tired, and yet if,’ and so forth, and so forth. One young lady, who seemed not fully to understand the novelty of what she had just seen, wanted to know if Mr. Cameron could do a card trick next—she doted on tricks with cards.

‘That gives me an idea,’ said Wyoming. ‘Cards suggest chess, you know. Have you a chess-board in the house?’

‘Chess-boards—hey?’ said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, ‘heaps of ’em—what?—how many do you want?’

‘One will be enough,’ replied Wyoming.

‘What is it for?’ asked little Mrs. Vendale, in tones which were both hard and caressing.

Wyoming refrained from saying ‘To play chess with,’ and answered instead, ‘You will see directly. Does any one present besides our host play chess?’

Luine and Sir Kensington answered that they played a little.

‘That is enough,’ said Wyoming.

‘What are you up to now?’ Cameron enquired.

‘What are you going to do?’ asked Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, with the double delight in the anticipated commingling of chess and mystery.

‘I don’t know that we can do anything,’ replied the American. ‘In fact, so far as I know, nothing of this sort has ever been attempted before. Thought-reading, even in its highest phases, requires proximity, and the test I propose now will be at a distance quite unprecedented.’

‘You might at least tell me what you are driving at?’ said Cameron.

Wyoming faced him suddenly. ‘Do you think we could communicate to each other the moves of a game of chess by will-power alone?’ he said.

‘I see,’ Cameron answered. Then, after a pause, he added, ‘We might try it.’

‘This is what I propose, then,’ cried Wyoming, ‘to have the board on this table here, watched by two of the party, while a third makes the moves.’

‘What moves?’ asked Mrs. Vendale again.

‘The moves which will be conveyed by message from Cameron and myself, who will be each respectively shut up in a dark room, the two rooms to be as far from each other as possible.’

The audacity of the proposal so startled the assemblage that scarcely anything was said until the arrangements were complete. A chess-board was placed on the table in the centre of the conservatory, and, aided by Lavinia, Mr. Bulstrode-Travis nervously arranged the pieces. Then he took an armchair alongside the table and sat down to watch the game.

‘I’ll give you the choice of colours, as I suggested the game,’ said Wyoming.

‘I try to act like a white man, as you Americans say,’ Cameron replied, ‘and so I’ll take them.’

‘Very well,’ Wyoming returned. ‘I’m quite satisfied with the black men; the coloured troops can fight nobly, if need be.’

Then Cameron and Wyoming were stationed in darkened rooms ten yards or more apart, while one of the company remained with each of them, a third standing sentry in the corridor between.

Luine, who was with Cameron, came back to the conservatory and made the first move for White—Pawn to Queen’s Bishop’s fourth.

At this unconventional beginning Mr. Bulstrode-Travis smiled, and said, 'Evidently we are to have a surprise opening.'

As Luine left the room to rejoin Cameron, Sir Kensington, who was Wyoming's messenger, entered the conservatory, and walking to the table made Black's first move, Knight to Queen's Bishop's third.

'A strange attack calls for strange precautions,' was the host's comment on this.

Having made the move, Sir Kensington returned to Wyoming.

A few seconds after he had left the conservatory Luine reappeared and made White's second move, Queen to Bishop's second.

'The Queen looks out at the window,' said Lavinia, smiling; she was almost as interested in the game as her father.

After Luine had disappeared, Sir Kensington returned, bearing Black's retort, Pawn to Queen's fourth.

'Is this defence or defiance?' queried Frank Hardy, leaning over Lavinia's chair.

Then Luine came with Cameron's third move, Knight to Queen's Bishop's third.

'Good!' cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. 'We shall see all his meaning soon.' And he watched eagerly the departure of Cameron's emissary and the arrival of Wyoming's, who moved a Black Knight to Queen's fifth.

'Well, he takes the bull by the horns,' was the instant remark of the chess enthusiast.

And so the moves followed, without any communication between the players, who remained each in his dark room, never speaking, except to whisper to his companion the move he desired to have made on the table in the conservatory.

'This is more than a blindfold game,' said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, as White's fourth move, Queen to Rook's fourth, was made, giving check. 'It is a double blindfold game, complicated by the strange and altogether mysterious sympathy or intuition or occult influence which transmits to each the move the other has made. Easily parried,' he cried, as Black sent forward a Pawn to Queen's Bishop's third.

'He must have a deep motive, but I don't see it,' was Mr. Bulstrode-Travis's remark when Luine made White's fifth move, Knight to Queen's square.

And when Sir Kensington promptly appeared and sent forward a Pawn to Queen's Knight's fourth, Lavinia looked at her father

in surprise, and he answered her silent query, 'It's either courage or impudence, and I'm sure I don't know which. I'm astonished at the whole affair. I think the game is almost as wonderful as the way they are playing it.'

The sixth move was watched with an increasing interest. Luine appeared, and the White Pawn took the Black Pawn, and Luine disappeared. Then Sir Kensington appeared, the Black Pawn went to Queen's Bishop's fourth, and Sir Kensington disappeared.

'Evidently he despises the attack,' commented Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, who was leaning forward in his chair, with both his elbows on the table which held the chess-board.

There seemed to be even a shorter interval than usual after Sir Kensington left the conservatory before Luine entered it, to make White's seventh move, Pawn to Knight's sixth, discovering check. And as swiftly came Sir Kensington back with Wyoming's adroit retort, Bishop to Queen's second.

'Where is White's Queen to go?' asked Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. 'What can White do now—what?'

And White could do no more in effect. In the next move the White Queen was taken, and then Luine came in to say that Mr. Cameron resigned the game. Lavinia went to bear the news of his victory to Wyoming, and to call him in to receive their congratulations.

'It is the most wonderful feat I ever saw!' cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, springing up from his seat with excitement, as Cameron came back, summoned by Luine. 'I have never even heard of anything like it! Are you exhausted by the nervous strain?'

'It is wearing on the grey matter of the brain,' Cameron replied, 'but I shall get my breath in a minute or two.'

'And you, Mr. Wyoming,' said the host to the American, who returned with Lavinia. 'You have played an absolutely unprecedented game in an absolutely unprecedented way. I confess that I don't see how you do it—what!'

'Really, I don't know that I could explain it exactly to your satisfaction,' Wyoming answered. 'I suppose I can say that it is a reading of each other's mind.'

'It must be a great convenience to be able to read other people's minds,' said Lavinia. 'I think I should like it.'

'I'm sure that you would never find anything but pleasant thoughts towards you,' Wyoming returned.

Her father was already moving across the conservatory to

Cameron. 'Thought-reading applied to chess, and performed under test conditions, which preclude the possibility of deception—that's what I call it,' he said with oratorical emphasis.

'Well,' Cameron replied quietly, 'you may call it that.'

'Is your friend a married man?' asked Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, suddenly dropping his voice into a mysterious whisper.

'Wyoming! indeed no; he's a bachelor of the deepest dye,' Cameron replied.

'And in your reading of his thoughts have you yet discovered that his affections are engaged?' pursued the host.

'Why? What do you mean?' Cameron asked.

'Look there!' said Lavinia's father, with a gesture indicating Wyoming leaning over the young lady in pleasant conversation. 'I do not know that I should object.'

'Object to what?' cried Cameron, in sudden alarm.

'Object to your friend for a son-in-law,' said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. 'He seems to be taken with Lavinia.'

'I hope not!' ejaculated Cameron. Then, recovering himself, he added, 'I had a suspicion that Frank Hardy was rather attentive to her.'

'No doubt, no doubt,' said Lavinia's father; 'but I do not think she thinks of him—and that is what's important, you know.'

'You surprise me,' Cameron continued. 'I had supposed that she had rather a liking for him.'

'Did you read that in her mind?' asked her father, eagerly. 'That would be very curious indeed—what!'

'Yes,' Cameron rejoined gravely; 'it would be very curious indeed.' Then he saw his chance. 'If you would like to inquire into the future—to consult an oracle, in fact—you might get Wyoming to do the *sortes Virgilianæ* for you.'

'To be sure,' cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. 'You told me he was an expert. Do you know, I never saw the attempt made.'

'My friend has a method of his own, quite different from that which is down in the books,' Cameron explained. 'I say, Steele,' he cried, 'Mr. Bulstrode-Travis would like to see you cast the *sortes*.'

Wyoming crossed the room and joined them. 'And what is the question to which you seek an answer?' he asked.

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis hesitated; but Cameron, lowering his voice, responded for him: 'The others need not know exactly the object of our question, but our host would like guidance in regard to his daughter's future husband.'

‘I see,’ the American rejoined. ‘Why not?’

‘Why not, indeed?’ echoed Lavinia’s father. ‘If you will kindly lend me your skill—what!’

‘I will do what I can,’ Wyoming replied. ‘Have you a Virgil?’

‘Lavinia, my dear, will you bring me the Virgil from the library; it is in that long set of classic texts to the left of the fireplace.’

‘I know where it is, papa,’ said his daughter, as she arose and left the room.

‘And then I shall need a pack of cards,’ Wyoming went on.

‘A pack of cards—what?’ echoed Mr. Bulstrode-Travis.

‘There’s a pack in the library,’ Cameron cried. ‘Hardy and I were playing piquet before dinner. I’ll get them.’

When Lavinia returned with the Virgil, Wyoming begged her to keep it for the moment. He requested everybody to sit down. It was with difficulty that he was able to keep Mr. Bulstrode-Travis quiet. In the end, however, the company had taken seats, Frank Hardy seizing the occasion to claim the place next to Lavinia. They were grouped in an irregular crescent, with Lavinia in the centre, and her father on one of the horns.

At last Cameron came back with the cards. ‘I’ve looked over them, old man,’ he said, ‘and I’ve no doubt that you will find them all right.’

Wyoming took the pack, and, running through it hastily, he selected twelve hearts, the Ace to the Ten, with the Knave and Queen.

‘I have here,’ he explained, ‘twelve numbers, counting the Knave as eleven, and the Queen as twelve. And there are twelve books of the “Æneid.” I will shuffle these dozen cards, and take them to Mrs. Vendale, and ask her to draw one.’

‘Must I choose without seeing what it is?’ Mrs. Vendale asked.

‘Take any one,’ answered Wyoming, fanning them out before her.

‘Then I select this one,’ she said, picking out the card which the American had kept persistently before her.

‘What is it?’ cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis.

‘It is the Seven of Hearts,’ she answered.

‘The seven—a sacred number—a most fortunate choice,’ said Wyoming. ‘Now, Miss Lavinia, will you kindly turn to the

seventh book of the "Æneid," which has thus been dictated to us.'

'I see—I see,' commented the host. 'You have found the book from which the mystic line is to be taken; but how do you find the line itself?'

'You shall see in a moment,' responded the American. 'I shall distribute five of these cards to different persons present—to Sir Kensington and to Lady Gower, to Mrs. Vendale, to Hardy, and to you, Cecil. And I ask you to write down a number, any whole number you please between one and a hundred, without any consultation with each other.'

In a minute more the five numbers were written. Wyoming went from one to the other collecting the cards, which he placed on the top of the pack. Then he went down the line to Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, and handed him five cards. To Frank Hardy, who was watching Wyoming's every move, it seemed as though these cards came from the bottom of the pack; but this was apparently a mistake, as the host took the five cards, saying, 'And what am I to do with these numbers?'

'You are to add them together in absolute silence,' replied Wyoming; 'and I must request that no one speaks until the result is announced. It is essential that there should now be nothing to distract the attention.'

For a moment there was no sound to be heard save the scraping of a pencil in the hand of the host, as he copied the numbers out on one card and added them up.

'I make it two hundred and fifty-five,' he said at last.

'Then,' and Wyoming spoke with his most impressive manner, 'I have to request Miss Lavinia to turn to the two hundred and fifty-fifth line of the seventh book of the "Æneid."'

'I see now,' cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis; 'a most ingenious method, and absolutely free from any possible personal influence, as we all collaborated in bringing it about, although of course in different degrees.'

'I have the line,' said Lavinia.

'Then if Mr. Hardy will kindly read it to us,' Wyoming went on.

'Certainly, if you wish it,' Hardy replied, but when his eye fell on the line he flushed and hesitated. Then mastering his surprise he read—

*Hunc illum fatis externa ab sede profectum
Portendi generum.*

‘And what does that gibberish mean?’ asked Mrs. Vendale, abruptly.

‘It means that the old King of Latium had come to the conclusion that the stranger who had arrived from across the sea was the son-in-law foretold by the fates,’ Cameron explained.

And Wyoming, leaning over the back of Mr. Bulstrode-Travis’s chair, whispered, ‘*Hunc generum*—this is the son-in-law,’ and he indicated Frank Hardy. ‘He comes over sea, as he is an Australian: and, as you may remember, the name of the king’s daughter was Lavinia.’

‘So it was,’ said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, who recalled his Virgil but vaguely. ‘Really this is a most extraordinary coincidence, or manifestation, or what shall I call it?’

‘Do not disregard so solemn a message from the fates,’ the American rejoined gravely. ‘If your daughter will have this young Australian, the sooner you make the match the better.’

And so it came about, and in due season the *Morning Post* announced that a marriage had been arranged between Lavinia, the only daughter of Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, of Redrose Hall, Flintshire, and Mr. Frank Hardy, who had recently returned from Australia. As there was no reason for delay the wedding was set for early in August.

P.S.—It happened that Cameron and Wyoming were in town when the wedding took place, and that they were invited to go to the railway station from which the young people were about to start on their wedding tour. Both Frank and Lavinia felt that their happiness was due in great measure to the effort of the two friends, and they were prompt in expressing their gratitude. The young couple were in their carriage, while Cameron and Wyoming leaned in at the window. Already the guard’s voice was heard, and the departure of the train was imminent.

‘Tell me one thing,’ cried the bridegroom, at last summoning courage. ‘How did you do the chess game? That has puzzled me ever since.’

Cameron and Wyoming laughed.

‘Is that the only one of our feats which puzzles you?’ asked the American.

‘Yes,’ replied Hardy, ‘I think it is. At least I can guess at the others. I know that he found the vase in the blue room by the ticking of your watch; and I think that I saw you give my

respected father-in-law not the cards we had written numbers on, but others with the numbers Cecil had prepared in advance.'

'Oh, oh!' said Cameron; 'it seems we have a promising neophyte here for the Rosicrucian Brotherhood.'

'But the chess game?' Hardy continued; 'there I am puzzled. I don't see it at all. How did you do it?'

Here the guard warned the two friends away from the door of the compartment, and already the first tremor of motion was felt in the train.

'This is our last request!' cried Lavinia. 'How did you do it?'

Wyoming looked at Cameron, who nodded. Then he said, quietly, 'We made up the game in advance, and learnt it by heart.'

'Oh!' said Hardy.

And the train started sharply forward, and bore the young couple swiftly out of sight to the happiness of a honeymoon.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.
BRANDER MATTHEWS.

The Frog and his Relations.

IF it were possible to right the wrongs of this confused world on a grand scale, not even the long-suffering donkey would have such a bill to present against humanity as the frog. Even in its youth the world threw stones at him. True, the moralists rebuked the wrong-doing; but now we have grown old in knowledge and the moralists no longer rebuke us, while the frog from generation to generation is the chosen victim for many a gruesome fate on a thousand altars. Science has wrung more theories out of his poor little members than from those of almost any other of her victims. Yet still with growing zest she quarters and dissects him, and nowadays even her youngest votary knows how to carve him cunningly, and has kept him alive sans limbs, sans brain, sans head, sans almost everything.

The frog belongs to an ancient family of the bluest and purest blood, from a biological point of view. Like, however, many another representative of an ancient house, his greatness in these latter times sits rather unbecomingly upon him. Events have left him far behind, and one might never suspect in such a descendant how great a part his ancestors have played in biological history.

The career of the individual frog has often been related; it is indeed an interesting chapter of natural history, and it attracted much attention long before the significance of events in it, which from year to year have additional light thrown upon them, was understood. Anyone looking over the edge of the glass bowl near me will observe near the mud at the bottom of the clear water a number of the sleekest, brightest, and queerest looking little creatures imaginable. Common enough they certainly are in their natural haunts at this time of year, but none the less interesting on that account. We will have one of them out for examination. He does not suffer in the least from a short absence from the water. Not that he seems to like it now that he has been landed, for he lashes about with his tail furiously and even jerks himself in his

struggles some considerable distance with its aid. But this is by way of protest only ; now he has got on his side and the same tail has betrayed him, for its enormous surface, semi-transparent and delicate in structure, adheres like a sheet of jelly to the paper and firmly anchors the owner in a good position for observation. One with no previous information as to the nature of the animal before him could not fail to be both interested and puzzled. A soft olive-green tinted creature, dotted in the under parts with golden yellow spots ; a plump round-shaped body only slightly longer than it is broad ; no fins or limbs of any sort ; a little horny beak and two bright eyes in front, and behind a long wavy tail nearly twice the length of the body. Even the popular classification of fish, flesh, or fowl seems to be at fault. Inside the outer covering of the little creature a peculiar simple intestine of great length lies coiled up exactly like a watch-spring, and it can be seen filled throughout its length with fine mud, composed of the decayed and decaying vegetable matter on which the owner lives. He has a simple heart like a fish, and, like the fish also, breathes with internal gills. Such is the tadpole in the third month of his existence.

Although this same creature has lived in the water since he was born and has not changed his habits in any important respect, he would not have been recognised a few weeks since for the same animal. He started life with external gills which developed up to a point at which they jutted out from behind the head at either side in great leaf-like processes. These then gradually decreased in size until they were at length absorbed and were succeeded by the internal gill filaments with which the creature now breathes.

Up to the present nothing could be more unlike a frog in appearance. The most important change in the creature's life is yet to come. Here is another tadpole only a few days more advanced in development, but already half way through that remarkable series of rapid changes so significantly allied even in outward appearance to the metamorphosis of certain insects. It will be seen that two legs have budded out at either side of the tail at the point where the latter joins the body. Within a week or ten days these will have reached nearly an inch in length, and will have completed their growth at this stage, fully fashioned in the smallest detail, as the leg of a full-grown frog. There are no arms visible yet ; unlike the legs, they develop beneath the skin, and will have reached almost their full growth to correspond before they become disengaged. The great tail, which seems such an

essential and even vital part of the body, is still at the highest point of development, but in a few days it will decline and shrink almost visibly from hour to hour, the whole mass rapidly becoming attenuated and shortened, so that within a week it will be a mere stump. The little creature is in fact rapidly losing his identity hopelessly and for ever, and he is about to turn over a new leaf and a new life in a manner thorough-going enough to satisfy the wildest reformer.

The internal changes which take place while these outward ones are in progress are even more sweeping and startling in character. The long intestine becomes greatly shortened and solidified, a stomach, liver, and pancreas are formed, a heart of higher and more complex structure is developed, the horny beak is replaced by jaws, and finally air-breathing lungs take the place of gills. In a few days the animal before us will be completely metamorphosed; he will have become a perfect frog, unable any longer to breathe in the water, seeking the land as much of necessity as by choice. A curious feature of the change is that the creature keeps up an active swimming existence all the while he is shuffling off this *alter ego*. He does not eat towards the end of his strange voyage into the unknown, but he has no need to, for he carries behind him ample provision for the journey in his tail, the whole of the substance of which he absorbs and lives on until he is ready to resume the ordinary function in his new state of existence.

A combination of circumstances have thrust the frog into a position of interest. The hankering after anniversary-keeping is not an instinct principally confined to the French nation nor even to human nature. The æons of time have their anniversaries to celebrate no less than the centuries of history. The strange behaviour of the frog during this interesting period of his life, and the pranks which are played with his members and organs by circumstances over which he seems to have no control, are simply the result of Nature's tendency to celebrate one of the most momentous epochs in the history of the vertebrata. Why the frog has come to be the victim of such special honours we are beginning to understand.

The frog belongs to one of the five great classes into which the vertebrata have been divided. This class (*Batrachia*) is now an unimportant one, the principal surviving representatives being the frogs and toads and the efts or newts. At one time, however, in the earth's history representatives of the class must have played

a great part, standing at the head of all living things and literally occupying the whole earth. The Batrachians were in fact the first to take possession of the land on the advent of conditions suitable for air-breathing creatures. The descent of the frog has been traced through the geological record up to the carboniferous period; here the history of the Batrachians begins. A glance at what must have been taking place on the earth at this time will enable us to understand the nature of the revolution, one of the most remarkable in the history of life, the anniversary of which Nature has ever since been celebrating in the development of the young frog.

The period at which our coal was deposited was a remarkable one in the earth's history. It may be said to have been the period when the waters were divided and dry land appeared. The virgin earth brought forth amazingly, and vegetation in the great steaming marshes was rank and luxurious beyond anything which has since existed. The conditions of animal life up to this time had been aquatic, but the land was now ready for the advent of air-breathing creatures. Never was the competition of life for so great a prize—the whole earth. Hereafter the turn of the big muscles, big brains, and even the 'additional drop of nervous fluid' might come to enable their possessors to hold their own; now the great inarticulate cry which went up was for lungs—lungs to inherit the earth and the future.

There exists at the present day a small group of fishes (*Dipnoi*), insignificant in all respects but one, in which they possess more than ordinary interest. They are the surviving representatives of an immense fish fauna, now extinct, which inhabited the waters of the earth in an early period of its history, and left behind them innumerable fossil remains. There are only three surviving genera known to exist: one limited to the rivers of Africa, another to those of South America, while a third is found in Australia. They are all known as mud-fish. When the rivers which they inhabit in Africa and South America dry up, these remarkable fish bury themselves in the mud at the bottom. Individuals of the African species remain torpid during many months of the year enclosed in balls of hardened clay, in which openings are left by the fish through which to breathe. The animal when in the water uses its gills, but during the dry months it possesses a peculiar arrangement for breathing. The ordinary fish's air-bladder, which it possesses, has a partition through its length, dividing it into two sacs, and these are again roughly subdivided into smaller partitions or cells so as to form rude incipient lungs, by which respi-

ration is carried on during the dry season. The South American mud-fish very much resembles his African relative, but the Australian representative (*Ceratodus*) appears to have the lungs better developed, and to be capable of breathing by gills or lungs, or with both simultaneously. It was the ancestors of these mud-fishes who, in their immediate descendants, took possession of the new world and all its vast possibilities.

Mr. Cope states that the Batrachia originated from the Dipnoi fishes. It is not very difficult to understand, even at this distance of time, from the mud-fishes of the present day how a creature of similar habits and structure might gradually accustom itself to a land existence. We actually see the air-breathing lungs in the initial stage of development, and we can imagine how the immediate descendants were able to occupy the vacant place in nature and obtain a front place in the new epoch, when the whole of the land fauna was as yet non-existent.

Mr. Fiske, in one of his books, dwells with much interest upon the turning-point in the history of our own ancestor, when, as he puts it, psychical changes began to be of more use to him than physical changes, and after which profitable variations occurred oftener and oftener in his brain, and less and less often in other parts of his body, until at length the size of the brain was doubled and its complexity of structure increased a thousandfold. We can pardon the self-love of the philosophers if they look longest and oftenest through the vista with the river-drift man at one end and the School Board at the other, but we must also make allowance for Nature if she seems to regard it as not the least important of these fateful turning-points when the descendants of the mud-fishes took possession of the land and inherited for yet unfashioned species all the higher possibilities of an air-breathing existence.

The frog, then, belongs to an ancient family, the principal branches of which are extinct, but of which it may be said, in a more literal sense than of any of the braggarts of history, that they have left their mark upon the world. I am afraid that many who make the acquaintance of the frog as a source of instruction think that the principal interest he possesses lies in dissecting him. I have from time to time reared representatives of all our English Batrachians under observation, and I would put in a word for the frog as possessing considerable interest apart from this, as indeed do even the lowest animals when their ways and habits are closely watched.

The rapidity of the growth of the frog seems to depend a good deal on the quantity of food which he consumes. A family of eight frogs which I took at first as tadpoles from their native pond, and which have thriven in my possession at least as well as if they had been left to their own resources from the beginning, have at present one noteworthy peculiarity about them. They all started fair at first, being in the same state of development when I got them, and they afterwards left the water about the same time to a day or two. Since then, however, their growth has been most irregular, some of them before the end of the first year having reached twice the size of the others. The more rapid growth in these was simply the result of eating more, which was itself, I had almost said, the result of a more intelligent disposition. Those that obtained a start at first have maintained it throughout, and they secured the lead at the beginning through being less shy and more willing to accept the food which was offered. The most persistent efforts would not at first induce the more timid ones to eat after they left the water, and the result of their abstinence was very noticeable in contrast with the others after a few weeks. There is some difficulty in providing food for a frog. From the time he quits the tadpole state upwards he makes one severe condition as to what he will eat—it must be alive; and there is one test by which he is invariably guided in deciding upon this point—it must be stirring. The frog's intelligence is not placed high, as might be expected from an examination of his simple brain, but, like other animals, it is remarkable how his wit is sharpened by his appetite. These frogs, after a little time, became quite friendly; when hungry they always came out of their hiding places at feeding time, and they would hop expectantly forward and watchfully follow the movements of the pointer with which they were fed.

Frogs devour large quantities of worms, caterpillars, slugs, and nearly all the smaller insects. That they should eat bees and wasps, apparently with impunity, seems worthy of remark. I have often placed a bee amongst a group of hungry frogs, and although they would seem to prefer other food (many of them as a rule taking no notice of its movements when a fly of the same size would be at once snapped at), yet it was generally eaten by one of the frogs at last. Even very young frogs, which will greedily devour small flies and spiders, seem to regard ants with suspicion.

The frog's appetite is his worst feature; his passive gentle-

ness of character always seems to give way under its influence, and he seizes his prey with a movement and aspect which is truly ferocious. Neither the claims of family nor kinship seem to stand in the way, for he devours small frogs, and even young toads and newts, with an unrelenting zest. The newts, though externally like lizards, are both in structure and descent only distant relatives. Their relationship to the frog is much closer, an incident which either side does not trouble to recognise, for the grown-up frogs eat the young newts, and the newts restore the equilibrium in the next generation by devouring at their leisure the young frog tadpoles in their native ponds.

Close to the wall of the house in which I live there has been left (for what purpose the builder only knows) a sort of miniature dry moat, not very deep, but with perpendicular sides. Into this from time to time stray frogs used to find their way, and were always unable to spring out again. The place was suggested as a convenient one, after a little arrangement, for keeping a number of frogs and toads under observation, and without any particular effort we got together in it quite a respectable collection of representatives of our English Batrachians. It happened one day that as a worm was dropped down in front of the lurking place of a toad, with a view to tempting him to show himself, there came out not the toad as was expected, but a long thin head, followed by a longer body and tail. The worm was gone in an instant, much to the disgust of a frog who had seen it and had hopped up in a high state of expectation. The frog, whether through some confusion between the wriggling of the tail and the movements of the worm, or from a motive less charitable and more intelligent, vented his feelings on the owner of the tail by catching him viciously in his mouth, right across the body, and shooting him out again with every appearance of disgust. I recognised the long-tailed unfortunate as a previous acquaintance. Some two months previously I had brought home two great water newts, which it was found to be inconvenient at the time to keep in their native element, and one had been let go, and the other dropped in with the frogs. The latter was not much the worse for his absence from the water, and was lively enough, though somewhat thinner.

These newts, although very aquatic in their habits, can, and often do, remain for long periods away from water. They resemble the frog in the stages of development passed through, and they are air-breathing in the adult condition. They commence active

life in the tadpole stage, and they breathe first with external gills, the lungs afterwards becoming developed. The gills tend to be more persistent than in the frog, and in a late season individuals sometimes retain them through the winter. The long tail is retained during life. There are three British species, of which two, the great water newt and a smaller kind, are very common in ponds round London.

The newts which represent the nearest surviving relations of the frog outside his own order possess considerable interest. The frogs and toads all over the world, which constitute the first or tailless order of Batrachians (*Anoura*), are a remarkably compact order, the 600 odd species of which it is composed differing from each other only in most trifling characteristics. One feature of the order of newts (*Urodela*) is that it presents in its different species every gradation of lung and gill development from our English efts, whose gills first and lungs afterwards are developed, to more than one foreign species in which the external gills, so transitory in the frog, are retained during life.

The newts present some curious features of development, which, besides throwing light on the history of the frog, have an important bearing on questions connected with the development of other animals, and in particular, unexpected as it may seem, on the metamorphoses of insects.

The meaning of the development and the changes, always remarkable and often sudden, which insects undergo in the process of growth from the larva to the chrysalis, and again from the chrysalis to the imago or fully-developed insect, was for long a mystery. So recently as in the 'Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects,' Sir John Lubbock states that the metamorphoses of insects have always seemed to him one of the greatest difficulties of the Darwinian theory. The frog and his relations have thrown much light on the subject. It is generally known that one of the earliest sub-theories of the doctrine of evolution was that the developmental history of the individual is a short and simplified repetition of the course of development of the species. This is a statement conveying a general truth, which is now fully accepted. That history should repeat itself in the affairs of nations is often but a coincidence or an accident, that it should repeat itself in the development of life is under certain conditions a necessity.

But it may be asked in surprise what history is repeating itself in the metamorphoses of insects and the amphibians? The answer is, the history of the species here as in all other cases, but

under conditions the most special and interesting which have brought into display one of the most exquisite examples of what may be called the ingenuity of adaptation possessed by certain forms of life when threatened by nature with the closure.

It may be noticed in the first place that it is amongst the amphibians (embracing the frog and all the surviving Batrachians) and the insects that this question of metamorphoses assumes such prominence and importance. Now, while so far apart in general, the amphibians and insects which undergo metamorphoses have two noteworthy features in common. In the first place, they each belong to a comparatively early form of life, so that they leave the egg at a very immature stage of development; and in the second place, they represent this form soon after the organism has successfully adapted itself to a tremendous change of habits and environment. In both the amphibians and the insects the structure and habits of the young represent an ancestral form living under other conditions, and the adult form represents the sum of the changes which a series of ancestral forms underwent in the course of progress to a higher state.

It was long ago pointed out by Professor Owen that the embryo of the frog is extricated from the egg at a less advanced stage of development than that of any other vertebrate animal. We find a parallel state of immaturity on leaving the egg in the case of insects. We have, therefore, in the amphibians and certain insects a set of conditions affecting the growth of the young animal from the egg upwards which is not met with elsewhere in the whole range of natural history. We have—(1) the operation of the universal law that the developmental history of the individual tends to be as far as possible a repetition of the course of development of the species; (2) we have then the species itself at a stage of development succeeding a most revolutionary epoch of its history; and (3) we have the noteworthy fact of the individual leaving the egg and commencing a separate existence at such an early stage that there is no parallel to it in the case of any of the higher animals. It is the action of the last more special condition on the other two which has produced the phenomena of metamorphoses and given rise to some of the most puzzling results with which biological science has had to deal, and the explanation of which bids fair to be one of the most fascinating chapters of evolution.

In the case of the insects and the amphibians we may now at once find a clue to many of the ordinary features of metamorphoses.

In the higher animals the young do not commence a separate existence until an advanced stage of development is reached. There is consequently no interference previous to this with the tendency of the history of the species to repeat itself. With, for instance, the larva of the butterfly the case has been entirely different. Helpless and compelled to provide for its own welfare from the very earliest stage of its development, its lowly ancestor had a heavy legacy laid upon it. It was compelled at once to shift for itself from the first, and while doing so to bridge in the span of a single precarious life the enormous gap between the lower form of life in which it commenced existence (representing the ancestral condition) and the adult state of the perfected species. The effort to do so in the midst of the competition of life and a continually changing environment has produced strange results.

In favourable conditions the larva might have slowly and insensibly grown into the butterfly. Many causes must, however, for long have worked together to render this impossible. A series of compromises has been necessary. Certain stages of growth corresponding to the ancestral history have been in fact greatly lengthened out when the conditions were favourable—as in the caterpillar state, when food is plentiful; while others representing whole series of changes were, when the environment became unfavourable, slurred together or otherwise modified so as to produce the result which we see at the present day in the startling and often rapid transformation of many insects from the larva to the chrysalis, or from the chrysalis to the fully developed insect. Nor does this strange history end here. The tendency to lengthen out certain stages of growth corresponding to the ancestral history has been in some cases pushed by force of circumstances to such extreme limits that the creatures have come to reproduce themselves in the immature state, as, for example, in the case of some of the Dipterous flies where the incomplete larvæ themselves reproduce, and the metamorphoses may never be completed, a phenomenon which we have justification for believing will become still more common in future ages.

Gifted as these creatures are with ability to reach a comparatively high development, the meanness of their immediate ancestry weighs heavily upon them, and, like others, with both birth and poverty of equipment against them, they have to resort to strange expedients to enable them to persevere in the hard struggle upwards against adverse circumstances.

Amongst the newts there is an American species, Axolotl by name, not unlike our English newts in form, although much larger. The history of this newt and the naturalists has a serio-comic aspect. When he first attracted attention amongst us a number of years ago he had been properly introduced and his credentials examined; he had been catalogued, classified, and dismissed. He had one or two points which entitled him to a genus; he was of the order Urodela and of the class Amphibia; above all, he was an amphibian with persistent branchiæ, that is to say, he retained his gills in the adult condition. The axolotl seemed to accept the position assigned to him, and everything seemed satisfactorily settled when he was found, like any ordinary creature, to reproduce his kind, which exactly resembled him. Nothing important was heard of him until after a considerable interval he all at once threw the naturalists into a kind of consternation. Without any warning the axolotl suddenly transformed himself into a creature of quite another genus. His gills—the persistent branchiæ—disappeared, even the openings were gone; and when he was examined his skull, teeth, and other parts had undergone serious modifications so as to place him beyond doubt in another genus. There could be no doubt about it; the majority of individuals kept under observation continued always under the usual form, but occasionally from time to time one transformed himself without any clue being forthcoming. The naturalists were greatly puzzled; the creature seemed to remain under one form or change into another with bewildering inconsistency, apparently for no reason but out of a spirit of pure ‘cussedness.’

Viewed in connection with the metamorphoses of insects, the mystery of the transformation of the axolotl is explained. The strange form into which individuals occasionally showed such an unaccountable tendency to transform themselves is now known to be simply the adult and perfected state fitted for an air-breathing existence, to which probably the whole of the species at one time attained. With an onerous inheritance from their ancestors, the amphibians must have tried to adapt themselves to a changing environment in somewhat the same way as the insects. The axolotl has only gone a step further than the ordinary butterfly in foregoing altogether the higher destiny and adapting himself to his circumstances by lengthening out an intermediate stage until he has acquired the power of reproducing his kind therein. Along these notable frontier lines defining the epochs of progress in

biological history we seem to have one of the most interesting of spectacles. The van of the great army of life having passed over, Nature does not keep the passage open; it would appear to be always closed again and walled up for ever. Transitional forms tend more and more to become extinct. Even in those which have just managed to pass the barrier, the organism in changing conditions seems to rock unsteadily upon the foothold obtained, and to maintain with ever-increasing effort the progress made by ancestral forms.

The distribution in the world of the frog and his relations of the Batrachian class has some peculiar features. They are not, as a rule, found on the larger islands. To those whom the story of prehistoric Britain has not interested the legend of St. Patrick may recall the fact of the absence of certain members of it from Ireland. Whether the antipathies of the saint or the peculiarities of the geography of prehistoric Britain be held responsible, it is true that snakes and toads are now absent from that country; the frog, which is at present plentiful, is said to have been introduced at the beginning of the last century. There is, however, a remarkable absence of the frogs, toads, and newts in the islands in the great oceans throughout the world, a peculiarity of distribution which Mr. Darwin explains in the 'Origin of Species' as probably due to the fact that the animals and their spawn are immediately killed by sea-water, so that they would have been unable to migrate by any of the means by which the fauna of oceanic islands is usually recruited. This is a noteworthy fact respecting the Batrachians, for not only are all the existing representatives fresh-water animals, but none of the numerous extinct forms, so far as is known at present, inhabited salt water.

The effect of salt on the frogs and newts is marked, a fact of which I used occasionally at one time to take advantage, in keeping some frogs under discouraging circumstances in the premises attached to a lodging in town. My landlady had little respect for the 'vermin' and regarded my dealings with them with no favourable eye. To keep them out of sight in the retreat provided was always desirable, but not often easy by ordinary means. The device which I adopted was most successful; just an almost imperceptible dust of salt on the frog's back in his most prowling moods, and he made for the darkest corner of his lair with a rapidity and show of intelligence he did not often exhibit.

The frog takes about four or five years to reach his full growth, and he is said to live from twelve to fifteen years. He can go for

long intervals without food, though a six weeks' fast in the summer time will be found to make a perceptible difference in his personal appearance. The toad is, however, said to beat him in the length and rigidity of the fasts which he can survive, a peculiarity to which certain credulous persons seem to set no reasonable limit. Air-breathing and land-frequenting as the adult frog is, he cannot live long without moisture. I have left a colony of small frogs without water for only three or four days, to find in their little dried and withered dead bodies a poignant rebuke for my neglect. Frogs know how to make the most of what moisture they obtain; the skin assists the lungs in respiration and must be kept moist, and they store up water underneath it. They will rarely remain long in a dry place or where there is much evaporation, and even a short exposure to the full sunlight is fatal.

It would not be right to omit to make special mention of the toad when dealing with the subject of the frog and his relations. The toad may be said to be the nearest relation which the frog has in the world. So near is he, and so closely does he resemble him in particulars of development and habits, that it would be a somewhat difficult task to be obliged to find out at this distance of time the exact reason why he started a distinct family on his own account. Since he went his own way the toad has evidently been living a less active life than the frog. His legs have grown shorter and feebler, and he hops but little and with difficulty. Our common toad much prefers to crawl, and the best form he can show, even to get out of the way of pressing danger, is a series of short heavy jumps; a very poor performance compared with the flying leaps of the frog, and one that immediately suggests the idea of how small his chance of escape would be from an enemy in whatever shape.

This deficiency must long ago have forced itself in more practical shape on the notice of the toad himself. In this world, in the continual warfare which every creature has been obliged to keep up, there have always been two principal ways of holding one's own, or in default of saving one's skin. The best way has always been to fight; the other resort was to run away. The toad unfortunately could do neither. Instead, however, of developing his legs to save his life he tried another device: he resorted to passive resistance. Now every student of history or politics must observe that the secret of success in this method lies in simply standing one's ground and making one's self as offensive and disagreeable as possible. We find, accordingly, that natural selection has

developed in the toad as a means of protection the power of secreting in certain parts of his skin an extremely acrid and irritating fluid. This matter—the ‘venom’ of popular imagination—has been supposed to possess very evil qualities, but it is in fact non-poisonous. It is, however, sufficiently disagreeable to make the toad a very nasty morsel to any creature who would venture to eat him or even take him in his mouth. When attacked or in danger he simply exudes this secretion over his body as a kind of sweat, and it forms a very efficient protection.

So clever has the toad’s little device proved that even mankind itself has been taken in and has given him a wide berth and a bad name; for it is but the mark of his success that while he has gained his ends he has lost his reputation. So he has been shunned, described as ugly, loathsome, venomous, the friend of witches, the associate of the evil one, and yet in popular belief bejewelled, gifted with occult wisdom, and full of the power of the wicked. Tradition and literature testify in a marked manner to the success of the toad’s masterly expedient.

Underneath all this, when we come to know the creature, we find him, as might have been expected, most harmless and inoffensive, desiring nothing more at the hands of the world than that he may be left alone. His so-called venom is never used as an equipment of offence, and it can only be hurtful to any greedy creature who might try to eat or worry him.

The toad begins life like the frog, and develops at first into a tadpole in the same way; at this stage it is somewhat difficult to distinguish between the two in appearance, the young toad tadpole being, however, somewhat darker in colour and smaller than the other. He develops his limbs, absorbs his tail, and leaves the water as the young frog does; but even at this time he is less active, and he quits his native pond not altogether in the abrupt fashion of his relative, but as if he were somewhat reluctant to leave it.

The stories about the toad’s ability to survive entombment for long periods without food or air in rocks, mines, and other places are either fictions or exaggerations. The toad can certainly fast for a long time, but he seems quite as susceptible as the frog to the absence of water. The confinement of a toad in a perfectly dry place for even a very short time would be fatal.

Neither the toads nor frogs are well represented in Great Britain. Of the two species of toads found in England, the Common toad and the Natter Jack toad, only the former is well known

all over the country. Of the frogs, only one species, the Common frog (*Rana temporaria*), is generally distributed. The Edible frog (*Rana esculenta*) was long ago introduced from the Continent, but it does not seem to thrive, although it is said to be found in some numbers in the Eastern Counties. (As with the Bull frog in America, only the hind legs are eaten.)

The common species of pretty green climbing frog is plentiful in some districts about London. I caught two this summer in the neighbourhood of Chislehurst, where they are numerous. These frogs are much more shy in disposition than the common species, and in many little ways they also appear to show more intelligence. The two individuals in question performed a somewhat noteworthy feat the first evening I had them in my possession. They were placed in a glass vase with some water at the bottom, so as to give them no foothold from which to spring or climb out, and as a further precaution the top was covered over with paper. In the morning the vase was deserted. In the paper the frogs had made two neat circular holes, each one taking the trouble to bore a passage for himself. It seemed impossible that the fugitives could have gone far, as the room was closed, and I expected to find them somewhere within the walls. But the search was in vain. There certainly was no way of escape except up the chimney or through a few inches of open space which had been left over each of the two windows, and it did not seem at all likely that an exit would have been found in either of those ways in so short a time. It proved afterwards that the frogs had climbed up the curtains to reach the space above the windows, and had escaped in this way. One of the two, which must have come out of the window over the area space, had not sprung wide enough to clear the passage, and on going out I found him lying on the flags below apparently not much the worse for his leap, which had been from a two-story window. The proceeding struck me as exhibiting on the part of the frogs an intelligent grasp of the situation and a capacity for making the most of a difficult position which a London burglar might envy.

These frogs are good climbers, and think nothing of facing and mounting hand over hand the ten or twelve feet of slippery surface from the floor to the ceiling on the smooth papered wall of an ordinary room. This is, however, as much as they can do at a time, and except a foothold is obtained to rest on they become exhausted. A drop from this height does not seem to injure them in any way, and is taken as a matter of course. The fingers,

which are slender and terminate in flat discs, adhere firmly to a smooth surface.

As a social animal the frog is a failure. In his morose and solitary disposition he bears about with him the visible sign of his inferiority. He has no feelings or instincts which are not directly personal to himself, and he consequently has none which are profitable to his neighbour or his tribe as a body. Even of paternal feelings he is independent, and his habits certainly encourage no corresponding weakness in his offspring. Unfortunately for the frog, Nature in the higher walks of life sets small store on the individualist of this type. The altruistic virtues have been throughout the cardinal ones which have invariably made for progress. The stream of events has long since flowed past and onward in ever-deepening channels and left the frog behind, a mere landmark by the way it came, a survival insignificant and unimportant in the eyes of a practical world, but a relic of absorbing interest to the historian of life.

CANNOCK BRAND.

Margery Daw.

‘ See-saw, Margery Daw,
 Sold her bed and lay in the straw.
 Wasn’t she a dirty slut
 To sell her nice bed and lie down in the dirt ? ’
Old Rime.

‘ Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor.’
Old Book.

A TINY baby-girl, a cooing on nurse’s knee,
 Nobody ever imagined how rich she was going to be ;
 Nobody thought she’d have money enough for a thousand such
 As the one little maiden-child, some day to possess so much.
 See-saw, Margery Daw.

That pretty lissome body of hers grew all astir
 To the rhythmical beat of the words that nurse was singing to her ;
 Up and down she went, in a very rapture of glee,
 Laughing and kicking and crowing, so happy a babe was she.
 See-saw, Margery Daw.

Margaret Dawson, not like a Margaret ‘ pale and rare,’
 She grew into girlhood with red on her cheek and gold on her hair,
 And home-making light on her face, as she passed in her maid-
 hood sweet,
 An English flower of delight, for hall and garden and street.
 See-saw, Margery Daw.

So Margaret she never was called, but Margery Daw instead ;
 The pet of our village was she, its love was out-poured on her
 head :
 Early an orphan, alas ! but with many to play the part
 Of father and mother, and take the little one home to their heart.
 See-saw, Margery Daw.

Full were the nests of the village of bonny brave birds of delight,
But room and to spare for the one little birdling so plump and so
white :

The birdling whose chirp was so happy, the birdling that cared
not a straw

For itself, and loved others so dearly, the sweet little Margery Daw.
See-saw, Margery Daw.

Well, after many a day at last the full season it came,
Our girl, own Margery Daw, must grow to a stately dame :
For money and goods were hers, and rich exceeding was she,
By the will of her unknown kin, who were dead beyond the sea.

See-saw, Margery Daw.

They drest her in grand attire and took our child away ;
She kissed us all and said, ' I am coming home one day ; '
And we smiled, to grieve her not, but our hearts were very sore,
For we thought we knew that day we should see her again no more.

See-saw, Margery Daw.

We had many a word in our minds about the world and its cares ;
How riches deceive the heart, of the myriad nets and snares
That catch the souls of the rich ; and we felt so dismal, sure
Our darling was lost to us, because she had ceased to be poor.

See-saw, Margery Daw.

We were very wise, you see, and yet not wise enough ;
Her wholesome human heart was made of different stuff ;
And when five years had come and gone with seed and grain,
Our little Margery Daw came back to us again.

See-saw, Margery Daw.

Miss Dawson, the gold lady ! Miss Dawson, the moneyed dame !
A girl with big, bright eyes, and happy voice, she came ;
We kissed our dear wee maid, with never a touch of awe ;—
Margery Daw come back, our own little Margery Daw.

See-saw, Margery Daw.

Changed? was Margery changed? Yes, one way changed was she ;
We saw on her brow the star of lofty constancy ;
We knew she had claimed and won the heritage of the years,—
The grandeur of noble thought, and the glory of selfless tears.

See-saw, Margery Daw.

Margery Daw come back to the dear old friends again ;
 Fair little Margery Daw, beset by a lengthy train
 Of cousins, germane and cater, who sought to save the child
 From doing her purposed deed, a deed most mad and wild.
 See-saw, Margery Daw.

Mad little Margery Daw ! for who in her senses, sure,
 Would leave to be wealthy as she, and choose instead to be poor ?
 Infant in mind and soul, if woman in English law !
 Thick-witted, thin-witted, cracked-witted, no-witted Margery Daw !
 See-saw, Margery Daw.

Who would have thought of this when nurse was singing away
 To the baby, who standeth now, just twenty-one to-day ?
 Moral :—Let nurses never sing such ridiculous rimes !
 One doesn't know what may happen these higgledy-piggledy times.
 See-saw, Margery Daw.

And Margery Daw was bent on doing this foolish deed ;
 And it wasn't the slightest use for kinsfolk and friends to plead.
 Since anger and prayers she met alike with her sweet sun-smile :—
 And obstinate Margery Daw would gang her ain gait the while.
 See-saw, Margery Daw.

Such a nice bed ! To sell it ? Nay, even to give it away !
 Cosy and warm and fair, it had taken many a day
 To fashion a bed like this,—and a wilful girl was fain
 Undo the maker's work and waste his sweat and his pain !
 See-saw, Margery Daw.

The straw, to be sure, she would lie in was crisp and dainty and
 sweet ;
 It had borne through the happy summer the crown of beautiful
 wheat ;
 But, in some folk's minds, you see, the loveliest golden brown
 Of the cleanest, sweetest straw, is dirt to a bed of down.
 See-saw, Margery Daw.

Oh, riches are good to have, and riches are good to spend !
 And she might have been rich, and yet to the poor a helper and
 friend ;—

For the poor, with grateful hearts, should take what the rich can spare :—

O mad little Margery Daw, what a foolish girl you were !

See-saw, Margery Daw.

You might have girdled your life with all the fairest and best
Of colour and perfume and form, and made a beautiful nest
To brood on, in pleasant places, a palace of dear delight,—
And you live with the poor by day, and lie in the straw by night.

See-saw, Margery Daw.

O Margery Daw ! you go in simplest clothing clad ;
And your soul through your body shines, and maketh all men glad ;
You tread not on velvet soft, you feed not from costly ware ;—
But wherever you come, straightway, all things grow good and fair.

See-saw, Margery Daw.

E. H. HICKEY.

Barbara.

PART I.

BARBARA was somewhat of a care to the elder girls of the Academy. Many of them were rather seriously-minded girls with ideals, who had a deep respect, not unmingled with awe, for life in general, and the intellectual life in particular. As, I suppose, it was only right that they should have. Their favourite teacher, Miss Miriam Faulkner, encouraged this tendency a good deal. She was a handsome, very clever woman, who had taken Firsts all her life, and translated Euripides in her leisure hours, and quoted Plato and Marcus Aurelius a great deal, as if she were doing them a favour rather than otherwise. She said she had a twofold nature, on the one hand pining for the spontaneity and fulness of the old Greek civilisation, on the other sternly impelling her to self-renunciation and asceticism. Perhaps it is not uncommon to have this kind of nature, but she seemed to think hers was unique, and talked first like a heathen, and then like a mediæval monk on the strength of it. It was the ascetic view of life, however, on which she insisted to her pupils, since she thought it the more suitable. She took an interest in humanity, which even embraced Barbara. She had a certain barely concealed contempt for the girl; still, as it was part of her programme in life (a clause in which she owned to being somewhat remiss) to suffer fools gladly, she promised, when she found that some of her favourite students were troubled by Barbara's apparent lack of ideals, to ask her to tea. Now ideals are excellent things; but it is not conducive to a peaceful existence for the people who are rich in them to be always distributing them like tracts. However, it is part of the price we pay for the Higher Life.

It was at a tea-party consisting of Miss Faulkner and half a dozen seriously-minded girls that the resolution was come to that Barbara should be asked to tea. They had fallen into the fatally easy but unprincipled habit of illustrating the Higher Life by the persons who didn't live it, and Barbara furnished a beautiful illustration.

'I can't feel, you know,' said girl No. One, with an air of regretful candour, 'as if she had any conception of the life here's being a preparation for the true work of life. I don't fancy she has realised the true work of life.'

'Life isn't *only* frivolling, and supper-parties, and seeing your friends, and having a lovely time, *is* it now?' said No. Two. 'Especially when one thinks about people who have no nice times. Why, it would almost be wrong to enjoy oneself if you didn't feel that it was somehow shrinking away from your responsibilities and your lot in life not to take all the nice times you could get when you can't help other people's not having them, and you wish they had.'

There was a murmur of sympathy and a pause.

'I don't know,' said No. Three, the only one of the six, apparently, who had any sense of humour. 'I don't see why you all want Barbara to worry about things. What's the good? No-body *does* anything. Besides, she's so young; and people's souls aren't all expected to wake at the same time.'

'She does remind one of Undine,' said No. Four, struck with this happy psychological observation, 'or Galatea.'

But Miriam shook her head. Galatea, being a classic, was evidently too good for Barbara.

'She's a nice child,' said No. Three. 'I dare say her soul would wake up if Miss Faulkner were to ask her to tea. Maybe it had better stop asleep,' she added doubtfully.

'Ah, no,' said Miriam pensively. 'Pain is the soul's birth-right.'

'Yes,' said No. Three, 'souls give you neuralgia. I wish they didn't.'

'I fear physical pain,' said Miss Faulkner. 'There is something of the Sybarite in my nature. Yet it seems trivial at the first contact with any supreme anguish.'

She spoke as one who had experienced all kinds.

'Yes,' said No. Three vaguely. 'But it doesn't when you don't. It's all right. I'll be glad for Barbara's soul to wake up more if you all think it's necessary, but I do hope it won't give her neuralgia, or any awful mental agony, or make her cross and horrid all day, like some people,' she added remorsefully.

'I don't think the effects of my asking her to tea will be so disastrous,' said Miriam, laughing. 'I shall only talk things over with her a little. I fancy, as you all think, that she has come here purely to enjoy herself, and though enjoyment is a feature,

and a necessary feature, of this life, it must have reference to the future, and to the complete design.'

She spoke so fluently and confidently that some hazy notion of a moral guidebook floated through No. Three's mind, but she was so neuralgic, and knew she was so cross, and that Miss Faulkner was really such a good woman, that she judged it wiser to say nothing. Still, she could not help being a little sorry for poor Barbara, who was to be asked to tea the next day:

Barbara went to tea, accordingly, with Miss Faulkner, at half-past four. She found her translating Euripides, with no idea of what time it was; and the fire was low, and the kettle had no water in, and the crumpets which she had ordered had come, but were not toasted, and there wasn't any lump-sugar. Miss Faulkner sprang up, with a pang of self-reproach, yet not without a lurking consciousness that it was not everybody who could be absorbed in Euripides to the entire forgetfulness of teatime.

'Is it half-past four?' she said regretfully. 'How can you believe me if I tell you I am glad to see you?' (Barbara didn't.) 'This is the worst of my wretchedly unpractical mind. At three I looked at the clock and gave myself another hour. Then I forgot time altogether in translating an exquisite passage.'

'Oh, it doesn't matter,' said Barbara, feeling terribly ashamed. 'Let me come another time. Well, then (for Miss Faulkner negatived this emphatically), *I'll* get tea ready—I can do that. There, what does it matter? You go on with your Euripides, and let silly stupid people like me see about the other things.'

'Ah,' said Miss Faulkner, relapsing, 'but true womanly perfection cannot be gained by a merely one-sided cultivation of the faculties. These trivial details,' she looked at the kettle, 'are just what I need to dwell upon.'

'Very well,' said Barbara; 'you will have lots of times to boil the kettle. Only let me do it *now*.'

She took the tiny bellows, and presently a bright fire sprang up. Then she filled the kettle and set it on, and began to toast the crumpets. Miriam resigned herself to watching her dreamily from the armchair, musing on the possibilities of this undeveloped soul. Meanwhile, Barbara's face, with its aureole of soft, bright, wavy hair, was attractive enough without a soul. Presently tea was ready, and afterwards they sat by the fire and talked. At least Miriam did.

'What are you going to do when you leave the Academy?' she asked Barbara; 'shall you teach?'

'No,' said Barbara; 'father says there's no need for me to teach. I shall stay at home. I'm the eldest girl but one, you know, and she's married.'

'Oh, then, you will make yourself generally useful,' said Miriam a little discontentedly, though there seemed no reasonable objection to this.

'Yes, I suppose so,' said Barbara, who was very frightened again now that tea was over. She suspected that Miss Faulkner had not asked her to tea purely for her own pleasure. But things turned out better than she had expected, for Miriam, as sometimes happened when she began with the intention of drawing other people's inner lives out of them, ended by unrolling her own.

'Your life will be very peaceful,' she said, with some contemptuous tolerance for a nature that didn't yearn after the unattainable. 'In turbulent natures the outward calm would but deepen the inward conflict. In half a dozen years one might be capable of such an existence, of letting one's tired soul merely expand in the arms of Nature. As it is, it would be soothing for a fortnight—no more.'

Barbara was a good deal impressed at this outbreak of inner life, not having been accustomed to make her own a staple topic of conversation.

'Come and stay with us if you like,' she said timidly. 'I wish you would. Only maybe it wouldn't be quite as quiet as you expected. There are four boys and two girls, and father and mother, and the servants, and me, and it's a small town, not a village. There are 6,000 inhabitants,' she added gravely.

'Oh, I see,' said Miss Faulkner, only half-conscious, however, of what Barbara was saying. 'I have long wished to experience life in the country. Almost all my own has been lived in towns. But perhaps I have hardly earned the right to complete tranquillity. Just now I am not exhausted. I have succeeded to some extent, for the last two months, in living for the moment. It is a hard trial to one of my disposition. Still I know that it is necessary to gather strength for the conflict.'

Barbara was awed with the idea that something very dreadful was awaiting Miss Faulkner. Really, there was nothing much the matter. She had not a very pleasant home. She was the only member of her family with any ideal to speak of. Her father was impecunious, and frequently in debt. She had to go out shopping with her mother, which her soul recoiled from; and she had a number of younger sisters who interrupted her when she wanted

to do Greek. Moreover, she had to help to pay their school expenses, and had really very little money. Still, there was no cause for fiery anguish; though from what cause she had, she managed to extract the greatest possible amount of misery. But then she was conscious of a vocation with which the happiness of her life was bound up, and failure wherein was her equivalent for what the loss of their dearest friend would be to people like Barbara, who would have been sadly embarrassed by a vocation. Not but what vocations also are necessary evils, though fortunately not universal. But Barbara could never have understood Miriam's conflicts and victories and defeats, waged on a ground so different from her own.

'Won't you come and stay at Norwood first?' she said sympathetically; 'I'm sure it would rest you.'

'I should delight in it,' said Miriam, artistically appreciative of herself, with her soul expanding in the arms of Nature. 'May I let you know in a week? My life needs these quiet hours; there is too little modulation in it.'

Barbara felt ashamed.

'I think so many of you here,' she said humbly and with hesitation, 'seem to have got hold of your lives as if they were crewelwork—or marble,' she added hastily, conscious that crewelwork was not a dignified illustration—'and you are shaping them into a design. I wish I could.'

'My dear child, you can,' said Miriam, suddenly remembering her position of Mentor. 'Why not?'

'Oh, I'm all a jumble of different wools,' said Barbara, not able to hit upon the appropriate simile in sculpture.

'Yet some noble pattern may lie hid under the apparent confusion,' said Miriam encouragingly.

'Oh dear!' sighed Barbara. 'I hope not. I mean, I should never get at it, and that would be worse and worse. I believe I'm meant for a kind of crazy patchwork. I'm not clever, I know you all know it, though everybody tries to be kind; but with so many intellectual persons all round, one's shallowness is exposed. You see I've *nothing* exceptional. There's Annie Jenkins writes such beautiful verses; she's something to lay hold of.'

'You can make your life a poem,' said Miriam, conscious that this remark was not stamped with the originality of her character.

'Oh my gracious!' said Barbara. 'I shouldn't like to have to read it. I should think,' she went on desperately, 'you'd make your life an epic,'

'Why?' said Miriam, feeling, however, that the remark was natural.

'Oh, I don't know,' said Barbara. 'Only you seem to have such command over it.'

'Surely we are not to drift with the stream,' Miriam said gravely.

'If—you're not clever,' said Barbara, feeling miserable and ashamed and incoherent, 'you—you see just as many pretty things going down as up.'

'But is there no value in resistance?' asked Miriam, half a dozen quotations from distinguished authors surging into her mind, all of which, she felt confident, would be wasted on Barbara.

'It depends,' said Barbara, clinging desperately to the stream metaphor, 'where you want to be.'

There was clearly no use in argument after that. Miss Faulkner let Barbara go; she did not think she had hurt her, rather having gathered from their conversation that the girl was incapable of feeling the sting of her words. All the same Barbara shed a few hot tears that night over her own inadequacy. She was conscious that though she fulfilled her tasks like the rest her soul was not in the work. This was not remarkable, if indeed, as No. Four suspected, she hadn't got a soul. However, she pulled down Walker's 'Political Economy' and tried to fling her soul into *that*, and then, as her wont was, she fell to dreaming.

'What's the use?' she said. 'Professor Williams says the only remedy is co-operation; I shall put that in my essay. There's Lily Maitland says she studies with every fibre of her body. Doesn't that make you feel ashamed? But it's no use expecting a person to be clever who has red cheeks and fuzzy hair. I wish I hadn't come here. I wish I were thin like Miss Faulkner, then maybe I'd take a Tripos. I do respect her, but I can't love her. If I could make my life a poem, I shouldn't like to be an epic; besides, "*Paradise Lost*" is dry, except about Satan, and *that's* not the part you're expected to imitate. I'd like to be an old ballad, but I shan't be anything! There's one thing, I believe *some* people don't like girls any worse for not being intellectual.'

Here she resigned herself to gazing into the fire.

Miriam went home with Barbara at the beginning of the vacation. Things do not always turn out as we expect, and Nature really came to play a very unimportant part in the drama.

There was company the first night, but only, Barbara said, friends of the family—two second cousins, and a young doctor, who had been staying in Norwood the last six months to recruit his health, but really belonged to the great city. He had played lawn tennis with them a good deal.

‘He is very clever,’ said Barbara, ‘so you will be sure to like him.’

Miriam felt some doubt as to Barbara’s power of correct judgment, especially as her voice became embarrassed just then, but after meeting Dr. Alexander in the drawing-room she was forced to own that he was more than clever. Probably her spirits rose a little. She figured to herself so much as ‘a strong personality, impressing itself on’ whatever it happened to be, that in this small country town, to find another strong personality suddenly confronting her, and waiting to be impressed, was certainly exhilarating. But for the first part of the evening Dr. Alexander seemed much more absorbed in contemplating Barbara’s weak and immature personality, with the pretty colour and the wavy hair.

He himself was very handsome, and quietly aware of the fact. There was a gleam of humour, too, in his eyes that made Miriam conscious that it would be unwary to play the ascetic side of her nature, and the Higher Life. She did nothing of the kind. She talked a little more lightly and cynically than Barbara had ever heard her, but well, and even brilliantly. Barbara seemed like a little girl beside her; she sat silent and abashed when Miriam and Dr. Alexander began to argue together, without understanding half of what they said.

Then music was called for, and Miriam sang. There were a few, like Barbara, who never cared for her singing; nevertheless she had a magnificent contralto voice, and sang Bach with the same air of mastery that distinguished her quotations from the Bible and from Shakespeare. Dr. Alexander left Barbara on the sofa, and went to turn the pages. He cared a good deal for music—as much as he could without loving it. Barbara could neither play nor sing.

Perhaps Dr. Alexander was a little too well balanced, though a bright and genial manner partly concealed this. For some time he had been drifting towards an engagement with Barbara. She was so pretty, so winning and graceful, so fitted, if not to shine in, to charm society. Her health, too, was robust, and Dr. Alexander looked on marriage with something of a professional eye. Still

there was, as we say, nothing definite. Nothing but friendship; but two people, we know, may wear the term 'friend' with a difference. If it were so with Barbara and Dr. Alexander, we may do the latter the justice to say that he was unconscious of the fact. Moreover, Barbara's behaviour, both before and after Miriam came to Norwood, so gay, so childlike and unconstrained, was not of a nature to make him conscious; and Miriam fascinated him. In short, something happened which Miss Faulkner expressed to herself in phrases frequently beginning (since she found it difficult to think in colloquial language): 'The magnetism of two strong souls.' I can express it no better. I do not know if the process could exactly have been described as falling in love, but in one way or another they forgot about Barbara.

But when the fortnight was just over Miriam bethought her of Barbara, and of unlucky consequences that might have arisen in case that young person *had* a soul. She remembered the tone in Barbara's voice the first night, and she recognised that she had been allowing herself to drift with the stream. Still she was not altogether cast down. Such things would occur in the best-regulated life, if only to furnish material for its epic poem; or, as it might have been explained to Barbara's prosaic mind, in the patchwork of life, remorse was one of her wools. Visions of a strong personality sacrificing itself to a weak one floated before her. She resolved to consult Barbara, if she were not asleep—for it was past eleven when Miss Faulkner came to this decision, upon the nature of her soul. If, of course, she had one.

Barbara was not asleep. She was sitting on the hearthrug, before a cosy fire—for the night was cold—clad in a pale blue dressing-gown, with her pretty fair hair all loose about her shoulders, and with 'David Copperfield' open on her knee.

'Come in,' she said, as Miriam knocked. 'Oh, come and sit down.'

She sprang up, and drew an armchair forward.

'Are you tired?' said Miriam, 'or may I stay and have a chat?'

'Do!' said Barbara. 'There—are you comfortable?'

'Yes, indeed,' replied Miriam. Then there was a pause. She could not exactly tell Barbara what she had come for, so she only said:

'I shall find it hard to return to the old life after such luxury.'

'Don't go back yet,' said Barbara gravely. 'Stay awhile.'

'Aren't you tired of me?' Miriam asked, with a sudden impulse of gratitude.

‘No,’ said Barbara, raising her frank eyes. ‘Do stay.’

‘I must not,’ Miriam said reluctantly. ‘Life has been too easy and joyous a thing to me of late. Now I must go back to the strain, thanks to you, fortified and refreshed.’

Barbara gave a little impatient gesture.

‘There it is again!’ she said, and it seemed as if somehow she had grown older, and for the instant were instructing Miriam. ‘Oh, do let your life be a little. It is so weary to see you always shaping it. It is as bad as always poking the fire: you will have it out. I want you to stay; you said they didn’t exactly need you at home. Why won’t you stay on? Are you afraid of falling in love?’

This shaft astonished Miriam.

‘What do you mean?’ she said, in a futile way.

‘What I say,’ replied Barbara, not looking at Miriam now, but into the fire. ‘I know some one who cares for you a great deal.’

It was as if Barbara had spoken lightly of the equator. She had no idea, apparently, of magnetic attractions and smothered seas of passion.

‘You are very young,’ said Miriam rebukingly. ‘I think, if you knew what love might mean to a strong and turbulent nature you would not speak of it carelessly. It is a terrible power for good or evil.’

‘No, I can’t understand,’ Barbara owned meekly. ‘That is quite true. I should think anyone would be afraid who had a nature like that. Love would mean so much to them, wouldn’t it? So much more than to other people.’

‘Yes, indeed,’ said Miriam. ‘But hush, dear, or let us talk about you. Such things are for you to dream of, not for me. Isn’t there anyone you care for?’

‘No—o,’ said Barbara reflectively. ‘Not in that way.’

And it was very clear, thought Miriam, that she was speaking the truth.

‘Your time will come,’ she said. ‘Yet I think your life will be peaceful.’

Barbara joined her hands, and bent forward, gazing into the fire.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘I think it will. I don’t think I shall ever care for anybody enough to be *very* miserable, so as to spoil my life. And I dare say you look down on me, with a character like yours; but after all you do need some happy stupid people in

the world. It wouldn't do if everybody had a very strong, passionate nature, and could suffer a great deal.'

'Indeed it would not,' answered Miriam. 'You may be thankful if you are spared.'

'Yes,' said Barbara, still reflectively. 'I may be thankful—that I am spared.'

Then Miriam rose and left her.

'Good-night!' she said, kissing her with somewhat tolerant affection. 'You are a dear child!'

'Oh,' said Barbara, in her pretty, deprecating way, 'I'm glad you think so!'

PART II.

MIRIAM stayed on when the fortnight was over; she stayed the whole five weeks of the vacation. Sometime before the end of the next term Dr. Alexander and she were formally engaged.

If there were a change in Barbara, hardly anyone noticed it. Her teachers said she was working harder; yet she was as gay as ever, and still earned a reputation for frivolity; but she shut herself up in her own room a great deal, though I think all the time she spent there was not spent in work. As she had dreamed before she dreamed now, but less pleasantly. The old times when she had been so very happy, which now seemed strangely far away, came before her with renewed vividness, but as if they had all happened to another person whose history she was never tired of dwelling upon. Yet how often, even then, she had fancied her small world hopelessly shipwrecked! But things had come right so many times that she had grown into the way of fancying they might come right again. The odd thing was to wake in the morning and know they were no nearer coming right.

'I say,' said No. Three once, meeting her in the garden, 'what's the matter with you? Your eyes have grown different. Have they been giving you a soul, you poor thing?'

'What do you mean?' said Barbara, laughing.

'They were going to,' said No. Three, putting her hands on Barbara's shoulders and looking into her face. 'Oh, I know; Miss Faulkner stayed with you all the holidays. I'm very sorry for you; souls aren't nice.'

She glided away, and Barbara stood looking after her, with an odd disposition to cry.

The next term, Dr. Alexander came over to Hampstead every Sunday to see Miriam; but Barbara only saw him twice, and then by accident. It would never have occurred to Miriam to ask her to meet him because the two were old friends. But, indeed, she saw very little of Barbara herself, being absorbed in her own inner life, whose stream, as she expressed it to herself, had become so much wider and deeper.

It was at one of their chance meetings that Dr. Alexander stopped and spoke to Barbara.

'I have just been to bid Miriam good-bye,' he said. 'I am going on a three-weeks' yachting trip. I am a little troubled about her; she is far too highly strung; she doesn't look strong, and she is rather morbid about herself. You must look after her a little.'

'I will,' said Barbara. 'I promise faithfully, if that is any good.'

'Indeed it is,' said Dr. Alexander. 'It is a genuine relief to me. Are you all right yourself?' he added kindly, scanning her with his professional glance.

'I?' said Barbara. 'Oh, yes.'

'Take care and keep so,' said Dr. Alexander. 'Good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' said Barbara. 'You have my promise.'

PART III.

THERE was a geological excursion a week later, and a dozen of the elder students joined it; among them was Barbara. Miriam was there too; she took a faint æsthetic interest in the subject, not keen enough to induce her to bring a hammer and chip the cliffs, but which led her to contemplate them, pondering on the relation of human destinies, especially her own, to bygone æons, and occasionally giving some fossil ammonite a patronising poke with her umbrella. She did not think much of fossils in general, because they had no inner life.

It was Barbara whom she chose this morning to expatiate unto. It was very much of a monologue. She spoke of the colour and richness that had flowed into her existence, the new influences that were dawning and deepening within her, the marvellous way in which fresh light had been shed on Plato and Euripides and others since she became engaged to Dr. Alexander.

Barbara knew that she had probably said the same things to No. One, and Two, and Three, and Four, and so they impressed her less. Also, she could not help wondering if Dr. Alexander had heard them all; but the two wandered away unconsciously from all the rest, into a new part of the quarry, where men were working. Neither of them noticed the workmen; Barbara was too sick at heart, Miriam too much absorbed in her monologue. Presently she sat down on a block of stone, and continued it, as fluently as if she were reading aloud, while Barbara stood listlessly a few yards away.

‘Perhaps my worst temptation,’ Miriam went on, ‘was a tendency towards eclecticism. I found it hard to tolerate a low intellectual standard, to acknowledge that nobility could co-exist with latent coarseness of thought or feeling. But happiness has made my sympathies stronger and deeper. They embrace a far wider——’

Just then there was a shout from above. Miriam started up and stood still, half paralysed with fear. A great cloud of smoke and dust blinded her eyes: she was only conscious of something falling, that would have reached her if Barbara had not rushed between. And when the cloud of dust had cleared away, she saw Barbara lying on the ground, quite still, half under the weight of a great stone.

There is no good in speaking of the horror of the next few days, before they knew if Barbara would live or die. It seemed, although she was not intellectual, that everyone had loved her. When her companions heard that she would recover, though she would be a cripple always, they were very glad. As for Barbara, she was glad that she had kept her promise, but she could hardly help thinking it would have been easier to die. Still it was pleasant to have them all so glad, and so fond of her, though somehow the only one she cared to have with her was No. Three, and by No. Three the others sent messages and flowers.

‘It’s nice of you to like me so much,’ Barbara said to her one day, ‘when I’m not the least bit clever.’

‘Do you know what they’re all saying about you?’ said No. Three, a little bitterly.

‘No,’ answered Barbara. ‘What?’

‘They’re saying how you’ve made your life a poem.’

‘Oh!’ said Barbara. ‘I hope it won’t be a very long one,’ she added soberly.

MAY KENDALL.

A Fresh Herring.

‘**F**RESH herrings! Very fine fresh herrings! Eighty a shilling, O!’

Living as I do nearly equidistant from Ramsgate, Margate, and Broadstairs, this cry, uttered by a variety of voices, from piercing treble to raucous bass, almost weekly forces itself upon my ears. Not unfrequently, the powers that order the household respond to the cry, and eighty, or even more, fine herrings are added to the commissariat at the price of a shilling. On the last occasion, I bethought myself that something might be done with a herring beside cooking and eating it, and accordingly rescued one of the fish from the cook, intending to examine it in detail without any more aids than a pair of common scissors, a penknife, and a pocket magnifying-glass.

The harbour, when the fishing fleet comes in, is a charming sight. During the previous part of the day, just the top-sails of the boats may be seen in the far distance, as the men are engaged with their nets. Suddenly, the boats are seen to be in motion, and they all make for the harbour to which they belong, racing with each other to be first ashore. Arrived, each boat is welcomed by its friends, and in a few moments the harbour, previously deserted, is full of life and colour. Many boats of small draught do not attempt to enter the harbour itself, but save time by running ashore into well-known channels among the rocks, when the men fling out the fish to their comrades who are awaiting them with any amount of baskets.

The herrings, before they have lost their first sea-bloom, are marvels of beauty, glittering in the sunbeams like masses of molten silver, enriched by a constantly deepening scarlet that tinges the head and gills, and of which we shall see more presently. Costermongers swarm on the pier and rocks, fill their trucks, and make for the houses at best speed, each trying to

outbawl the other in vaunting the cheapness and excellence of his wares.

Nothing is more capricious than the herring, and many of its ways are yet unknown. In 1862 the herrings suddenly disappeared from the Joederen, one of the richest of Norwegian fishing grounds, and for a quarter of a century not a herring could be seen. As suddenly, in June 1887, they made their reappearance in vast shoals, the cause of the absence and return being alike inexplicable.

Until late years it was held that the herring was a migratory fish, and that each shoal was led by a king and queen. What the queen may be I cannot conjecture, but the 'king' is the chimæra, remarkable for its large head, long, whip-like tail, and a singular projection on the top of its head, which the fancy of fishermen has transformed into 'the likeness of a kingly crown.' In reality it does accompany the shoals of herrings, but for the purpose of feeding upon them, so that its reign is like that of King Stork. This is far too tame a statement to find favour with the worthy mariners, who are fully persuaded that the chimæra is the leader and not the follower of the shoal.

Mr. McDougall, in a letter to the *Times*, offers a solution of the sudden departure and reappearance.

It is well known that the herring holds its life by a very slender thread, dying almost as soon as it is entangled in the net. Hence the popular expression 'as dead as a herring.' When they die the herrings sink, and so heavy are they that when the 'take' has been extraordinarily large, the boatmen are sometimes obliged to cut away the nets, as the tons of dead herrings with which they are laden would sink the vessels.

All these masses of dead herrings, together with many others which fall from the nets as they are lifted out of the sea, sink to the bottom, and there lie, uneaten except by crustacea, whelks, and a few other scavengers of the sea. The water, therefore, becomes tainted, and so the herrings abandon the spot until the water is purified.

In support of this theory Mr. McDougall predicted that 'so far as Loch Fyne was concerned, as soon as it should happen that these dead fish extended across the Loch from shore to shore, the usual shoals of herrings would desert their favourite haunt.' This prediction was fully accomplished in some five or six years afterwards (about the year 1864 or 1865), to the great loss of the Loch Fyne fishermen. For some years the herrings kept almost quite away, and

I am not certain whether they have ever returned in their former numbers. As to the prevalent superstition that the shoals are led by a king and queen, the same writer gives a rather ludicrous example of the prevalence of this idea. Two brothers were famous for their invariable success in catching herrings. At last it was found that they had carved a king and queen of the herrings in wood, painted them like life, towed them behind their boats, and so enticed the shoal into the shallow water where they could easily be taken!

It is now ascertained that the herring does not migrate, in the full sense of the word, but that it lives for the greater part of the year in the deep sea, repairing to comparatively shallow waters for the purpose of spawning. Fortunately for us the fish does not spawn everywhere at the same time, but spreads the operation over a very long period, so that for some five months in the year the fish are in good condition; and, owing to our railway system, can be conveyed to any part of our country while still fresh.

In a letter to *Land and Water*, November 3, 1866, 'Expectans' gives this part of the fish's history very concisely. On May 20, herring fishery begins at the island of Lewis, on the west coast of Scotland. The fish have not then attained the roe, but they are full of the oil which seems to supply nutriment to the future roe. About the middle of July the fish are in fine condition in the neighbourhood of Wick and Peterhead, the fishing lasting until the middle of September.

On the coast of Yorkshire, the fishing begins in August and lasts throughout September; while in the extreme south the herring fishery extends to Christmas. On the Thanet coast the herring is in best condition in August, and the last herring with roe occurred here towards the end of November. Herrings are taken here in December, but they have cast their roe, and are not worth the trouble of cooking.

Of course herrings are taken of all sizes, and an inexperienced fisherman might doubt whether the captive be a young herring or pilchard, or a full-grown sprat. The distinction between these three species is easily made by the rough and ready method adopted by fishermen. The under surface of a sprat is rough, like the teeth of a saw, and at once distinguishes it from the herring or the pilchard. These latter fish are distinguished from each other by holding them up by the dorsal fin. The pilchard is exactly balanced, whereas the herring always dips either its head or tail. It might be thought that as the two fish are so much

alike, there can be no particular object in distinguishing between them. But the fish cannot be cured in the same manner, the pilchards being so tender that they would break to pieces if subjected to the same process as that which is employed for the herring. As we are now treating of the fresh herring, we put aside the vast trade of the cured fish, and proceed to the herring as it comes out of the sea.

Let me recommend the reader, when next he comes across some fresh herrings, to secure two for investigation. First, let him boil one of them until the flesh is, according to the cook's dictum, 'ready to drop off the bones.' Then let him hold it up by the tail, and with the partly separated points of the scissors, 'comb' the flesh from the bones. If this be done carefully, the skeleton will remain intact, except that the whole of the fins will come away. The spine, however, will retain its place, and so will the rows of bony spines which proceed from the vertebræ, and which are known by the name of 'apophyses,' their chief object being the attachment of the enormous muscles of which the body of the fish is mostly composed.

Most conspicuous of all are the processes which do duty as ribs. There are about twenty-four on each side, and none of them are connected with any breast bone, this structure not occurring until a much higher state of development has been reached. Turn on its back the skeleton thus obtained, and you will be struck with the startling resemblance which the forepart of it bears to the keel and timbers of a ship on the stocks, the vertebræ representing the keel, and the ribs of the ship and of the herring, not only bearing the same name, but performing similar offices. Then, the upper and lower surfaces of the spine have their special bony processes, while a double row of similar 'apophyses' runs on either side of the spine as far as the last rib. No wonder that a sympathetic spectator of a herring's skeleton compassionated the sufferings of the fish in case it should have rheumatism.

Now for the second herring. This should at once be placed in water mixed with salt, so as to preserve it for several days.

While you are laying it in the water some of the scales are sure to come off, and will adhere to the hands as long as they are in the least degree damp. As soon as the skin and scales are both dry, the latter curl up and fall off of their own accord. They are so thin and delicate that they look more like flakes of gold-beater's skin than fish scales. Examine them with the pocket lens, and you will see that they have but very slight roots, quite

unlike those of the perch and carp, which cling firmly to their owner's skin. Also it will be easy to see the concentric lines which denote the mode of growth. (See fig. 3.)

As to the vertebræ, their number is exceedingly variable in different fishes, the shark having as many vertebræ as there are days in a year, while the sun-fish has only fifteen. The herring which now lies before me has fifty-two. Separate the vertebræ, and you will find that they are cup-shaped at each end, or 'amphicolous,' according to scientific language. This characteristic is common to all fish, and is often useful in determining unknown animals, especially when they are only known in a fossil state.

As the fish lies in the water, take note of the fins. Though they bear a superficial resemblance to each other, they are of two absolutely different kinds. One set runs along the central line of the body, either above or below, and is unconnected directly with the skeleton. The other fins are four in number, and correspond with the limbs of the higher animals, being necessarily placed in pairs, and opposite to each other. Those which correspond to the fore-limbs, whether they be legs, arms, or wings, are called from their position the 'pectoral' fins, and in different fishes subserve different uses. In the climbing perch, for example, they serve the office of legs, permitting the fish to walk on dry land. In the flying-fish they are enormously developed, and are used as wings. In the herring, however, they are small, their only uses being to act as balancers, and to enable the fish to back itself through the water.

Behind them are the 'ventral' fins, which are the analogues of the hind legs of the higher animals. In the herring there is nothing very particular about these fins, but such is not the case with all fish. For example, we naturally fancy that the fore-legs ought to be in front of the hind-legs, and if we were to meet a horse with its hind-legs growing out of its breast, we should think it a very extraordinary horse. I only wish that I had such an animal, as my good friend Mr. Barnum would give me almost any sum of money for the privilege of exhibiting it. Yet, no one seems to be surprised when they look at a stickleback, which has both pairs of limbs in the same line, the ventral fins being just below the pectoral. Neither are they surprised at a cod-fish, which has the ventral fins far in front of the pectorals; much as if a horse were to have its hind legs growing out of its neck. Fishes are not bound by any conventional rules as to the relative position

of their fore and hind limbs, but carry them just where they can be of greatest service.

Now we will turn to the head. Lift up the gill-covers, and under them will be seen a soft, dark-red mass, not unlike a slice of raw liver. This is part of the gills. Leave them for the present, and open the mouth. To all appearances it is rather a small mouth in proportion to the size of the fish. Nothing worthy of notice will be seen at first, the only objects within the mouth being the tongue, which is quite small and hard, and a number of pink projections arranged in successive rows, and looking like long and very slender teeth.

By this time the water will have become much discoloured, and must be changed, a slight dark-red stream continually oozing from beneath the gill-covers. Before placing the fish in fresh water, take it to a tap, and allow a stream of water to flow into its mouth and out at the gill-covers. How is this? The scarlet hue of the head is rapidly paling, and in a few minutes disappears altogether. It does not belong to the living fish, although most persons assume that the scarlet hue is the normal colour of the herring's head. The living fish is of a pure silvery white, as I have often had the opportunity of seeing. The red hue only shows itself after the fish has been removed from the water, and is due to extravasated blood.

Again look under the gill-covers. The gills are there, but so altered as scarcely to be recognised as the dark-red masses which were seen before. They have lost all their colour, the water having washed the blood out of them, and are now pale grey. Moreover, they are evidently not solid masses, but are composed of several layers, each layer being formed of a vast number of delicate plates, leaflets, or laminæ.

We will now close the gill-covers, leaving the gills for further investigation, and proceed again to the mouth. Open it again, and look into it. The rows of pink projections have now completely lost their colour, and are white and semi-translucent. They, the tongue, and the gills are parts of a very complicated structure, which must be examined separately.

Open the mouth more fully. Pop!

'Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee, thou art translated!'

Bottom himself could scarcely have been more transformed by Puck's mischievous fingers than is the herring by the simple act of opening its mouth widely. In order to show the astonishing contrast between the closed and opened mouth, I have appended

two rough outline sketches, both drawn from the same fish and reduced in size. As long as the mouth is opened up to a certain point, it is like that of an ordinary fish (fig. 1). But no sooner does it pass that point than the jaws open out, both upwards and sideways, like a mixture of an umbrella and a spring hat, and in place

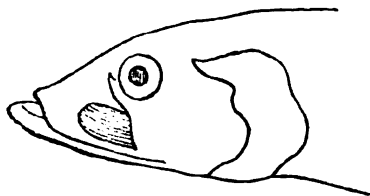


FIG. 1.

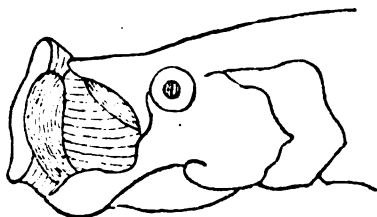


FIG. 2.

of the small narrow mouth there is a large oval funnel, with the opening directed upwards, as shown in the sketch (fig. 2). The mouth of the funnel and part of the sides are cartilaginous, thin and translucent, corresponding with the silk of the umbrella, while the analogues of the ribs are produced by modifications of the different parts of the jaw-bones, which are not fused together as in the higher animals, but are separable, as anyone may have noticed in the boiled head of a cod-fish. The cartilaginous funnel is marked by lines set at some little distance apart.

The chief agents in this remarkable transformation are certain plates of bone, which I have marked with close parallel lines. When the mouth is closed, the lower bone-plate, which plays the most important part, lies almost horizontally, and is not easily distinguishable, as in fig. 1; but when the mouth is fully opened, it suddenly shoots upwards, as in fig. 2, carrying the thin, gristly membrane with it. The whole mechanism is so beautiful that one is hardly ever tired of opening and shutting the mouth, merely for the pleasure of seeing it act. The reader may have observed the widely gaping mouth of a 'bloater.' This width is only partially due to the stick which is thrust through the gills and out of the mouth, the fact being that the stick forces the mouth open as far as the point where the mechanism begins to act, and then the parts spring asunder by their own powers.

The object of this remarkable structure is to enlarge the mouth sufficiently to enable it to receive fish of a much larger size than could be taken into a mouth of ordinary dimensions. For it must be remembered that nearly all the inhabitants of the

water are creatures of prey, carrying out the law of mutual destruction to the fullest extent.

Even on land this law prevails largely. One of my friends noticed a fly settle in a sunshiny spot. It had hardly closed its wings when a hunting spider pounced upon it, and began to suck its blood. While it was so engaged, a sand-wasp swooped down on it, and began to fly away with it. Being heavily laden, it could not readily take to the air, and while it was struggling with its prey, a tiger-beetle came flying by and seized the sand-wasp. My friend captured all the four creatures, and mounted them in a glass case with a description of the scene.

Fish are all mutually destructive, and the shark is not in the least more destructive than other fish. For example, a single stickleback has been known to devour in five hours seventy-four newly-hatched dace, each about a quarter of an inch in length. Two days afterwards, it ate sixty-two more dace, and the observer, Mr. Baker, is of opinion that it would have eaten as many every day, could they have been procured.

An extraordinary example of the voracity of fish was once observed in an angler-fish, or fishing-frog (*Lophius*), the skeleton of which is to be seen in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin. Within the stomach of the angler was a cod more than two feet in length. In the stomach of the cod were two full-grown whittings, and in the stomachs of the whittings several smaller fishes. I have no doubt that still smaller fish might have been found in the stomachs of these last.

Now for another step.

With the scissors cut away one of the gill-covers—say the



FIG. 3.
Scale enlarged.

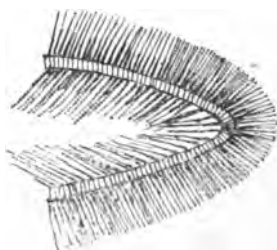


FIG. 4.
Apex of a gill arch.

left—so as to expose the gills. They will be seen to possess a most complex structure. Four bony arches, each shaped like a

letter V with a rounded apex, lie upon each other, and can be easily separated without injury. Take care to keep them submerged, and you will see that the gills themselves are composed of a great number of flat-pointed laminæ, or leaflets, filled with blood-vessels, and so constructed as to present a very large surface to the water, while they occupy a very small space at the sides of the head (see fig. 4). As the gills lie in their natural position, the laminæ are directed outwards, at right angles to the bone.

Exactly opposite them, and directed inwards, are a number of bony processes, which we may call 'spikelets.' These are visible from the interior of the mouth, and when the fish has been out of the water for a few hours are stained with extravasated blood, which gives them the pink hue which has already been mentioned. After the mouth and gills have been well washed, they show themselves to be beautifully white and translucent, becoming slightly opaque when dry, looking as if they were made of alabaster, or, as a lady has just said, like crystallised feathers.

By some authors they are called teeth, but I cannot allow them that term, as they are not used for mastication, prehension, or laceration. They vary greatly in different fish, but in all cases seem to act as strainers, whereby food is prevented from passing into the gills. In fact, according to Rymer Jones, they 'fulfil, in their way, the same office as the epiglottis of mammalia.' When examined with the magnifying lens they are seen to be pointed like so many grass-blades, and doubly serrated through their entire length (see fig. 6). In the specimen which is now before me, there are sixteen hundred gill-laminæ and six hundred and forty spikelets. A section of this structure is given at fig. 5. The hyoid bone occupies the centre, a spikelet is above, and one of the laminæ below. These highly complicated hyoid bones also support the tongue, which is placed at their extremity, and forms the tip.

This proteus of a bone is a singularly interesting structure, and, like Shakespeare's typical Man, plays many parts on the stage of life.

As its name imports, its normal shape is that of the letter Y,

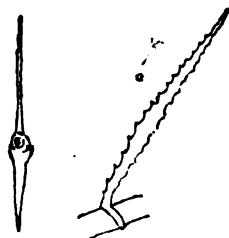


FIG. 5. FIG. 6.
Enlarged.

and may be compared to a spur, having a body or stem and two arms or horns. I intentionally pretermit the scientific terms for the various portions of this bone, on the ground that those who are conversant with the subject do not need technical phraseology, and those who know nothing about it would not understand it.

In the ox and sheep it has little to do, and is in consequence reduced to the chain of small bones which we find at the root of the tongue when we carve it at table. In the horse it assumes the normal shape of a bony spur with long, curved, and flat horns. In the howler monkeys the horns are almost obliterated, and the stem is developed into a hollow sac capable of containing four cubic inches of water, and forming part of the apparatus whereby the monkey produces the extraordinary cries from which it derives its popular name.

Passing to the birds, we find the horns of the hyoid bone enormously long and slender, passing under the lower jawbones, round the skull, and having the tips of the horns affixed to the upper portion of the head just above the base of the beak. The tongue being attached, as in the herring, to the opposite end or stem of the hyoid bone, can be projected far beyond the beak so as to explore the recesses in which the insect prey lies hidden.

Strange to say, it receives its greatest development in the lowest of the vertebrates, and not only in the fishes, but in the tadpoles, which form the connecting link between the fishes and the reptiles, it throws out the series of gill-bearing arches which we find so well exemplified in our fresh herring.

Being engaged on the head, we will cut away the skull so as to expose the brain and its connection with the eyes and ears. It is very simple and very small, the whole brain not being as large as one of the eyes. It gives out six cords, two of which run above, two below, and the other two at the sides. The parts of the brain are arranged in a row, the cerebrum occupying the front, the two optic lobes the centre, and the cerebellum being in the rear. As to the eyes, they are large in proportion to the fish, and are moved by six muscles, which can be easily traced.

The ears are so simple that they are not easily recognised. There is no external aperture, and no drum, the skin answering that purpose, and serving to convey the vibrations of the water to the nerves of hearing. When cutting into the ear, take care to look for the ear-bones, or 'otoliths,' which lie loosely in a small cavity. In the cod-fish they are very conspicuous, and children

often pounce upon them at table and use them for toys. In some fishes these bones are little more than dust.

We have examined the gills whereby the blood is purified, and will now examine the heart which drives the blood through the gills. Where shall we look for it? Judging by our own structure, we should be likely to expect it to occupy the centre of the body at the 'shoulder,' as we might call it. In reality the heart is placed under the throat, the 'auricle' being just under the hinder portion of the gills.

It might at first be hardly taken for a heart, not being solid and rounded, but very flat, and consisting only of one auricle and one ventricle, the two being merely connected at the spot where the valves are placed which govern the passage of the blood from the former to the latter (see fig. 7). With a little trouble it is possible to trace the blood-vessels which connect the heart with the gills, but, in order to do so, the fish must be kept under water, the delicate vessels collapsing in the air, and becoming almost invisible.



FIG. 7.

Now, continue the dissection, and cut away the muscles and ribs of one side of the fish, so as to expose the whole abdominal cavity. In it will be seen the whole of the very simple digestive system, the different organs being packed neatly together. There is very little distinction between the stomach and intestine, the two forming an almost continuous tube. Not very far behind the heart is the liver, which is large, and in some fishes, notably the cod, is of very great size and contains a valuable oil.

Running along the under surface of the spine is a glittering riband having a spindle-like shape. This is the swimming-bladder, which in the cod is popularly known as the 'sound,' and in the sturgeon is of great size and furnishes the material from which isinglass is made. In the perch, roach, dace, etc., the swimming-bladder is mostly distended with air, but in the herring I have always found it empty and flat. Hence, when the herring dies, it sinks, whereas the river-fish, if killed with poison or dynamite, rise to the surface and float with their backs downwards.

Lastly, we come to the 'roe,' *i.e.* the eggs of the herring. It is of enormous size when compared with the dimensions of the fish, occupying the whole length of the abdominal cavity. It has been calculated that if all the eggs of a single roe were to reach maturity, they would weigh five tons. It is no wonder, therefore,

that the herring should swarm in such numbers, and that its many foes, whether of land, water, or air, can make little or no impression upon the hosts which annually visit our shores.

I strongly recommend the reader, after taking a herring to pieces, as described, and rendering himself thoroughly familiar with its structure, to take another specimen, make a good dissection of it, and preserve it in spirits for future reference. The lesson thus learned by actual dissection will never be forgotten, and if a frog, a newt, a lizard, a sparrow, and a mouse can be treated in like manner, the series will be invaluable in teaching (or learning) comparative anatomy.

J. G. Wood.

At the Sign of the Ship.

Of 'Wardour Street English'—Of Dialogue in Historical Novels—Of the 'Black Arrow,' 'The Talisman,' 'John Inglesant,' and 'Esmond'—Lord Coleridge and Wordsworth—John Hamilton Reynolds: his 'Peter Bell'—Of Aversions in Literature, of Rockets, and of Mr. Harry Quilter—Julian the Apostate: his Poem against Beer—A Ballad of Peru—A Reply to the Emperor Nero.

MR. BALLANTYNE'S article on 'Wardour Street English' in the October number of this magazine suggests a number of questions which it is not very easy to answer. It is easy to say that Mr. William Morris has invented a kind of Saga slang, a queer neo-Icelando-Anglo Wardour Street dialect, never before spoken or written by mortal man. This is true enough; but what kind of English are people to write, in certain circumstances? Take the historic novel: how is the dialogue to be arranged? We have all laughed at 'Marry come up,' and 'By my hali-dome,' and never thought to see them in use again. But beshrew me an Master Stevenson hath not furbished up that old gear in his *Black Arrow*! Here be losels indeed; sorely shent betimes, poor shrews, and a 'nineteenth century audience' finds their adventures a little difficult to follow. But how was Mr. Stevenson to write? What lingo was he to make his people speak? That is where the difficulty comes in. Immediately after studying the *Black Arrow*, I chanced to take up a boy's paper containing a tale of the Last of the Paladins. There was a Druidess (rather belated) in the legend, and 'I am acting from personal motives,' said this Druidess, 'of which it is not necessary for me to give any account to strangers.' This is not a textual quotation; these were not the very words of the Druidess, but something like these.

* * *

Here the difficulty begins to be apparent. A Druidess who, in the time of the Paladins, talks that modern style finds it hard

‘to gain æsthetical credence,’ as a pious writer says in the *Fortnightly Review*. In short, we can hardly believe in her. But if she talked Galló-Latin, or a patois of Allobrogian, then the readers of the romance would be a great deal at a loss. What lingo, in brief, will sound appropriate in the mouth of a Druidess? Suppose we try Wardour Street English. “‘I work of my own will,” quoth the Druidess, ‘nor give no rede thereof to frem’d folk.’ But that, if anything, is a mixture of Lowland Scotch and Carlylese, which language could not have been familiar to the Druidess. Yet we cannot make her say, ‘I do jest as I darn please; you paddle your own canoe; my bloke, and I’ll paddle mine.’ That sort of local colour would be hopelessly wrong. For my part, I renounce the ambition of writing a novel about Druidesses; if they *must* be talking, let it be in the lingo of the Anglo-Saxon old woman in Front de Bœuf’s castle—that is, the stage-tragedy style.

* * *

The difficulties of diction in historical romance were not overcome either by Sir Walter Scott or the author of *John Inglesant*. Unluckily, as I write I am surrounded by books, all under lock and key! Consequently textual quotations are not possible to me, but I do remember that in *John Inglesant* the words occur,

‘A reaction,’ said the king, ‘is about to set in.’

Now Charles I. may have been a bad and weak man, though I don’t suppose he was worse than most other politicians. But he could not have talked about ‘reaction,’ any more than Sir Kenneth, the Scotch knight in the *Talisman*, could have said, ‘Circumstances have arisen which make your remark no longer applicable.’ They did not talk like that in the time of Richard of the Lion Heart. But what was poor Sir Kenneth to say? Was he to drop into Wardour Street English? I have been told that in a certain prose translation of Pindar these words, or something like them, occur:—

‘So he proposed the topic for discussion to his brothers, and they entirely coincided in his view of the case.’

Now should we say, ‘Then sought he unto the counsel of his brethren, and their rede was even as his?’ Or how are we to say it? How would Mr. Archibald Ballantyne say it? In prose, I mean; in poetry one can do as one pleases. Only Mr. Thackeray, in *Esmond*, solved the problem of matching the style and the period.

Of one thing I am pretty certain. Modern readers like anything better than Wardour Street English, except real Old English, like that of Mallory, or Wiclif, or Chaucer.

* * *

In a recent article on Principal Shairp and the Tartan waistcoats of his nonage, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge spoke hard things of Wordsworth's unappreciative contemporaries. We hear of 'the shallow and silly mockery of Lord Jeffrey,' and the like. Jeffrey was far from being an impeccable critic; but John Hamilton Reynolds, the most intimate friend of Keats, had scarce a higher opinion of Wordsworth than had the *Edinburgh Review*. Reynolds himself wrote some poetry of real beauty, apart from his epic on *The Fancy*, and his idylls of the Prize Ring. Keats was to have been his fellow-worker in *The Garden of Florence*, and many of his pieces are not unworthy of Keats. Yet, when Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* was expected by literary people, Reynolds had the audacity to publish a premature parody, *Peter Bell, a Lyrical Ballad* (Taylor and Hessey: London, 1819). This was Peter the First, as Shelley's was Peter the Third. Wordsworth thought nearly as highly of Shelley as Jeffrey and as Keats's friend thought of Wordsworth.

* * *

Reynolds begins with a ludicrous preface in prose, in which Wordsworth talks of 'deducing moral thunder from buttercups, daisies, celandines,' and (as a poet scarcely inferior to myself hath it) 'such small deer.'

'Accustomed to mountain solitudes, I can look with a calm and dispassionate eye upon that fiend-like, vulture-souled, adder-fanged critic whom I have not patience to name.' By the way, Wordsworth here anticipates Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. 'But let the stricken deer go weep,' as *Bacon* philosophically hath it. The preface ends with the announcement, 'The novel of *Rob Roy* is not so good as my Poem on the same subject.'

* * *

Somehow, even at this distance of time, when the great Wordsworth should appear all greatness, his foibles forgotten, one cannot help grinning at Reynolds's *Peter Bell*.

He is rurally related ;
 Peter Bell hath country cousins,
 (He had once a worthy mother),
 Bells and Peters by the dozens,
 But Peter Bell he hath no brothers.

That is almost as good as Miss Fanshawe's celebrated parody of the bard of Rydal.

Not a brother owneth he,
 Peter Bell he hath no brother,
 His mother had no other son,
 No other son e'er called her mother,
 Peter Bell hath brothers none.

Who should blessed insects die ?
 The f—a doth skip o'er Betty Foy,
 Like a little living thing :
 Though it hath not fin or wing,
 Hath it not a moral joy ?

* * *

Wherefore have I quoted these old ribaldries of Reynolds ? Why, to show that even a poet may fail to be the devoted and thorough-going admirer of a contemporary poet. We are all made like Bill Sikes's dog : 'don't he hate other dogs as isn't of his own breed ?' Time brings a change ; all good dogs become of the breed of the critic and student of the future ; he is far more concerned to enjoy their merits than to quarrel with their faults. But even in the case of contemporaries, is it well or wise to hate everyone who succeeds, or nearly everyone, and to long for his failure and defeat ? Who was it who said of Dickens that the young man had gone up like a rocket, and would come down like the stick ? The wish was father to that prophecy, that unfulfilled prophecy.

* * *

A great many people who 'go up' must inevitably share the fate of the stick and yield to the laws of gravitation. But should we mere hodmen of letters, who will never 'go up,' be eagerly anxious for the coming down of men who have had the luck of the rocket ? In the *Universal Review* (Sept. 15) I read some remarks in which the Editor appears to display this wistful anxiety. Among other authors he is kind enough to name Mr. Marion Crawford as a writer who has had his day, Mr. Christie

Murray as a novelist no longer in the prime of his vogue, and the author of *Vice Versâ* as a person of whom we now rarely hear. If it were so I do not know why Mr. Harry Quilter should rejoice. For my own part, I would rather see any author who goes up like a rocket remaining among the suns and fixed stars of literature than coming down with a thump. But of course one disputes the premisses; Mr. Christie Murray, thank goodness, is still writing excellent novels, as good as *Rainbow Gold*, which is very good indeed. Mr. Anstey has obliged the town with *Burglar Bill*, concerning which the best living authority on humorous verse has expressed the highest possible opinion. *Burglar Bill* and his company are, indeed, too much rather than too little heard of, in places where they recite. Of Mr. Crawford I cannot speak, as I have not yet had the good fortune to read and compare his earlier and later essays in romance. But suppose Mr. Quilter's premisses were correct; suppose that three men of promise had disappointed us: were it not a thing to regret rather than to rejoice over? Mr. Quilter, too, is hardly fair. It may be doubted whether he will ever give the other side their revenge. They may never be able to rub their hands and cry, 'Mr. Harry Quilter, who went up like a rocket, has come down, hooray, like the stick.' For, indeed, Mr. Quilter has never yet soared aloft with all that whirlwind rush and pyrotechnic brilliance, nor is it easy to conjecture how he can possibly come down again. But this criticism may be wrong, and that other and more favourable estimate of him, as of an Admirable Crichton, may be right, that estimate which is inscribed beneath his name, in the visitor's book, in the hotel at Assisi!



How few beer-drinkers, except perhaps among the great learned people of Germany, remember that Julian wrote an epigram against their favourite liquor! He calls it a Celtic brew; which may console Mr. Grant Allen. But the Teutonic races have made more of the drink than the original discoverers. This, of course, is on the supposition that Julian, though an apostate, was not quite so very mean as to write in dispraise of *whisky*. No: it must have been beer that he attacked in the epigram which Professor Campbell, of St. Andrews, and myself have done into the versions which follow. It is not hard to discern which is the work of the scholar and which of the smatterer.

I.

Thou Bacchus! By true Bacchus' self I swear
 I know thee not; Jove's son alone I know.
He breathes of nectar, thou of goats! Despair
 Of wine produced thee from the barley mow;
 Demeter's offspring, not of Jovial strain,
 Firing the Keltae not with grapes, but grain!

II.

Say, what Dionysus, and whence have we here?
 By the body of Bacchus, the love-child of Zeus,
 I knew not the god, for the smell of your beer
 Is as rank as a goat's, but like nectar *his* juice;
 Sure the Celts, in their penury, know not the vine,
 So they squeeze what they can from the ears of the corn,
 And to brose, not Ambrosia, akin is their wine,
 And their god's of Demeter, not Semele, born!

The poem in which the Apostate indulged in this skit cannot be literally rendered into English, it contains too many puns, but probably it gave much satisfaction to the Imperial Court.

* * *

For the following poem on the Ideal, from a boy's 'presumable point of view'—the phrase is convenient even if it is not English—the *Ship* is indebted to a correspondent.

BALLAD OF PERU.

She's voyaged to a foreign land,
 I have her photograph;
 And she keeps half a sixpence, and
 I keep the other half—
 A land where golden rivers burn,
 And jewels lie like dew;
 And either one day she'll return,
 Or I shall seek Peru.

She'd come with necklaces of pearls,
 And silken gowns; and she
 Would outdo all the other girls,
 The girl who crossed the sea—
 Only she can't be lovelier,
 Whatever she may do—
 I'd never be surprised at her
 Returning from Peru!

Suppose she's made a queen. Suppose
She's princess, all the time.
Such things may happen—no one knows,
In that strange golden clime.
I grind, and then the fellows say
I moon. That isn't true.
It's only, in a general way
I'm looking for Peru.

Suppose she's held in durance drear
In some Peruvian tower
(And therefore cannot write): Each year
I'm growing old—each hour.
I'll take my sword like some good knight,
I'll take a trusty crew :
I'll man a ship with banners bright,
And so I'll reach Peru.

No doubt they'll try to keep them shut,
(The donjon doors between)
Her band of swarthy gaolers ; but
They'll tremble at my mien,
And flashing rapier, and fall back.
Calmly shall I pursue
My path, and hear her say : ' So, Jack,
At last you've found Peru ! '

ENVOY.

We've done with grammars and with toys,
We con our ledgers o'er,
Or grapple with Life's problems ; boys
We never shall be more.
And yet perchance 'twould raise a smile,
If anybody knew
How many of us, half the while,
Are looking for Peru !

M. K.

*
•
*

The ghost of the late Emperor Nero is requested to accept
humble thanks for his gracious autograph, an original poem

written in letters of gold on a purple skin of the African goat. The Emperor, like a later emperor, is *super grammaticam*, and his verse is in all respects worthy of his character and station.

A. LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums. Contributions received after November 11 will be acknowledged in the December number. E.C.T. (third donation) 5s. B.S.T. 2s. Two thankful young housekeepers 10s. P.K. 1l. Thomas Gripper 10s. John J. A. Boase 10s. A large packet of clothing from C. Surrey.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,
39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

ONLY GENUINE.



ORIGINAL AND

IS
THE GREAT
SPECIFIC
FOR
CHOLERA.

We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike. — We are, Sir, faithfully yours, **SYMES & CO., Members of the Pharma. Society of Great Britain, His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.**

COUGHES,
COLDS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. — Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED A REMEDY to denote which he coined the word **CHLORODYNE**. Dr. Browne is the **SOLE INVENTOR**, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne *must be false*.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. — Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was **UNDoubtedly the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE**, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to. — See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, LONDON, REPORT that it ACTS as a **CHARM**, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHŒA."

From SYMES & Co., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Simla, Jan. 5, 1880.
To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

DEAR SIR, — We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances of the extraordinary efficacy of **DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in

NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cures short all attacks of

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, Hysteria.

IMPORTANT CAUTION. — The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURER, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, St. Russell-st., W.C.

KEATINGS

BEST
COUGH CURE.

Sold everywhere in
Tins. 1/1½ each.

LOZENGES

KEATINGS

BEST
COUGH CURE.

Sold everywhere in
Tins. 1/1½ each.

LOZENGES

'FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.'

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 11s. each. Of all Chemists. Sent for 3s or 12s stamps by Proprietors.
LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.



TRADE MARK (REGISTERED)

Established 1835.

WHELPTON'S PILLS,

THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

Recommended for Disorders of the HEAD, CHEST, BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS; also in RHEUMATISM, ULCERS, SORES, and all SKIN DISEASES — these Pills being a DIRECT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD.

WHELPTON'S HEALING OINTMENT

The best Remedy for BURNS, SCALDS, ULCERS, and all SKIN DISEASES.

Pills and Ointment — Boxes, price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 6d., by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3 Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, and sent free in any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 3s. 1d. or 3s stamps. Sold by all Chemists at home and abroad.

Fry's ^{PURE} CONCENTRATED Cocoa.

Ask Your
GROCER for
SAMPLE.

J. S. FRY & SONS, Bristol, London, and Sydney, N.S.W.



VAN HOUTEN'S ^{PURE} Soluble **COCOA** *EASILY DIGESTED—MADE INSTANTLY.*

BEST AND GOES FARTHEST.

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—'ADMIRABLE,' 'PERFECT,' and so **PURE**.
HEALTH.—Its **PURITY** is BEYOND QUESTION—ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.

C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, WEESP-HOLLAND.

Crosse & Blackwell's PREPARED SOUPS,

MOCK TURTLE, OX TAIL, HARE, GRAVY, &c.

ARE SOLD BY GROCERS IN PINT AND QUART TINS

Bearing *CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S* names in full on the labels.



No. LXXIV.] **Contents** [DECEMBER 1888

A Dangerous Catspaw. X.-XII.	113
By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY MURRAY.	
Fat and Fat-Cures	140
By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.	
Flier-Weather	158
By H. CHOLMONDELLY-PENNELE.	
'Jin'	160
By Mrs. MUSGRAVE.	
A Day's Stalking	173
By WILLIAM BLACK.	
Giving and Saving	186
By Mrs. HENRY REEVE.	
Karenga : an African Sketch	193
By Miss WERNER.	
Lord Westbury	207
By A. K. H. B.	
At the Sign of the Ship	218
By ANDREW LANG.	

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row
 and New York: 15 East 16th Street





NOW!

IS THE CONSTANT SYLLABLE
TICKING FROM THE CLOCK
OF TIME.

NOW! IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE WISE.
NOW! IS ON THE BANNER OF THE PRUDENT.
NOW! YOU CAN CHANGE THE TRICKLING
STREAM, BUT TO-MORROW YOU MAY
HAVE THE RAGING TORRENT TO CON-
TEND WITH.

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE
ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is an imperative
hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood
pure, prevents fevers and acute inflammatory diseases,
removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics,
such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means;
thus restores the nervous system to its normal condi-
tion, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood
and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability,
worry, &c.

**DON'T GO TO SEA WITHOUT A
BOTTLE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT
SALT.'**—From a Town in British Guiana, South
America.—J. C. Eno, Esq., London.—Sir,—After two
years' trial of your excellent "FRUIT SALT," I can
safely say that it has saved me much misery from
Colonial fevers, indigestion, and impaired appetite, to
which I have been subject during eleven years' resi-
dence in the tropics. It is invaluable to travellers as
a preventive of sea-sickness, and a relief from the other
ailments of life aboard ship; and for myself I would

as soon think of going a voyage without my tooth-brush as my bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." With ordinary
care it does not get hard and caked as other effervescent preparations do in warm and humid climates, and this
is greatly in its favour.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, W. J. B.

HEAD WINDS AND HEAVY SEA CROSSING 'THE BAY.'—I have recently
returned from a trip in a P. & O. Company's ship, and consider it a duty incumbent upon me to make
known to you that, during a nautical career extending over a period of 30 years, I have been invariably a sufferer
from sea-sickness, more or less, according to the weather; but on the last occasion, I am happy to say (although
we experienced strong head winds and heavy sea crossing "The Bay"), I entirely escaped; and this I attribute
to my having provided myself with ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," which I can most conscientiously recommend to
all who may be similarly afflicted, whose business or pleasure may cause them to "go down to the sea in ships."—
I am, Sir, yours faithfully, A. P. RUSSELL.

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA.—Important to all Travellers.—
"Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." I have tried ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" in
America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satis-
factory results. I can strongly recommend it to all Travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully,
AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL, June 26, 1878."

"I used my "FRUIT SALT" freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved
my life.—J. C. Eno."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S "FRUIT
SALT."' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

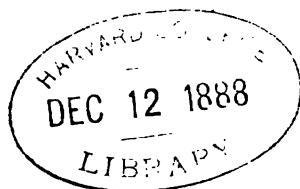
DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIOUS ATTACKS.—A Gentleman writes: "Dec. 27,
1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the "VEGETABLE MOTO," I unhesitatingly
recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so
gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-
for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."
—Yours gratefully, ONE WHO KNOWS."

West Indies.—To Mr. J. C. ENO, London.—"Please send me further supply of your "VEGETABLE
MOTO" to the value of the P.O. enclosed (eight shillings). The first small parcel came fully up to what is
written of them.—St. Kitts, West Indies, Oct. 11, 1887."

THE SAME CORRESPONDENT. In ordering a further supply of the "VEGETABLE MOTO," in July
1888, writes as follows: "I cannot help telling you that the "MOTO" is a valuable addition to your "FRUIT SALT,"
and ought to be as generally known as the latter."

ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.



LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1888.

A Dangerous Catpaw.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HENRY MURRAY.

X.

MR. PRICKETT had risen at an unusually early hour in order to visit Gale's witnesses at Limehouse, and having taken nothing but a cup of coffee before starting, found himself in admirable trim for breakfast. He had put something of a brotherly warmth into his farewell to his recent guest, and now sauntered homeward in the yet fresh air of the August morning with looks full of benevolent cheerfulness, as if his being able to set Gale at liberty had been a joy to him. Mr. Prickett had his residence for convenience' sake within a stone's throw of Scotland Yard, where he occupied apartments in an unobtrusive and even shady thoroughfare. His way thither led him past the District station, and as he sauntered by its portals, a man in seedy habiliments and a white hat emerged upon the street. This personage and Mr. Prickett exchanged a single glance in passing, and the detective's face clouded.

'Oh, Lord!' he groaned under his breath, 'them highlows!'

He went on his way with a certain air of petulance, and reaching home, attacked his breakfast spitefully, spearing his bacon as though it gave him personal offence, and knocking his egg upon the head as if he had long nursed a private grudge against it. He found no joy in the police reports that morning, and the advertisement columns appealed to him in vain.

Whilst he sat there dissatisfied, the maid of all work appeared and announced that a gentleman had called to see him.

‘Ask him his business,’ said Mr. Prickett with unusual asperity.

The girl retired, and after a pause of a minute or two reappeared with the statement that the gentleman had been sent from the Yard by Inspector Johnstone. On this the detective demanded that his visitor should be shown up. The man came in—a burly, country-looking fellow of about thirty, with an apple-cheeked face, a sheepish eye, a pendulous lower lip, and an upstanding peak of hay-coloured hair. His smile was friendly and embarrassed, and for a time his hat seemed a burden to him. He looked about the carpet for a spot to set it on, and having placed it carefully in the middle of a square in the pattern, seemed relieved at first, but in a while repented of his choice, and set it in the middle of another square.

Prickett had pushed his chair away from the table, and had arisen. He stood now before the mantel-piece, filling his pipe from a tobacco-jar, and regarded the new-comer with no favour.

‘Well,’ he said coldly, ‘what do you want?’

‘Ah’ve seen Mr. Johnstone,’ said the visitor in a soft north-country accent, which contrasted strongly with Prickett’s metallic town-bred tones, ‘and he sent me here.’

‘Did he?’ asked Prickett, as if he thought the worse of Johnstone. ‘And what may you want, now you are here?’

‘Ah’ve been in the fo’ce for the last five ’ear,’ replied his guest, with a disarming smile. ‘Ah’ve had a bit o’ luck in the way o’ business dahn at Manchester, and ah’ve got a week’s holiday. D’ye think, sir, as ah could do anything in London?’

‘Might take a ticket back again,’ Prickett responded drily.

‘Ah’ll wait a while,’ the visitor answered. ‘Ah got a bit o’ brass out o’ that Fielding case, and ah shall stop my week anny way.

‘What had you got to do with the Fielding case?’ demanded Prickett.

‘Nothing, but manage it,’ said the other. The town man stopped with a lighted lucifer half-way to the bowl of his pipe, and looked at him with a new interest.

‘What’s your name, young man?’

‘White’s ma name, Mr. Prickett. James White.’

Mr. Prickett set the match to his pipe, and drew breath thoughtfully, keeping his eyes fixed on his guest.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘maybe it is. You ought to know. But I shouldn’t have thought it.’

At this dubious compliment to his personal aspect James White

smiled with a look of pleased humour. The smile was as keen as his general expression was fatuous.

'I'm like the young woman in the song, Mr. Prickett,' he returned. The northern accent had almost disappeared, and his grey eyes twinkled. 'My face is my fortune, sir, she said.'

'Sit down, White,' said Prickett, growing suddenly cordial. 'I'm glad to see you. If my opinion's any good to you, there hasn't been a smarter thing done this three 'ear than that affair of Fielding's.'

'Thank you, Mr. Prickett. I'd sooner have you say that than anybody.'

'Well, *that's* very pretty hearing,' Prickett answered. 'If you've got a frugal mind, and don't want to waste your time up here, I can make it worth a ten pound note to you.'

'What's the office?' White inquired.

'You've seen the morning papers? Well, I'm on that Wootton Hill job. I've got a clue already. I've got the tool it was done with, and I know the man as made it. I laid him by the heels last night, but I proved his alibi for him, and I had to let him go. But the tool's his make, and he knows who he sold it to. Now if the swag was a common handful he mightn't do more than write and give his pal the tip, but it's thirty thousand pounds, and he'll want halves. I've had a chap put on to shadow him—a chap as I thought was smart—and I'll be hanged if I didn't meet him an hour and a half ago in Holborn paddling down the street in a pair of regulation trotter cases! Everything else as innocent as you please, and the boots to mark him! And he's after one of the oldest hands in London, and the leariest, bar none!'

'Well, that's a greenhorn's trick, *to* be sure,' said White.

'Green?' returned Prickett, disgustedly. 'Water-cresses ain't in it. Now maybe, White, you may think it's Irish promotion to be put on to sneaking after the Fielding record, but I tell you,' he leaned forward to make this more impressive, and tapped his companion's knee with the tip of the pipe he was smoking, 'the man that undertakes to shadow Reuben Gale, and does it—and does it, mind you—does as smart a piece of work as the smartest man might ask to be put on to. I'd take it on myself, but he knows me like his own born brother.'

'What I want is a London chance, Mr. Prickett,' said the visitor.

'Well, you've got it,' Prickett answered, 'but you've got to know your man. To look at him, and talk to him, you'd think him as mild and harmless as a baby. He's as deep as Garrick, and

as cruel as the devil. He don't know how to be afraid of anything or anybody. He's very near done murder once, and if he thought it needful he'd put a bullet in you as lieve as look at you.'

'I read the case you was in with him,' said White. 'That was pretty desperate. I suppose there was no doubt he done it?'

'Doubt?' cried Prickett, with a sudden wrathful flash. 'Never mind,' he added. 'There's a fresh hand dealt out, and we'll see who's got the cards. You can settle on to this job at once, White, if you care to take it. You know London? All right. Stroll down Holborn past Chancery Lane, till you come to the Stamford Castle, licensed house, left-hand side. Gale's place is opposite—sign over the window—tool-maker's shop. You'll find a chap there, reddish moustache, white hat, pretty battered. *You'll* know him by them thundering boots. "Bacon," says you, and if he answers "Beans," you ask him "French?" He says "Broad," and he knows he's off and you know you're on. Wait a bit. I've got three full-length portraits of Mr. Reuben—front, back, and profeel. You'll know *him* again, I reckon?'

'Know him? Know him anywheres. Where shall I find you if I pick up anything?'

'Wire to the Yard. And now you'd better get off, for there's no knowing how soon he'll start. The closer you can stick to him the better. I wouldn't have him draw a breath unwatched if I could help it, but don't you try to overdo it. He'll give you clean away, if you offer him a shadow of a chance.'

'I'll do my best, Mr. Prickett,' the recruit answered quietly, and with that he departed.

'That's better,' mused Prickett, when he was left alone again. 'It's a vallyble gift, such a mug as that chap's got. He's almost as big a sell as Reuben himself. Lord! how people do go round letting 'emselves be took in by faces, to be sure!'

He sat for a while thinking hard, with his forehead drawn into a tense knot between the eyebrows, and then rousing himself, went out to despatch a telegram to Wyncott Esden.

'Found clue. Following it. Let me know when girl Grainger can be spoken to.—PRICKETT, Scotland Yard.'

This done, he sought the divisional surgeon, who dispersed his doubts about agraphia and aphasia.

'If Dr. Elphinstone reads the case in that way, Prickett,' said the surgeon, 'you may be sure he's right. He was a famous nerve specialist when he retired from practice.'

For the time being there was nothing more to be done, but

Mr. Prickett was accustomed to the conduct of enterprises which demanded patience, and he was a master in the great art of waiting. This time his energies were not long unemployed, for before midday a man came up from the Yard bearing a telegram from Wootton Hill which asked his immediate presence there.

On his arrival he found the full family conclave assembled. Everybody except Wyncott appeared mightily serious, but the barrister wore a look of amusement.

'This,' he said to Prickett, handing him a broken envelope, 'arrived this morning. We want your opinion on it.'

Prickett took the envelope and inspected it gravely. Then he drew from it a soiled and crumpled sheet of paper and silently perused its contents.

'Respected Miss,' the letter ran. 'Greived I am to the coare to aknolige, that my onely son was in this days crime the stones is now in his, position thugh long a burdin to a fathers hart i had not lookt to find him gloting on illgott ganes. he say respected miss Thugh of good education he will nott yeild to A father's prairs & ristoar the objecks of his crim without soMe ricompence. he wil take a thousan and cryquits if agreeable respected miss in tomorrow standards Agny collumn say this is square to
A GREIVING FATHER.'

Prickett stood examining this singular document for some time after it was evident that he had read it through.

'Well, Prickett,' said Wyncott, smilingly. 'What do you think about it?'

'I think a good many things about it, sir,' he answered. 'It's *bonâ fide* up to a certain point. The parties it comes from have got the stones, because this was posted in London last night, before anybody but us here knew as the robbery had been committed. But outside that the letter's a flam.'

'What do you mean by that, Mr. Prickett?' Janet asked him.

'Why, miss,' he answered, 'if you'll take a careful look at it you'll find the paper's been soiled and crumpled after it was wrote upon. You can't write on paper that's crumpled as much as that without the pen being a bit guided by the creases. These stains ain't natural dirt. They're coffee, they are, and they're put on afterwards. You can see where they've run the ink a little.'

'But what does all that lead to in your mind?' she asked.

'It leads,' he answered, 'to this, miss. The party that wrote

this is trying to look ignorant and poor. It's a false hand to a certainty. A party as was really poor wouldn't want to take pains to show it. "Education," "without," "father," and "respected" is all spelt properly. A man wouldn't be likely to spell "recompense" like this person does and then know how to spell 'education.' He's watered his ink, you notice. I should say that letter was wrote by a man better up in the world than he pretends, that the bad spelling was done a-purpose, and that it was wrote in these printing letters with the left hand.'

'That's very shrewd criticism, Prickett,' said Wyncott, 'and I'm very much of your opinion. But it's apart from the main question. These people—providing that either grieving father or errant son is not a fiction—have certainly got the jewels. Now Miss Pharr is quite willing to pay the sum mentioned here to get them back again.'

'Well,' returned Prickett, speaking with an air of weight and solemnity, 'if Miss Pharr will listen to my opinion she won't do anything of the sort at present.'

'My dear Prickett,' said Wyncott, his sense of social superiority seeming to assert itself for the first time, 'you must not think too much of your own side in this matter. I advised last night'—he turned to Miss Pharr and addressed himself to her—'that a reward should be offered, and in Mr. Prickett's presence I proposed that it should be large enough to induce the thief to return the property. Now it would be obviously to Mr. Prickett's advantage to keep the inquiry open, but I must ask him to remember that it is obviously to yours to close it.'

'Excuse me, Mr. Esden,' said Prickett, 'but I don't see that. Why do these parties write to Miss Pharr? Because your guess last night was right. It's been done for the reward. These people's pressed for money. The way the job was done showed they was new to the game. Anything more clumsy and unworkmanlike I never saw. This letter shows that they don't know what to do with the jewels now they've got 'em. A hand as knew his way about could make five thousand certain. Give 'em rope and they'll hang themselves. They'll be trying to get 'em on the market, and we shall have 'em.'

'But, Mr. Prickett,' cried Janet, appealingly, 'I don't *want* a prosecution if I can avoid it. You must not mind my telling you how I feel. It was all through my wicked vanity and folly that these poor people were tempted. If I can only get the jewels back at the cost of a thousand pounds I shall be too glad.'

And perhaps if the poor wretches had a sum like that it would place them beyond temptation.'

Mr. Prickett's smile at this was compounded of respectful admiration, pity, and superior knowledge.

'You don't mean to say, miss, that you're took in by this here grieving father business? That's chaff, that is, miss; mere impudence, and pretty cheeky, too.'

'Oh!' said Janet, 'I should be sorry to think so.'

'Excuse me, miss,' returned Mr. Prickett, with an air almost fatherly, 'but I should be very sorry not to think so. I should pretty soon have to look out for another profession if I did.'

'The Scotland Yard theory o' human nature in a case like this,' said Elphinstone, 'is likely to be as just as your own, Janet, if it isn't quite as gen'rous.'

'Well, now, ladies and gentlemen,' said Prickett, in his most businesslike voice and manner, 'I wired this morning that I'd got a clue. As a matter of fact, it's a clue as it would be a crime to waste. I didn't mean to show it yet, because I wanted to make it as complete as I could.' He unbuttoned his frock coat slowly as he spoke. 'But still it's good enough to go on. There it is. That's the tool the job was done with.'

He moved towards the table and made as if he would lay the tool upon it, but Wyncott, advancing, took it from his hand. The eyes of the two men met, strangely; Esden's dilated, Prickett's half closed with a swift yet unperturbed inquiry. Then the barrister took the leather-clad bit of steel in a hand so eager that it shook like a vibrating spring.

'What's that mean?' said Prickett's eyes, but he talked on without interruption. 'I know the man that made it, and he knows the party he parted with it to.' Wyncott walked towards the window with the tool in his hand, examining it by the way. Standing at the window he cleared his throat with a dry cough. 'When I tell Mr. Wyncott Esden that Reuben Gale's the man as made it he'll know the kind of party that we've got to deal with. He's a man as would sell his mother for a sovereign if he couldn't get a guinea for her, but he'd hold out for the guinea. He won't say anything yet because he's waiting for a reward to be offered, but he promised me this morning he'd think about it. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you oblige me to open up my mind. If Reuben Gale once gets into the swim with the thieves he'll know what to do with the property. He'll cry halves, get the stones cut, and get 'em on the market with next to no trouble. If you

commission me to buy him before he can get at the others you may see your own again, but if you give him time to move it's all over.'

'How do you know,' Wyncott demanded, returning from his place by the window, 'that this is the tool?'

'It answers to the marks, sir,' returned Prickett.

'Have you tried it?' Wyncott asked.

'No, sir. I had no need to. We'll try it if you like.'

The two left the room and went upstairs together. During their absence Elphinstone addressed himself to Janet.

'Were I in your place, my dear,' he said, 'I'd just leave myself in the hands o' the constituted authority. I've formed a high opinion of this detective fellow. He knows his business.'

'I suppose,' Janet answered, with a rueful little laugh, 'that we must cease to believe in the grieving father.'

'I think,' said Elphinstone, 'you'd better leave Mr. Prickett to dry *his* tears. He'll certainly wipe his eye if he get the chance.' This tiny jest was a little out of the doctor's ordinary way. He seemed to feel a lively joy in it—perhaps because of its very rarity—and rubbed his hands and twinkled with an unusual complacency.

'Prickett's right,' called Wyncott from the hall before he reached the doorway. 'This is undoubtedly the tool with which the burglary was committed.' He entered talking, and his manner was brisk and even a little excited. 'The man who made this tool,' he said, 'is a client of mine, and only the other day I got him out of a very serious position. He was very grateful. I positively had the pleasure of dining with him after his acquittal.'

'Wyncott!' in a tone of extreme astonishment from the old lady.

'Indeed I had! He came and sat down at the same table with me at the Cock tavern. He wanted to give me fifty pounds for my successful defence of him. I think I may have some influence with him, and I am going to propose that Prickett and I should see him together, and see what we can get out of him.'

'There's something in that,' said Prickett, with his head poised thoughtfully on one side. 'There may be somebody behind Reuben Gale to talk to, and if there should be, the parties won't come anigh me. It'd be just as natural to expect the crows to come and talk with the boy as carries the gun.'

'If Miss Pharr,' said Esden, brightly and eagerly, 'would entrust Mr. Prickett and myself to negotiate with this man Gale,

we might, perhaps, save the jewels altogether. It would be the depth of weakness to pay the money to the actual criminals.'

'You have *carte blanche*, Mr. Esden,' cried Janet. 'But pray do all you can to avoid a prosecution.'

'You hear that, Prickett?' said Wyncott. 'We'll get up by the next train together and see what we can do.'

It turned out that there was no train for an hour, and in the interval Wyncott seemed consumed by an eager restlessness. He insisted on carrying Prickett off with him, that he might learn the precise spot at which the tool was found. Returning, with still nearly an hour to spare, he ran upstairs to pack his bag, and came down with it in a great hurry as if he had not a moment to waste.

'Ye're going to this business like a sleuthhound, Wyncott,' said the doctor. 'I saw ye last night, my man.'

'Saw me?' asked Wyncott, turning swiftly on him. 'Saw me where?'

'Upon ma word, Janet,' said Elphinstone, humorously, 'he's ashamed of his professional instincts. I watched 'm in the moonlight for an hour last night, racing to and fro for all the world like a dog hunting a lost scent.'

'I beg pardon, sir,' said Prickett, 'but how about that young woman?'

'Nothing to be done with her as yet,' returned the doctor. 'That's an odd affair altogether. She'll do no earthly thing but weep, and we can't get her to take her meals.'

'She thinks herself suspected,' said the heiress, 'and she is wild at not being able to explain herself.'

'I dare say that's how it is, Miss,' responded Prickett, with an unfathomable face.

XI.

As Wyncott Esden and Mr. Prickett drove out of Chancery Lane into Holborn, the detective suddenly thrust a hand through the trap-door overhead and arrested the hansom.

'We've passed our man,' he said, as he alighted and tendered a shilling to the driver. 'He's been out of town—got country dust on his boots.'

In effect, Mr. Gale was walking towards them, at a distance of not more than a score yards. His head was sunk in thought, and he carried his thumb at his lips. As he came near they saw that his teeth were working at the nail, and he was evidently in a

brown study. Prickett drew back to let him pass, and Gale went by unobserving.

'Reuben,' said the detective quietly. He paused and turned at this, with his mild brown eyes full on Prickett's face. A second later he caught sight of Wyncott and gave a start, but recovering himself in a second touched his hat. 'I want another word or two with you,' said Prickett. 'Where shall we have it?'

'I'm close at home, sir, as you know,' Gale answered civilly, 'and at your service.'

The three filed into the dingy shop, Esden leading, and Gale stepping politely on one side until his visitors had entered. A boy stood behind the counter, and the honest tradesman casting a glance at him remarked that they could be private in his back room if they would have the goodness to go on. He threw open a door and again stood by to allow his guests to pass.

'While these gentlemen is here,' he said to the boy, 'I'm not to be disturbed on no account.'

'Very well, sir,' said the boy, with an awestruck eye on Prickett, whose earlier acquaintance with his employer had made him memorable.

'Now, Gale,' began Esden when the door was closed, 'I dare say you can give a guess as to what brings us here.'

'Well, p'raps I might be able to give a guess, sir,' Gale responded, with a waiting look.

'Prickett has told me everything that passed last night and this morning,' said Wyncott. He was very persuasively business-like in tone and manner. 'You've had time to think it over. Now, was that tool of your making?'

'Mr. Esden,' said Gale, with his quiet ox-like eye upturned towards him; 'I look to be dealt fair with, and so far as I can go you can reckon as I'm with you.'

'Come,' said Wyncott, turning with a quick sigh on Prickett, 'that will do! Well, Gale?'

'The tool's my make, sir, right enough. It's like this, Mr. Prickett. I've made three tools on that pattern and disposed of all of 'em. I've been to the parties as had the two first, and they've still got 'em. I haven't had a chance for a talk with the third party, but I've dropped him a 'int, and I think I may be able to get a word with him to-night.'

'Well, Gale,' returned Esden, 'I suppose it's of no use trying to spur you beyond the pace you are resolved to go at.'

'I can't go no faster, sir,' Gale answered, 'but I think I shall get there.'

'Mind you, Reuben,' interposed Mr. Prickett, 'this ain't a Dutch auction.'

'Dutch auction, Mr. Prickett?' Gale asked, with an almost superfluous air of innocence.

'You don't want two strings to your bow,' said Prickett, interpreting one parable by another.

'I shall make it my business, Gale,' said Wyncott, 'to see that you are dealt with generously in this matter if you are loyal. You owe me something. I think I have a little claim on you already.'

'Mr. Esden,' Gale responded, 'deal square with me, sir, and I'm firm. But I must make a bargain with you gentlemen. I mustn't be shadowed, Mr. Prickett. I'm game to lend an' 'elping' and in this affair, because Mr. Wyncott Esden's in it, but I ain't going to plant Scotland Yard on a man as may have something else agen him, and yet be innocent of this.'

'Well, Prickett,' said Esden, 'can you see your way to that?'

'I'd give something to be inside your head for half a minute, Reuben,' said Prickett, shaking his own head doubtfully.

'Well, gentlemen,' Gale answered, with his amiable wheeze, 'if I got that promise I should know as I could trust it. Without it I shan't move a foot.'

'Very well, then,' said Prickett, resigning himself to the inevitable with a grave alacrity, 'you must have it.'

'Have I got it?' inquired Gale.

'You've got it till twelve o'clock, midday, to-morrow,' Prickett responded. 'After that——' He rose, nodded, and put his hat on.

'Nothing more to be said at present, then?' asked Wyncott, rising. 'It will be safer for you, Gale, to bring what information you may get to me rather than to Prickett. You won't want to be seen in communication with the police. I shall be in my chambers from ten to twelve to-night.'

Prickett acquiescing in this arrangement, the barrister and he went away together. Gale, left alone, sat with a look of deep wonderment, and nodded to himself repeatedly.

'This,' he said at last, with a long slow breath, 'beats all.'

His thoughts so worked upon him that he arose involuntarily and without knowledge, and went pacing to and fro within the limited confines of his room, with his hands tucked under the skirts of his respectable frock coat, and his face knit in a profound perplexity. Suddenly a swift step sounded in the shop, the

door opened, and Wyncott Esden stood before him with a face like chalk. Gale looking silently at him dropped into a chair, waved Esden to another, and went as impassive as Death, straightway. Esden closed the door and stood with one hand on the chair Gale had indicated. There was silence for a full minute.

'Well!' said Esden, harshly. He spoke as if there were ashes in his throat.

'Well, sir?' said Gale.

'Damn it, man, speak out!' said Esden, passionately. 'What do you know?'

'Well, sir,' Gale answered, not losing his smooth humility for a moment, 'I think I know enough. I've covered a good deal of ground to-day, Mr. Esden.' His mild brown eyes looked deference and his voice was huskily confidential and plaintive. 'I'll tell you what I've done, sir. First of all I went to your chambers and found as you was out. Then I went down to Wootton 'Ill, sir, and had five minutes' conversation along with the station master. I found out as you come up to town yesterday by the one thirty-five, and went down again by the train as got there at eight three. Then I walked on to Hemsleigh, and learned as a gentleman paid excess fare from Wootton 'Ill by the four twenty-seven. He carried a black bag, and he started off across the fields towards Wootton. Then I walked back as far as Sandy Park, which is the next station to Wootton on the London side, and I found as the same gentleman had took the up-train at five thirty—the trains fitting in beautiful. Per'aps you may recall, sir, as the three station dodge was a point against me on my trial. You smoothed it over very pretty, that time.'

'Well,' said Esden, his colour coming and going, and his voice sounding strange in his own ears. 'What does all this come to?'

'Why, I think, Mr. Esden, sir, it comes to halves,' Gale answered. 'You see, sir, the jewels is said to be worth from thirty to forty thousand pounds. Of course it ain't to be supposed, sir, as they're worth that to us. We might realise anything on 'em, from four to six.'

'Perhaps we might,' said Esden. 'We shall not, as it happens.'

'No, sir?' asked Gale, in a respectful wonder. 'Why not, sir?'

'Unlimited loo makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, Mr. Gale,' said Esden. 'If anybody had told me thirty hours ago that I should wish to justify to you any business intention I might form, I should have been amused at the prophecy.'

'I follow that, sir,' said Gale, in his respectful way.

'Since we are made partakers in the same iniquity,' Esden continued, with a badinage so bitter that it made him loathsome to himself, 'I may as well open my mind to you. I will offer you that full and perfect candour which if our positions were again reversed you would deny to me. I did this job—I believe that is the professional phrase, but you will forgive an amateur for any possible partial lapse into respectable English—I did this job for a special reason of my own. I happened to be particularly hard up for money, and I did it for the reward. If you suppose that your knowledge will drive me one inch beyond my original purpose, you are very much mistaken. At the worst I can send the jewels back again, and make a run for it. My friends will make no scandal, and I shall not be followed.'

'Well, you know, sir,' said Gale, with a gently argumentative reluctance, 'it's simply chucking money away. I know my way about, sir, and I could get them jewels cut and get 'em on the market as safe and easy as kiss my hand.'

'Your experience and ingenuity will not be called into play this time, Mr. Gale,' responded Esden. The bestial flavours of detection so stirred his gorge, that he was sick at the very soul with pangs which felt almost mortal. He needed his verbose and elaborated sneers for medicine. They yielded another sort of shame and pain, and so half solaced the first.

'Very good, sir,' Gale answered. 'I should like to know if any steps has yet been took, sir. Will you take a seat, Mr. Esden? Mr. Priekett was talking about the reward being made pretty large. He mentioned it this morning, sir.'

'This epistle,' said Esden, producing the 'grieving father's' letter and throwing it on the table, 'reached the owner of the gems this morning.'

Gale stretched out a knotted hand and took up the letter clumsily. He read it through with painstaking and looked up with a grin. Esden had never seen him smile before, and the honest tradesman's mirth brought him a new repulsion. Gale had lost some half-dozen of his front teeth, and his half-obliterated eyes, and creased cheeks, and gap-toothed grin, made him quite ghastly. He looked like some horrible old gargoyle, and Esden, staring at him, got his first intuition of the personality which lay below that humble and smooth exterior.

'That's clever, Mr. Esden,' said Gale, 'that's very clever, sir, and I don't know as we could find a better line to go on. Won't you sit down, sir? I shall make a point of coming to see you to-

night, sir, notwithstanding this little talk. It'll be safest, don't you see, sir, in case anything might turn up afterwards to show that I hadn't been anigh you. In the meantime I shall make a call at a likely house I know, as if I was making inquiries.'

'Do you think,' asked Esden, looking nervously over his shoulder, 'that you're being watched? Do you think Prickett will break his promise?'

'Oh, dear, no, sir,' Gale answered. 'Mr. Prickett's square, sir. He's passed his word, and he'll keep it. Every officer of his experience, sir, has had to make this kind of compromise. But I shall make the two calls all the same, Mr. Esden, and I shall take care to be able to prove hereafter as I made 'em. No unnecessary risk has allays been my motto, sir.'

'Do you know, Mr. Gale,' said Esden, 'that your chance collaboration in this affair will make it very difficult for me to be honest?'

'Will it, sir?' Gale asked, with no betrayal of surprise or humour. 'As how, sir?'

'I shall have to work pretty hard to scrape together your five hundred,' answered Esden. 'You will understand, if you please, that I am not a thief. I am merely a borrower—upon lines which I admit to be eccentric. Every shilling of this money will be repaid.'

'Well, sir,' said Gale, with an air of reflection and allowance, 'I can understand as a gentleman may feel that way. I'll make that little call, sir, for the look of the thing, and I'll be with you to-night at ten. I've had a fatiguing day, sir, and I'd rather get it over early. Then you can go on, sir, and take my information to Mr. Prickett. "Gale," you says, "has screwed it all out of the man he sold the tool to. That man," you says, "is the same as the grieving father. Gale," you says, "undertakes to have back the jewels in four-and-twenty hours from now if the advertisement goes into to-morrow morning's paper. As for Gale," you says, "he can be trusted to make his own terms with the grieving father." Beyond that,' he added, rising from his seat, 'I don't fancy there's anything to be said at present, Mr. Esden. The wool seems drawn pretty well down over Joseph Prickett's eyes this time, and I don't say but what the money's pretty easy earned.'

And with that these oddly-assorted confederates separated for the time.

Meanwhile Mr. Prickett, having parted from his amateur associate, strolled to the District station and there gave instructions for the relief of Gale's watcher. He left word that no new watch

should be established until further orders, and that White should follow him at once to his apartments. Then he walked homewards, musing with some sense of disappointment on the turn affairs had taken.

'That thousand pounds,' he thought, 'would have looked as pretty in my pocket as it will in anybody else's.'

The money question apart, he was grieved to be taken off the chase. The man-hunting instinct had grown to be very much a passion with him.

'I could have had that grieving father,' so he pondered, 'and consoled him, if ten years' honest labour could ha' done it. Reuben was certain to go palavering with him. I should have had Reuben, too. It's decidedly a pity. It's a nice job spoiled.'

Carrying the weight of his disappointment with him, he walked home so slowly that White entered almost on his heels. The recruit did not seem to think it needful to continue his countrified pretence.

'Well?' said Prickett, by way of sole inquiry.

'Mr. Gale,' returned White, with his deliberate north-country tones a little quickened, 'has been showing me a very pretty run o' country. P'raps I'd better give you the day as it passed, Mr. Prickett.'

Prickett nodding in answer, White produced a small pocket-book, and turned its pages over with a moistened thumb until he found the place he wanted. His chief leaned against the mantel-piece with his hands in his pockets, and listened with a dry, uninterested air.

'I went on at seven to eleven,' said White, consulting his notes from time to time. 'Three minutes after, Gale comes out and makes for the Temple, number nine, Elm Court. He mounts to the top o' the staircase, and raps two or three times. Then he comes down and asks an old woman with a mop and a pail o' water if Mr. Wyncott Esden's in town. There was the name of Wyncott Esden on the door-post.'

'Go on,' said Prickett. He drew a pen-knife from his waistcoat, and began to trim his nails with it, with a variety of head turnings and minute inspections.

'Next,' pursued the northerner, purring equably along, 'he goes to Charing Cross station and takes train for Wootton Hill.'

When Mr. Prickett was interested that look he wore of being unsurprisable always deepened. It deepened now, and he looked up at his companion with a face set like a mask.

'At Wootton Hill,' White went on, 'Gale had five minutes' talk with station master, and then struck out across the fields. It occurred to me that it might be worth while to know what he knew, so I took a turn at station master myself. He was a bit rusty at first, and I had to tell him it was Queen's business. That oiled him, and he told me Gale had been making inquiries about Mr. Wyncott Esden.'

'Oh!' said Prickett. 'What did he want to know about Mr. Wyncott Esden?'

'He wanted to know what train he went up by, and what train down by, yesterday. Station master told him one twenty-five and eight three. Then Gale asked for the next station down the line. He was told it was called Hemsleigh, and had the way pointed out. I nips after him—very pretty walk, shaded mostly—and Gale gets into confab with station master at Hemsleigh.'

'What about this time?' asked Prickett, making a pretence of yawning behind his hand.

'Gale had been asking after a gentleman, clean shaved, eye-glass, very swell and handsome. Prob'ly wore a white hat, white wescut, and primrose gloves, he said. Station master told him there had been such a gentleman yesterday, by the four twenty-seven. Carried a black bag, and paid excess fare first-class from Wootton Hill. Gave up Wootton Hill ticket. Seemed to have overshot the mark, and started back on it.'

'Do you know what?' said Prickett, turning to the mantelpiece to fill his pipe, and casting a backward glance on White meanwhile, 'you're a starting me on the queerest—— Never mind. I'll tell you after. Go on.'

'Gale found out as the same gentleman was back at Hemsleigh last night, asking if any suspicious character was seen about with a parcel that afternoon.'

'James White,' said Prickett, turning round and stuffing the tobacco into the pipe bowl with a slow and somewhat exaggerated energy, 'you're a man as has seen something. So am I. But all we've seen between us, if it was rolled into a heap, wouldn't make a molehill by the side of this. Jim along. What's the next move?'

'Gale asked for the next station on the London route, beyond Wootton Hill. Sandy Park. Got sent across the fields. Short cut. About three mile. Same story over again. Same gentleman took the five thirty up train. That seemed to finish Gale's inquiries. He took the next train for London, and I come with him in another coach.'

'That's all right,' said Prickett. 'You shadowed him home again, of course?'

'Yes.'

'You saw me with him after? Anybody call on him between whiles?'

'No. You caught him on the way, seemingly. He dropped in at a pub in Chancery Lane, and took a glass of beer very slow and thoughtful. Took nearly an hour over it.'

'Anybody call on him after I came away?'

'The gentleman you went in with came back again.'

'No?' cried Prickett, in a tone of intensest humorous relish. 'You don't mean to say as he went back again?'

'Went back, looking pretty queer and shaky,' White responded. 'Stopped about ten minutes, maybe, and then come out again looking as if he'd had the 'orrors.'

'Do you think Gale spotted you at all?' Prickett asked.

'Never set eyes on me but once, so far as I believe. Platform at Sandy Park.'

'Well,' said Prickett, with an unusually smiling and amiable air, 'I promised Gale I wouldn't have him shadowed. I think I will though, now I come to think about it. And I fancy as I shall reconcile my conscience pretty easy too.'

'You want me to go on again?' White asked.

'Yes,' his superior answered, 'you'd best get back again.'

When White had disappeared Prickett fell to marching up and down the room, and paused now and again to rub his hands with thoughtful satisfaction.

'I couldn't understand Reuben's face one bit,' he murmured. 'I can make it out better now. He was just full to the bung with admiration of that young amateur's frozen cheek in running along with me. Why, it's a real pleasure to have a pair like that to deal with. Lord love you, Mr. Wyncott Esden, we *shall* have them chesnuts out o' the fire, but we shall have to wait to see whose paws gets burned. It's a bit of a pity, too, to see a smart young chap like that fooling his chances away. Of course he does it very clever, but what's the use of playing good whist when all the cards is against you?'

XII.

When Wyncott Esden left Gale's shop he walked on blindly for a little while, neither knowing nor caring in what direction he bent his steps. His whole system of things had gone suddenly to

pieces, and the crash with which it had come about his ears bewildered him. It is necessary to have some sort of scheme to live in. A world of no principle, if it lasted but an hour, would bring madness to its occupant. Indeed, the total absence of a scheme could hardly mean less than death, for a madman's mental plan is only distorted.

As a matter of fact, Esden was one of those people to whom their own good opinion is second as an actual necessity of comfort to the applause of others. He had given himself ample occasion to think otherwise, and yet at bottom he had always been somehow convinced that he was a man of delicate honour. If he had been wealthy he would have gone to the grave in that belief. And even though his sense of honour had never been so inelastic as he thought it, he had certainly never stretched it dangerously to his own opinion until yesterday.

He had not been altogether comfortable about J. P.'s affair. He had employed his most charming and friendly eloquence to entrap that feeble creature, but his glib arguments had appeared less convincing to himself than they had appeared to his confiding victim. Even in the moment of his triumph he had not found it in his heart to be proud of his victory. He had felt it to be a little unworthy of him, too easy a game, as if a grown man should have set his wits to the conquest of a child.

Now, beginning bit by bit to reconstruct his shattered habitat, he thought it quite bitter to remember that what was best and kindest in him had lured him to this intolerable abyss of self-contempt. But for his pity for that weak-backed scapegoat he could never have taken the plunge. He had meant, of course, to take it with little harm to himself. Standing on the solid rock of honour he saw the waters of shame before him, and beyond them another shelf of solid honour, a little lower down, perhaps, but lofty enough to afford dryshod going, and useful for all practical purposes. He was but to have taken a dip and out again. He had certainly not counted on being forcibly made free of the Dismal Swamp by any monster native to it.

There are few things more curious in this strange world than the complete blindness which afflicts the shrewdest men when they survey the manifestations of their own character. If Esden's temptation had crossed him under circumstances which would have prevented it from becoming more than a remote speculation, he would have been honestly indignant at the notion that it could ever have developed into a temptation at all. But when he had entrapped J. P. into signing that bill he had known himself guilty of a meanness. The proceeds of that bill had gone to pay liabili-

ties meanly accumulated, for it is not the act of a man of honour to incur gambling debts beyond his power to meet. These infractions of his ideal had each cost him a twinge of conscience, but they had not seriously shaken his belief in himself as a man of honour. That facile mind of his, and his quick adaptiveness, had reconciled him to himself in almost no time, and even when he had descended to the depth of appropriating Miss Pharr's property, the act was hardly an hour old before he had begun to justify himself.

Five minutes before its accomplishment the deed was not so much as dreamt of. He had missed Wootton Hill by pure accident, absorbed in painful thought. The Boomer would have been a safe draw if he could have found him, but malicious fate had ordered otherwise, and he saw nothing before him but ruin and exposure. J. P. would talk, the affair would come to the ears of Mrs. Wyncott, Miss Pharr would learn of it, the golden visions of the last few days would crumble. He had taken his way across the fields from Hemsleigh in a state of almost absolute despair.

Whatever Wyncott Esden wanted he wanted very much indeed, and he always wanted it at once. He had been used to consider this characteristic in himself as a sign of mental concentration, an evidence of force. It lent a certain wild impatience to his wishes, and really did justify his opinion of it at times because it spurred him on to their accomplishment. It brought an added misery to him now, and he dashed himself against the bars which he had himself so painstakingly forged and fixed.

When he reached the house, he had seen its inhabitants gathered upon the lawn, and the memory of that accursed tool of Gale's, and the fact that the jewels lay so easily within his reach, had come upon him with a rush which was at once horrible and irresistible. There was something altogether diabolical, he thought afterwards, in the manner in which the temptation was thrown into his way, and in which all obstacles to the crime seemed removed. He would not rob Miss Pharr. Honestly, from the very bottom of his soul, he recoiled from the mere thought of it. How could a man of his birth and breeding endure to be a thief? But with the jewels in his hands he could extract a loan, which should take the shape of a reward. He would repay it scrupulously, every farthing. The case was desperate—the time was brief. Almost before he knew it, he was slinking guiltily under the shelter of the hedges with the stolen jewels in his dressing-bag. No, no. Not stolen. Borrowed!

He got back to his chambers in London in a mad whirl of

shame and guilt, and triumph and fear. The reflection of his own face in the glass there horrified him, and he had to spend an hour in an effort so intent that at times it grew hysterical, to control his shaken nerves. After all, he found his natural mental processes his own best medicine. There had been no theft, but merely an abstraction. The jewels would go back again when the reward was paid. His very dexterity in rescuing them would count with the heiress as a point in his favour. Then, whatever sum might be saved after the payment of his most pressing obligations, should be rigorously hoarded. He was rising fast, and after his successes of last term would be able to command in reasonable measure the prices of the brain-market. He resolved to live like an anchorite, and to work as he had never worked before.

Anyway, the thing was done, and of all follies in the world that of crying over spilt milk is the least profitable. He wrestled with his self-contempt as he had done aforetime, and almost persuaded himself that he was blameless. He was even conscious of a vague but irritating impatience with some half-apprehended outside personage who was too stupid to agree with him. Once more to change the simile, he had embarked upon a comfortless voyage, but the sea looked likely to be smooth enough, and anyhow—*vogue la galère!*

The discovery that he had lost one-half the tool shook him a good deal, but he remembered the course he had taken across country to Sandy Park, and determined to hunt for it. Even if he did not find it there was nothing in it to connect him with the crime. Whatever other defects marred his character, he told himself that he suffered from no want of courage. It would be quite time to be afraid of danger when it loomed in sight. When he wrote the grieving parent's letter, and smeared and crumpled the paper afterwards, he was sensible of a certain grim humour in the situation, and he accepted this as a sense of self-possession and sang-froid. He resolved to get himself entrusted with the negotiation, and the thought that he would not find the other party difficult to deal with, actually made him smile. There was a flavour of bitterness in it all, but the thing, being begun, had to be gone through with, and in a few months he would buy back his own good opinion by repaying the money. The loan was informally negotiated, to be sure, but as for calling it a theft, or being too hard upon himself in his own judgment, that was mere weakness.

Upon these lines he had compounded with his own nature easily enough, but his enforced partnership with Gale was horrible.

Gale was a low scoundrel, an habitual criminal, and but that Wyncott had seasoned his loathing of him by a humorous contempt, he would have found his first private interview with the rascal scarcely tolerable. And now that his partnership with Gale made his own plan doubly difficult, there were moments when it seemed less impossible to return the jewels and plead for terms with the people whose confidence he had outraged than to consummate this hideous marriage of interest. Gale's partnership made the whole thing look like a maniac's nightmare.

But as he walked his numbed mind began to move again. The ignoble comedy of which he was to have been the sole actor and the only audience had to be played out to the end, with all possible changes of part and cast. But, he began to ask himself, after all, did Gale's knowledge greatly matter? The reward would certainly have to be shared with him, and it would need a proportionately longer time to repay Miss Pharr. He was in the fellow's hands to that extent, but when Gale had once got his share of the reward their connection would be ended, and the mere opinion of such a brute could matter little. This affair once concluded, they would never meet again. He would suffer no intimacy, and endure no further extortion. It was likely enough that Gale might threaten, but he could only hurt Esden by incriminating himself. Things were not so very bad after all.

By the time he had arrived at this characteristic summary of the situation he found himself at the Marble Arch. He called a cab, was driven to his club, and dined there. He was a great favourite there, as elsewhere, and half the clubmen who still remained in town felicitated him on his conduct of his last case. It had been a good deal of a *cause célèbre*, and one or two of the daily papers had given Esden high credit for his share in it. He had been hailed as a rising luminary, and it had been prophesied of him that he would shine afar. What with the society of his intimates, a bottle of sound claret, and his own practised power of ejecting disagreeable thoughts, he grew quite jolly and voluble, and at last drove off in a feverish heat of factitious high spirits to keep his appointment with Gale. This brief respite brought its inevitable reaction, and he felt wretched enough as he mounted his staircase in Elm Court, and lit the gas in his sitting-room.

He closed the inner door, and then, stepping with exaggerated caution, went into his bedroom and drew down the blinds. Returning, he lit a candle, and shading the light with his hand stole back to the bedroom, glancing involuntarily from left to right as

if in dread of some hidden presence. Then, setting the candle on a chest of drawers, he unlocked the great travelling-trunk in which he had deposited the jewels. His heart knocked at his ribs, and his hands shook as they groped their way past many neatly-folded articles of clothing until they reached the bottom of the trunk. Then he gave a sudden gasping cry, and fell to emptying the chest so wildly that he covered half the floor of the room with its scattered contents. The plain morocco case was gone !

How long he knelt there he could not have told. He seemed blind and dumb and altogether empty, and when he first came back to himself he was sweating and trembling from head to foot, and ragged patches of variously coloured light were floating before his eyes. Slowly as these fiery patches faded one fixed object impressed itself upon his senses. It fascinated him even before he recognised its nature. He took it with a shaking hand. An envelope. There were marks upon it. He read them slowly, and their meaning penetrated slowly to his mind. 'W. Esden, Esquire.' He stared at the words, kneeling still, until quite automatically he broke the seal, and unfolded a piece of paper.

'Respected sir,' he read there. 'The stones are quite safe in my hands. I have a plan to make everything square, and I am not going to have a chance like this wasted.—Your obdt. servant, R. GALE.'

He did not altogether understand, but he knew vaguely that he was horribly entrapped. His first awaking seemed singular, even to himself. Holding the note in one hand he took the candlestick in the other, and waded across the garments he had scattered about the room into the adjoining chamber. There, by the aid of the gaslight, he re-read Gale's brief note, with a futile and dreamlike feeling that the clearer light would help him to understand it better.

The first thought that came definitely to his mind was that he had become unescapably a felon. He realised that so clearly that he would have had a poignant pity for any other man so situated. Then on a sudden his mind cleared, and he knew that the wretch he would have pitied was himself. At this he groaned, in a mingled rage and shame, and at that very instant a knock sounded without. He moved swiftly in answer, and threw the door open with so much violence that it half recoiled. Gale wormed himself into the little passage, and backed against the door until the snap of the hasp told him it was secured. Esden stood threateningly over his visitor, the pallor of his face and the

savage gleam of his eyes noticeable even in the semi-darkness of the hall.

'I see you got my note, sir,' said Gale, with his husky, apologetic wheeze. His left hand went with a deliberate business-like gesture to an inner pocket of his respectable frock coat. For anything his face, voice, or manner indicated he might have been seeking for a pocket-book or a handkerchief, but the deliberate left hand brought out a revolver, and transferred it to the deliberate right. 'I hope, Mr. Esden,' said Gale, 'that there isn't going to be no sort of trouble betwixt you and me, sir.'

He kept his harmless brown eyes on Esden's face, and edged apologetically round him.

'The stones is perfectly safe, sir,' he said, as he backed into the room, 'and honour between thieves has always been my motto, Mr. Esden. You can trust 'em with me as safe as you could the Bank of England.'

If there was any one manner possible which could have seemed more horrible than another to Esden's mind, Gale might have chosen his own of malice aforethought.

The visitor spoke from within the sitting-room, and Esden, with his hands twining in his hair, leaned his forehead against the side of the hall. Then, as if some will independent of his own inspired him, the barrister plucked his wits together and marched into the room.

'My good sir,' he said quietly, though a sick cold tremor at his midriff had an effect upon his voice, and made it shaky and spasmodic, 'my good sir, you have counted without your host.'

'Perhaps, sir,' Gale answered mildly. 'I don't see it as yet, Mr. Esden, if you'll excuse me saying so.'

'Then,' said Esden, with a throbbing voice, 'you *shall* see it! What I did, I did for a purpose, and nothing that you can do—you had best understand me clearly—nothing that you can do shall hurry me beyond it.'

Gale seeming suddenly to remember his hat, removed it from his head and set it on the table.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' he said, indicating it with a little wave of the revolver.

'I took those jewels,' said Esden, forcing himself to quiet, 'because I wanted money, and because I thought that I could take them safely. I knew a reward would be offered, and I knew that the negotiations would be trusted to my hands. I meant to repay the reward, and I mean it still. If it should come to a

question of making a clean breast of it and taking my chance at the next assizes, or to entering into a criminal partnership with you, my mind is made up already. If the jewels are not returned to me within an hour I shall take a hansom down to Wootton Hill and tell the story. Before doing that I shall wire to Scotland Yard that the stones are in your possession.'

Whilst Esden spoke Gale had gently sidled into a seat, and the barrister, at the moment at which he announced his desperate intention, had flung himself into another. The honest tradesman, without verbal answer, cocked a mildly inquiring eye at the note which lay almost beneath his hand upon the table. He read it slowly as if unfamiliar with its contents, and then, crumpling it into a ball, set it between his teeth, and began to masticate it, with very much the air of a ruminating ox.

'It'll be as well,' he explained, when he had reduced the paper to a pulp, 'not to 'ave anything about to tell stories. You see, Mr. Esden,' he pursued, respectfully chewing the cud and toying abstractedly with his revolver, 'that wouldn't be, if you'll allow me the liberty to say so, anything like what you might call a reasonable game. I shouldn't like to boast of my advantages with anybody, Mr. Esden, and least of all with a gentleman as I owe so much to the efforts of. But, you see, sir, if I might be allowed to put it plain'—here he swallowed the paper pellet with a gulp—'I might p'int out, sir, as between a man armed and a man unarmed, argument is not level, so to speak. Besides that, sir, your bird is in the bush and mine is in the 'and. I don't want to say anything but what is civil and respectful, but if you was to do what you propose, Mr. Esden, what is there to injure me from going to Mr. Joseph Prickett of Scotland Yard, and saying, "Joseph, I'm tired of being suspected and wanted. Mr. Wyncott Esden was the gentleman as I given that tool to. Mr. Wyncott Esden comes to me along o' you this afternoon, and makes a bargain with me under your very nose, and then to-night he brings me the jewels, and asks me to get 'em on the market for him. But *being* sick of being 'unted and suspected, here they are, and I shall look to the lady to do the fair thing by me." Now, Mr. Esden, sir, I put it to you, what is there in the 'ole wide world to prevent me from doing such a thing as that?'

'You may do what you like,' said Esden, desperately. 'If the jewels are not back in an hour from now I shall wire to Prickett and I shall go down to Wootton Hill and tell the story. I give you one minute to make your mind up.'

He rose as he spoke, and advancing to one of the window

laid a hand upon the fastening. Gale following, interposed himself between Esden and the window, shouldering his companion unceremoniously on one side.

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Esden,' he said, in a tone curiously quick and arbitrary, 'but I wouldn't do that if I was you.'

'I only wanted air, you fool!' Esden answered angrily.

'You'll do without air for a little while, sir,' Gale responded, with a dogged resumption of his former respectful tone. 'You go and sit down in that there chair again. I'm sure as you and me can get through this here business without quarrelling. An 'en is a stupid sort of a fowl, ain't it, Mr. Esden? and even an 'en has the brains not to cackle before she's laid her egg. Bite first, and bark when you've done it, that's always been my motto. Suppose I was to give you a minute to make up your mind, sir? Suppose I was to give you five, Mr. Esden? There's neither of us in an 'urry. Suppose you say five? You sit down and think it over, sir.'

'You ate that note,' said Esden, in a miserable, unavailing rage, 'to destroy the only evidence I had against you.'

'Why, yes, sir,' Gale returned, distorting his face to scratch with the more convenience at one of his little bits of side whisker, 'that *was* what I done it for. We said five minutes, didn't we?'

He pulled out a bulbous watch, and nursed it in the palm of his left hand. In the dead silence which fell upon the chamber the watch seemed to tick as loudly as an eight-day timepiece. Esden, leaning back in his chair with an expression of sullen resolution, was so empty in heart and mind that he found nothing better to do than to count the tickings. He got consciously to fifty, and there his mind sank into a momentary swoon of oblivion. A minute later he found himself back again. A hundred and ten, a hundred and eleven, a hundred and twelve. The unobtrusive little mental sentinel once set on duty had gone on listening and counting without further order. Esden gave an irritated groan and changed his posture. The sentinel went off duty, and the entrapped man stared his future in the face until Gale's wheezy voice aroused him.

'Good-evening, Mr. Esden. I'll get up to Scotland Yard at once, if that's your meaning. I needn't waste time by going back for the stones, because in the meantime you might be a-moving. While I think of it, though, these two doors as leads into the 'all both locks on the outside. I'll see to them, and take the keys along with me.'

'Tell me what you want,' said Esden. There seemed to be

no fight left in him, and he saw that he was trapped beyond hope of escape.

'Why, that's being reasonable, sir,' Gale answered. He had resumed his hat, and had risen from his seat, but at Esden's confession of yielding he uncovered himself and sat down again, drawing his chair a little nearer to the table with a manner grown confidential. 'Of course, sir,' he said, leaning across the table, and speaking in a husky whisper, 'it was quite reasonable in you to make up your mind to send 'em back again. As for that, a gentleman in your position might as well nobble the Griffin outside as steal them stones. You wouldn't know what to do with it when you'd got it. But with me, you see, Mr. Esden, it's quite different. In my hands they'll be just like so much ready money, and I couldn't find it in my 'art to part with a chance like that you given me.'

'What do you want to do?' groaned Esden.

'Why, sir, if you come to that,' Gale answered, with a respectful severity, 'I want to do the reasonable, common sense thing. How could a man 'ope or expect to prosper as threw away a chance like this? Between them jewels and the reward, I should think as there's six thousand safe to be divided betwixt you and me.'

'The reward!' Esden gasped, half rising from his chair.

'Why, Mr. Esden,' said Gale, speaking on unmoved, 'a thousand pound—and that's the sum as has been talked about—is a considerable 'andful of money. I've been thinking the 'ole thing over, sir, and without a little sum of ready money to set to work with we should have to chuck away the swag for half its value. I've got it all planned out as clear as daylight, and it's as easy as breaking eggs, and as safe as whipping 'em.'

'I don't know what devilish plot you've hatched,' Esden cried, rising in a new revolt, 'and I refuse to listen to it. Do what you will, go where you will, tell what tale you will, I go back to plain honour and honesty and take my chance. I may sell my soul some day, God knows! but I will not bring it to market to a brute like you. I will not be dragged from crime to crime, and from baseness into baseness. Go! You have my last word. Go, and do your damnedest.'

He flung himself back again into his chair, folded his arms, and sat stock still. His brain was giddy with remorse and shame, and rage and terror. But after this passionate declaration he felt, in spite of all, as if he were half a man again.

'Very well,' Gale said calmly. 'It's a bit of a pity, both for

you and me, but if it is to be so, why, so be it. But I'll just say one respectful word to you, Mr. Wyncott Esden, afore I go, because you touch me on a tender point, and I've got my feelings as much as if I was a gentleman. You talk about me dragging you into crime, sir. Now, that's neither fair nor reasonable, and I shall 'ope as you'll withdraw them words. It's just what I might ha' said myself to you. When I was a-standing in that there dock, Mr. Esden, I made a solemn promise to myself as if I got off I'd done my last bit of night work—my last bit of any sort of work, barring honest labour. I begun to see as the cross game wasn't good enough. I'm getting old, for one thing, and my nerves ain't what they used to be. There was never no real need to waste lead on that there butler, and five year ago I should never have dreamt of it—no, nor yet two year ago! I'd swore off, that's what I'd done, afore the jury said "Not guilty," and there warn't a day till yesterday as I didn't say "No" to it, though I 'ave 'ad a pretty 'andsome 'eap of chances offered to me. But in this case the thing's done already, and if you won't take the chances, Mr. Esden, you'll have to take the consequences. I'm a poor man, and I ain't going to fly in the face of Providence.'

He had grown mournfully reproachful, and his manner indicated clearly that Esden's conduct was a disappointment to him.

'It's a million to one,' he went on, rising and moving a step or two towards the door, 'as your friends won't prosecute when they know. I shouldn't altogether like it if I thought they would. I don't think as a smart gentleman like you would ha' been such a fool as to a-done it a-purpose, but your dropping that tool, Mr. Esden, might have made it very awkward for me if I couldn't have accounted for every minute of my time yesterday afternoon. It was a breach of confidence, sir, to use that tool at all. That's what it was. It was a breach of confidence, Mr. Esden. It wasn't at all the kind of thing as might be looked for in a gentleman, and I won't say as I don't nurse a little bit of a grudge again you for it.'

'Oh, stop this filthy prating, man!' cried Esden, writhing in his self-contempt. The phrase Gale had used as to the chances of his friends' forgiveness of him had illumined his mind like the sudden lighting of a torch in darkness. He saw in the glare of that new light the vast wave of shame that rose up to engulf him. He was inspired to panic, and was ready to spring to any refuge.

'Sit down again,' he said. 'Tell me your plan.'

(To be continued.)

Fat and Fat-Cures.

THE plaint of the royal Dane regarding the desirability of the 'melting' of his 'too too solid flesh' apparently finds an instructive parallel in the social life of these latter days. Whether or not corpulence is on the increase as a bodily habit, it is perfectly certain that announcements of cures for that condition of the human frame are plentifully scattered through the advertising pages of the daily press. The perusal of the announcements in question gives rise to not a few thoughts which lead one in the direction of diet-tops, and especially tend to raise a considerable number of issues concerning the origin of this fatty excess which is said to encumber its possessors, and to render even ordinary and commonplace activity a matter of concern. The matter of fat as a food and as an encumbrance respectively is by no means of such simple character as might at first sight be supposed. Contrariwise, the formation of fat in the body can readily be shown to present itself as a subject which has engaged, and indeed still absorbs, a large amount of physiological time and thought. If, as the laity are much given to suppose, it was simply a question of fat eaten, and, as such, added to the body, the whole matter might be dismissed in the simplest possible fashion; but, as we shall have occasion to note, the origin of fat presents in itself a very pretty problem for the scientific investigator. If we may judge from the number of theories which exist on the subject, and which profess to explain where fat comes from and how it is formed and stored in the living tissues, the matter at least forms a complex study, and is not one to be dismissed either by a superficial investigation of fat as a food, or by a casual appeal to the medical art of quack or practised physician alike. It may be shown, in truth, that the topic involves the wholesome consideration of the whole range of our dietary, and in this light promises a somewhat instructive reward to those who care to dive into the ways and works of the bodily commissariat.

To appreciate properly what fat is demands a brief excursion into that domain of physiology which deals with the nature of foods at large. Fats do not stand solitary and alone in the list of dietetic articles. They occupy a well-defined place in the ranks of the substances necessary for the support of human life. Following out the chemistry of the day, we find our food-materials divided into two great classes or groups. Of these the first comprises substances which contain the element nitrogen; hence this first division is aptly enough named that of the *nitrogenous* foods. These latter are represented by many familiar substances. The albumens which are seen in white of egg, juice of meat, and in allied materials; the fibrin found in blood; the casein of milk; the gluten of flour; the gelatin of bones, hoofs, and horns (admittedly a less perfect nitrogenous food than the others); and the legumin of peas and beans, illustrate the nitrogenous food-materials in greater part. The second division of foods includes those in which nitrogen is wanting. To these materials the term *non-nitrogenous* is therefore aptly applied. They are exemplified by four groups of dietetic articles, of which the first in physiological importance is water. Next in order come the mineral constituents of our daily diet, which comprise compounds of sodium, potassium, lime, iron, magnesium, and of other elements demanded as absolutely necessary for the due vitality of the tissues. The third group of the non-nitrogenous foods is represented by the starches and sugars, whereof we absorb a goodly quantity per diem; and the fourth division includes the fats and oils, the relations of which to the general life of the individual form the special subject of our considerations.

If now we glance cursorily at the parts performed by these varied foods in the support of the body, we shall have exhausted the preliminary considerations needful for the better understanding of the problem of the fats. Dr. Pavy, in his classic treatise on 'Food and Dietetics,' remarks that 'wherever vital operations are going on, there nitrogenous matter is present, forming, so to speak, the spring of vital action;' and this sentence expresses succinctly enough the nature of the part played by these food-principles in the work of the living body. The protoplasm which constitutes the actual living matter of animals and plants is itself a nitrogenous substance. Hence this first division of our foods enters in the most intimate manner into the development, growth, and repair of the living machine. The nitrogenous foods represent the steel, iron and brass of the living engine; they constitute

the basis of all the tissues and fluids of the frame. In addition, it must be noted, they may, under certain circumstances or exigencies of bodily life, be made to yield power or energy, and, as we shall hereafter see, may also be made subservient to the formation of fat itself.

In the case of the non-nitrogenous foods, the details are equally clear. Water is an absolute necessity for the life of animal and plant alike. Two-thirds of a human body, by weight, roughly speaking, consist of water; hence this fluid is required in large quantity for the formation of the tissues, for the solution and digestion of other foods, and for purposes of 'excretion' or the getting rid of the inevitable waste which accompanies every vital act. Minerals, in their turn, are of high importance as foods. Iron is demanded for the blood, lime is needed to build up the bony framework, while compounds of potash, sodium, and other elements are demanded for the due perfection of the tissues. Phosphorus appears to be an element specially demanded by the nervous tissues, and the requirements of the body in the latter respect have been summarised by the German scientist in the phrase 'no phosphorus, no thought.' The starches and sugars appear before us as typical 'energy-foods'—that is, they give us the 'power of doing work.' They represent sources of muscular power and force, the muscles using the materials they supply as the engine utilises its coal and water. Furthermore, starches and sugars are heat-producers, and they are capable of being converted into fats by a chemical process to which the name 'deoxidation' has been given. As for the fats and oils, their uses may be summed up in the statement that they firstly supply the fatty tissues of the body with their needful pabulum or food, and it is certain they also aid materially, not only in the nutrition of the nervous system, but in the digestion and assimilation of other foods. In the second place, fats undoubtedly discharge similar functions in the bodily economy to those subserved by the starches and sugars, in that they supply both energy and animal heat, although this duty is effected by an opposite process—oxidation—to that whereby the starchy foods are made to part with their force-producing properties. In this light, indeed, fats appear as highly important constituents of the series of food-stuffs. If we have regard also to the changes they both effect and undergo in the living organism, we may keep strictly within the bounds of scientific exactness when we allege that they are entitled to assume the first rank among food-materials of non-nitrogenous kind,

From the foregoing considerations the sources of fat supply in a living body would appear to be at least three in number. The nitrogenous foods are capable of producing fat under special conditions; the starches and sugars are known to be fat-formers; while fat itself, though probably in a minor degree, may be held to rank as a source of addition to the frame in respect of its 'adipose' materials. Various circumstances of more or less familiar kind may be quoted in support of the declaration of science on this point. That nitrogenous foods—represented in the dietary of ordinary life by flesh-foods, and by the legumin of peas, beans, &c.—may give origin to fat is, in the first place, capable of being scientifically proved by a study of the chemistry of the living body. For instance, two authorities of the highest possible rank in dietetic matters, Voit and Pettenkofer, ascertained by experiment that under certain circumstances the total amount of nitrogen contained in the food may be eliminated from the body in the excretions. Part of the nitrogenous food, the carbon, is retained, and the nitrogenous food-stuff originally taken therefore appeared to be split up into nitrogen given off as we have seen, and into a fatty body which was retained in the economy. The transformation of nitrogenous foods into fat may be regarded as a tolerably well-ascertained fact of food-science. In the ideas of many physiologists, fat represents the regular result of the division or splitting up of the nitrogenous foods; and this fat, it is further alleged, may either be stored up in the body or be utilised and broken up into carbonic acid and water as its ultimate manifestations in the excretions. Exact figures may be cited in support of this origin of fat from flesh-meats and their kith and kin. If 100 grammes of albumen be taken, a fair estimate gives 35.5 grammes of nitrogenous matter as being parted with as waste; while 12.3 grammes of water unite with the remaining 66.5 of albumen originally taken. After 27.4 grammes of carbonic acid are given off, 51.39 grammes of fat remain as the result of these chemical processes. Again, we find another and interesting proof of the correctness of the views just enunciated, in a consideration which tends to dispel a common error in popular notions regarding fat and its formation. Each animal has to form and manufacture its fat from the food whereon it subsists, and its fat is in turn distinct from the fat of other animals in respect of its intimate composition; that is to say, fat in no case simply accumulates in the body in the shape of the actual fat taken as food or otherwise supplied in the diet. As has well been remarked, the

fat of a man differs from that of a dog, even if both have been fed on the same food, fatty or otherwise. Hence we are forced, in the case of flesh-eating animals especially, to fall back on some such explanation as that already given to account for the fat which these bodies contain.

In the interesting experiments of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert on the fattening of animals, to be presently noted, these considerations regarding the origin of fat from nitrogenous foods were naturally included in the results of their researches. In the case of pigs these experimenters varied the amounts of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods given to the animals. In one set of cases these foods were given in the proportions known to be represented in the natural fattening food of the pigs, while in a second set the proportions of nitrogenous foods were raised far above the normal and natural limits. The results of these trials were sufficiently curious and noteworthy. Little or no difference was perceptible in the two cases in so far as the fattening process was concerned. If fat could not be formed from the nitrogenous foods, but from the starchy foods alone, the maintenance of the natural amount of fat on a diminution of the fattening foods would be inexplicable. On the theory that the nitrogenous foods, as already explained, may give rise to fat the mystery vanishes; and it is clear, from many circumstances connected with both healthy life and with diseased existence, that what holds true of the dietetics of the lower animal in this respect applies with equal force to the human domain.

Turning next in order to the starches and sugars, or 'carbohydrates' as they are also named, as the second source of fat-formation, we may be said to enter upon physiological territory wherein our footsteps may be planted with greater certainty than in the case of the preceding items. Starchy foods and their near allies, the sugars, have always enjoyed an evil reputation alike in the mind and in the dietary of the corpulent person. That a popular idea for once in a generation represents a stable scientific fact may be taken for granted in the present instance, although, as we shall note, the prevailing notion in question is not left without its modifications at the hands of physiologists. Referring once more to the experiments of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, we find ample corroboration that the starches and sugars contribute largely to fat-formation. The evidence adduced shows clearly enough that, to use the words of Professor Michael Foster, 'fat is formed in the body out of something which is not fat.' The pig,

fed on its ordinary food for eight or ten weeks, presents us with a very striking illustration of this truth. The growth of body, and especially the increase of fat are markedly disproportionate to the animal's original weight, and still more so to the amount of fat contained in its food. For every 100 parts of fat contained in the food of the pig, no less than 472 parts were stored up as fat during the period experimented upon. The increase in the body-weight varied between 51.3 and 68.9 per cent. in the period of eight weeks' feeding, and from 85.4 to 106.8 per cent. during the ten weeks' period. The fat-increase alone was set down at from 59.9 to 79.0 per cent. The source of the fat here was undeniable. In certain of the experiments, the quality of the diet was such that the carbon part of the fat greatly exceeded that which the nitrogenous food could have supplied. The inference, therefore, remained clear that to the non-nitrogenous starches and sugars the fat-formation was in greater part due.

In the early days of dietetics viewed as a science, a hot and sharp controversy was waged regarding the source of fat-formation in the body. Liebig asserted positively that fat was a manufactured product, and not, as Dumas and his neighbours of the French School of Chemistry held, that the bodily fat represented simply the like material derived from the food, and directly transferred, so to speak, to the tissues. Out of this discussion arose numerous experiments, some of these being of a specially interesting kind. Huber, for instance, taking his bees as the subjects of research, showed that wax, which is certainly a member of the fat-series of compounds, was manufactured from the sugar-food supplied to the insects. Hereupon, arose a point of some nicety in connection with the argument. The question was raised whether or not the wax which had been produced on the sugar-diet of the bees was formed from already-existent materials in the animal frame. In other words, was the wax a primary or only a secondary product of the insect-economy? To the solution of this problem the chemists betook themselves in due course. In 1845 Dumas worked at the question, in company with other scientists. The chief point to be determined was that of the power of the insects to form wax under varying conditions of food. On pure sugar alone, the bees did not form a satisfactory amount of comb. Fed on honey alone, one set of insects out of four experimented upon yielded a fair amount of wax. Now honey itself contains a small proportion of wax, it is true; but on investigating not only the amount of comb manufactured by

the bees, but also the amount of fat contained in their bodies after their work had been completed, it was clearly seen that a surplus of wax and fat alike existed, such as could not be accounted for either by having regard to the fat in the food, or to that pre-existing in the bodies of the insects. With the larva of the gall-fly (*Cynips*) the case is similar. A large amount of fat exists in the immature insect, which is developed within the excrescence formed on the tree by the puncture of the egg-depositor of the parent. From the starchy matter contained in the surroundings of the young insect it is clear its fat can alone be formed. Once again, therefore, fat was proved to be manufactured in the animal body 'out of something which is not fat.' Dumas, himself an original opponent of this idea, ultimately acknowledged his scientific error.

Perhaps a more striking illustration still of the process of fat-manufacture in the animal body from the starchy elements of the food may be found in the results produced by the abnormal fashion in which geese are fed to produce the *pâté de foie gras* of the dainty. From Roman days the fatty liver of the goose has been esteemed by the *gourmet*, and its production is in itself a remarkable example of a species of dietetic error perpetrated on the lower animal frame. The bird, lean at the commencement of its dietetic trial, is confined in a compartment of a coop with just sufficient space to exist. Movement is impossible, and the head projects in front of the cell in which the bird is immured. A supply of water is kept below the compartment, and charcoal and salt are mingled with the fluid. The process of feeding is carried out twice daily. The food consists of maize soaked in water. This is squirted forcibly down the throat of the bird by means of a tube attached to a receptacle which, like the 'wind-chest' of a bagpipe, is carried beneath the arm of the attendant. A plentiful supply of water appears to be taken by the bird during the day. In from four to five weeks of this forced feeding the bird becomes morbidly stout; its breathing is laboured, and when this stage of repletion is reached the goose is killed. The liver weighs from one to two pounds in weight, and the body itself is so laden with fat that, when roasted, from three to five pounds of fat are said to be melted therefrom. The remaining circumstances of the process consist in the fact that the birds are fed in dark cellars, while winter is the season *par excellence* for the successful conduct of the operation.

The results of an excessive dietary of starches, combined with

an utter absence of exercise by way of food-utilisation, are seen in the loading of the bird's system with the excess products of nutrition. An analysis of maize shows that it contains in 100 parts, roughly speaking, about 11 of nitrogenous matter, 65 of starch, 8 of fat, 14 of water, and 1 of mineral matter. Doubtless maize may therefore be regarded as by no means deficient in fatty elements, but the fact of the origin of the excessive fat found in the goose at the close of its enforced gluttony from the starch of the food does not admit of a doubt. Persoz firstly noted the natural amount of fat which the lean goose contained. Fattened birds were killed between the nineteenth and twenty-fourth days of their imprisonment. A careful investigation of the fat contained in the food and of that found in the body showed that there was scarcely any comparison possible on account of the excess of fat-formation. The increase of the liver appears to take place not as a direct but as an indirect result of the fattening process, this organ sharing in the general fatty degeneration to which the animal's tissues are subjected. Even when birds were fed on rice, in which the amount of fat is very small, results were obtained which point to the same conclusion—that of the fat-forming powers of the starchy food-principles. Another notable point was discovered in the fact that if butter alone was given to a duck the animal died starved in about three weeks, whereas when butter was added to the rice dietary a high degree of fatness was developed. This latter fact goes to prove that fat itself aids largely and powerfully in the assimilation of other foods, and that a serious dietetic error is therefore committed when the natural fat supply of the animal frame is lessened or omitted. In support of this contention further evidence might be adduced in the shape of the fact, if pigs be fed on potatoes alone they fatten to a certain degree, but thereafter exhibit no increase. If, however, dairy and kitchen refuse, containing fat and nitrogenous matter, be added to the potatoes, the fat-increase becomes of very marked character. The feeding of cows also illustrates the contentions with regard to fat-formation which have just been expressed. The butter or fat of the milk represents an excess of fatty material when compared with the amount of the fat contained in the food of the animal. According to one observer, a cow yielded for several days, on an average, about one pound per day of butter over and above the fat with which it was supplied as food.

The actual manner in which fat is formed by the living

machinery from starches and the like is still largely matter of theory. It is conceivable enough, as Liebig showed, that if oxygen and carbonic acid be taken away from starch, a fat is left. It may therefore be regarded as a possibility that some such process or decomposition of starch occurs in the body. As regards the liver's share in the work, Dr. Pavy, whose views on this subject are entitled to extreme respect, suggests that by converting starchy matters first into sugary products—a change easily accomplished and illustrated elsewhere in the body, *e.g.* the mouth—the liver ultimately forms fat therefrom. This latter point, however, remains for further investigation. Sugar itself is known to undergo in the course of digestion a species of fermentation which may well precede the formation of fat.

There remains for consideration a third source of fat in the animal body—namely, that represented by the fat taken as food and assimilated in the body. It has been pointed out that fat, like all other foods, requires to undergo a process of digestion in the body ere it can enter as a component part into the composition of the tissues. There is, therefore, no mere addition of fat, as fat, possible in the living body. Viewed as a food, the history of fat reveals certain considerations of a highly instructive kind. There is probably no greater mistake made in reference to dietetic matters than the assumption that a normal quantity of fat, ordinarily taken as food, leads to fat-formation. We have seen that fat is essential as a food, and that without it health is impossible of maintenance. Experimental proof of the value of fat in assisting the assimilation of other foods has already been adduced in the case of the feeding of pigs on a starch dietary alone, compared with the same diet including the addition of fat and nitrogenous matter. When a fixed amount of nitrogenous food is taken along with a small quantity of fat, there is no storage of the latter material. With a diet of starch or sugar and nitrogenous matter, both being fixed in quantity and the starchy elements present in small quantity, no fat is stored in the tissues. If, however, either the fat or the sugar and starch be increased, an excess of fat is produced, and this becomes added to the tissues as the result of a veritable process of bodily manufacture. The purpose of fat taken naturally as a food appears to be that of making other foods go further, so to speak, in the nutrition of the frame. As the fact has been well expressed, 'with a simultaneous administration of albumen (or nitrogenous food) and fat, a less amount of albumen is on this account necessary to meet the material wants of the organism.'

We see this result typically demonstrated in the case of an animal which with a given quantity of flesh-food and about a fifth or more of fat showed an equable usage of the food, whereas more than twice the quantity of meat had to be administered in order to produce this result in the absence of the fatty portion of the dietary. If, on the other hand, with a fixed quantity of fatty food (and the same remark holds good of a starchy diet), an increase of nitrogenous food be given, the body, which before might have laid by fat in moderate quantity, exhibits the reverse procedure. In this view of matters, such increase of flesh-food, by favouring tissue-changes, may and does burn off the fatty principles. Fat taken as a food, then, is in its way a relatively unimportant source of fat-formation in the body. It is only when through some dietetic error, of the kind noted above, the quantity of fat (or starch) taken in the food is increased to an undue extent over a fixed quantity of nitrogenous food that fat is stored to excess in the body.

The natural history of fat, thus detailed, leads us naturally to the consideration of the varied cures which from time to time have been proposed for the relief of corpulency. It becomes clear that, when the true history of fat-formation has been mastered, the folly of swallowing nostrums and panaceas in the shape of drugs, by way of preventing what is usually a condition of body dependent upon dietetic error, appears extreme. If the corpulent habit, on the other hand, is natural to the individual, and appears in the light of a family inheritance, the folly just alluded to becomes greatly intensified. The fat-cure of science resolves itself into a matter of diet and dieting, of a wise selection of foods, and of a life judiciously lived in all other respects. There may be, and there undoubtedly is, a close analogy betwixt the geese of Strasburg and many human units whose food-habits predispose them to the development of obesity, and who from lack of physical exercise, combined with injudicious feeding, exhibit the natural consequences of a non-physiological existence. The dietetic treatment of corpulence is therefore the true fat-cure. Drugs and nostrums cannot drive out of the frame, at least without serious risk, a condition for which the food-habits are primarily responsible.

The list of fat-cures, even of dietetic kind, is by no means limited in extent. It is interesting, however, to observe how, with the lapse of years, and with the increase of our knowledge respecting foods and their uses, the relief of obesity has been

placed upon new foundations, and how the cure of corpulence has attained success in proportion as science has demonstrated the true nature of its causes. Prominent among the fat-cures of the past stands that of Mr. Banting. This gentleman attained fame through his cure of his corpulence by dietetic means. His pamphlet, bearing date 1869 (a reprint of the fourth edition being dated 1883) affords full details of the methods he employed. Strictly speaking, the ideas which formed the Banting system emanated from Mr. Banting's medical adviser, a Mr. William Harvey, and it is but just that whatever credit is due to the author of the method should be assigned to the physician named. Mr. Banting himself styles obesity a 'parasite' affecting humanity. The description is ludicrously inappropriate, for a parasite is, firstly, as a rule, a diminutive object; while, secondly, the term can be only appropriately applied to designate a living organism preying upon or attaching itself to another living being. Mr. Banting's personal history was of commonplace kind. He was a prosperous undertaker and had retired from business after a fifty years' career. When, between thirty and forty years of age, he found corpulence creeping upon him, he consulted a surgeon, who recommended 'increased bodily exercise' before business, 'and who thought rowing an excellent plan.' A boat, described as 'good, heavy, and safe,' was at the command of Mr. Banting, and this craft he propelled on the Thames 'for a couple of hours in the early morning.' Alas, for the fruits of injudicious advice, Mr. Banting tells us he 'gained muscular vigour, but with it a prodigious appetite, which I was compelled to indulge, and consequently increased in weight until my kind old friend advised me to forsake the exercise.' Failing in this first endeavour to reduce his weight, Mr. Banting tried various expedients by way of killing his 'parasite.' Among his other efforts in this direction may be named 'gallons of physic and liquor potassæ;' riding on horseback; and the mineral waters of Cheltenham, Leamington, and Harrogate. He 'lived upon sixpence a day, so to speak, and earned it if bodily labour may be so construed,' but all to no purpose. Mr. Banting was considerably informed that corpulence was 'one of the natural results of increasing years,' but this declaration gave him little comfort in view of his increasing bulk, and of 'the sneers and remarks of the cruel and injudicious in public assemblies, public vehicles, or the ordinary street traffic.' As a fair criterion of his condition, Mr. Banting mentions the fact that, 'although no very great size or weight,' he could not stoop to tie

his shoe, and was compelled 'to go down stairs slowly, backwards, to save the jar of increased weight upon the ankle and knee joints.' He was also 'obliged to puff and blow with every slight exertion, particularly that of getting up stairs.' Altogether, Mr. Banting's case was simply that of many another obese person, who finds an increase of body to be associated with many disabilities and disadvantages both in the domain of social and physical life.

The diet whereon Mr. Banting subsisted prior to his dietetic attempts at cure was described by himself as follows:—'Bread and milk for breakfast, or a pint of tea with plenty of milk and sugar, and buttered toast; meat, beer, much bread (of which I was always very fond) and pastry for dinner; the meal of tea similar to that of breakfast; and generally a fruit tart or bread and milk for supper.' Analysing out the constituent parts of this dietary, it may be pointed out that there is nothing specially fattening in its quality in relation to an ordinary healthy individual with no hereditary or other special tendency to develop fatness. It is a safe remark that thousands of persons live on similar or allied food without developing corpulence thereupon. The special food-stuffs which tend to fat-formation in such a diet are, as we have seen, the starch of the bread, the sugar, plain and contained in the fruit consumed, the butter taken as such or in the form of milk, and the nitrogenous meat. Mr. Banting's diet, in fact, illustrated very fairly indeed that form of food-programme which has been alluded to previously, under the remark that with a tolerably fixed quantity of nitrogenous food (meat) and a relatively large amount of starches and sugars, fat is certain to be stored up in the body.

Again, we must take into account Mr. Banting's habits and way of life. Save when ordered exercise, there is no evidence—but every indication to the contrary—that he was an active man. The personal equation, so to speak, has much to do with the tendency of an individual fatness or the reverse. Liebig's ideas about the 'restless pig' are worthy of being borne in mind as possessing an allegorical application to the highest rank of animal life. 'A restless pig,' said the great chemist, 'is not adapted for fattening, and, however great the supply of food, it will not grow fat. Pigs which are fit for fattening must be of a quiet nature; after eating they must sleep, and after sleeping must be ready to eat again.' The influences of bodily habit, as well as of temperature and other conditions of life, must be taken into consideration when the causes of individual

corpulence are discussed. It is notable, as an illustration of the fattening power of sugar when aided by extrinsic circumstances, that the negroes during the sugar-making season in the West Indies increase markedly in stoutness. During the period when the sugar-cane is gathered, the negroes are seen to grow 'conspicuously stouter,' and 'this change,' says Dr. Pavy, 'is attributed (and, doubtless, correctly so) to their habit of constantly chewing pieces of the succulent cane whilst they are working amongst it.' On similar principles, it is related in Mr. Walker's 'Female Beauty,' the women in the Bey's seraglio at Tripoli are fattened 'by means of repose and baths, assisted by a diet of Turkish flour mixed with honey.'

Long prior to Mr. Banting's day, however, Sir John Sinclair wrote of the treatment of obesity, deriving his information apparently more as the result of empiricism than of scientific reasoning. He recommends those who desire to avoid corpulence to take acid wines like hock, and drinks like cider, in preference to malt liquors, since he remarks that 'when the former is the usual beverage the people are leaner than when the latter is usually drunk.' Plain water, or water mixed with vinegar, is recommended, and the latter fluid is said to be 'better than the juice of lemons having passed through the process of fermentation.' Tea and coffee may be taken, but without cream; and the bread is to have the bran retained in it, 'so as to be more digestible.' Vegetable diet is to be indulged in, according to the Sinclair system; 'hard dumplings' being described as 'excellent'; while animal food is to be limited to 'fish, or lean and dry meat.' No eggs are allowed, 'and the less sugar the better.' As we shall presently note, Sir John Sinclair's ideas are scarcely consistent with more recent knowledge about fats and concerning foods at large; still, in his remarks regarding the advantage of a vegetable dietary, and in his eschewing sugar and malt liquors, this author's ideas of reducing corpulency were of consistent enough character. His advice regarding the drinking of vinegar is probably the least sensible portion of his teaching.

It is also interesting to note that, in his work on the physiology of taste, Brillat-Savarin maintains that corpulence depends upon a diet in which an excess of farinaceous or starchy foods is represented. He laid stress, in the diet for the obese, upon veal and poultry as suitable foods, with salads or green vegetables. Meat broths also formed part and parcel of his treatment, and he allowed rye-bread, cabbage, turnip, and jellies, with punch and

oranges &c. for dessert. Light white wine and seltzer-water were his favourite drinks, and after dinner black coffee was ordered to be taken. Beer was strictly interdicted. Radishes, artichokes (with pepper), asparagus, and celery were also allowed. Dr. King Chambers, in his treatment of obesity, insisted strongly on the avoidance of fats—a point in which he was strenuously opposed by later observers; the remainder of the diet consisting largely of nitrogenous food-stuffs.

Acting under Mr. Harvey's advice, Mr. Banting subsisted upon an entirely altered system of diet. His bill of fare under the new *régime* was as follows:—For breakfast, at 9 A.M., he took from five to six ounces of either beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind except pork or veal; a large cup of tea or coffee (without milk or sugar), a little biscuit, or one ounce of dry toast; making together six ounces of solids and nine of liquids. For dinner, at 2 P.M., he took five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, herrings, or eels; any meat, except pork or veal, and any vegetable except potato, parsnip, beetroot, turnip, or carrot, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding not sweetened, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses of good claret, sherry, or Madeira—champagne, port, and beer being forbidden. This meal amounted to ten or twelve ounces of solids and ten ounces of liquid food. For tea, at 6 P.M., he took two or three ounces of cooked fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar. The amount was two to four ounces of solids and nine of liquids. For supper, at 9 P.M., he took three or four ounces of meat or fish, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret, or sherry and water; making four ounces of solids and seven of liquids. Mr. Banting's day did not, however, end here. He adds that he took 'for nightcap, if required, a tumbler of grog (gin, whisky, or brandy, without sugar), or a glass or two of claret or sherry. This plan,' he adds, 'leads to an excellent night's rest with from six to eight hours' sound sleep.' The remaining details of Mr. Banting's treatment resolved themselves into a little spirits to soften his dry toast or rusk at breakfast or tea, while a somewhat mixed sentence informs us that while he did not wholly escape starchy or saccharine matter, he did 'scrupulously avoid those beans (*sic*) such as milk, sugar, beer, butter, &c., which are known to contain them.' The result of this diet was that, while his weight on August 26, 1862, was 202 lb., and on September 7, 200 lb., he weighed on September 12, 1863, only 156 lb. The reduction in weight was equal to 46 lb.

in twelve months (he subsequently lost 4 lb. additional), while he reduced himself 13 inches in bulk.

Successful as was Mr. Harvey's treatment in the case of Mr. Banting, and adequate as that system may have been in the case of others, its terms are by no means those of a safe dietary for all corpulent persons, while in many cases it is known to have been fraught with harm to the health of experimenters. In the first place, it is clear Bantingism was modelled on the food-ideas of Liebig, whose teachings were to the effect that the nitrogenous foods (meats &c.) went to build up the constantly wasting tissue-substance of the body, while the fats and starches were 'heat-producing' foods. By limiting the latter foods, while the supply of nitrogenous diet was not so markedly decreased, the stored fat was oxidised or burnt off, and corpulence accordingly reduced. On newer and more correct notions than those of Liebig we can explain Mr. Banting's success. The diet of that gentleman was certainly relatively rich in nitrogenous matter, and this matter taken into the body in the absence of fats and starches causes, as has been explained, an increased usage or consumption of the stored-up fat. But a danger to health of no ordinary kind, it is well to add, may await the subject of Bantingism. The consumption of an excess of nitrogenous food entails upon the kidneys especially an increase of work, and the subject of such experiments as those Mr. Banting undertook to perform may therefore entail serious risk of kidney-disorder induced by the stress of nitrogenous tissue-change which the diet in question necessarily entails.

Again, it may be said that, in respect of his change of dietary, Mr. Banting simply passed from the practice of one calculated to increase corpulence to one which was really a fairly generous and proper diet for his special case. In another respect the Banting diet was calculated of itself, and apart from its quality, to reduce corpulence. From twenty-two to twenty-six ounces of solids, and about thirty-five ounces of liquids per day, constituted Mr. Banting's allowance. If we allow for water chemically combined with the food, the daily amount of solids may be set down at from eleven to thirteen ounces. Now this is far from a generous allowance of solid and water-free food. The diet-table of prisons, of London needlewomen, and that of the cotton operative in the Lancashire cotton famine, averaged of nitrogenous matter 2.33 ounces, of fat 0.84 ounce, and of starches and sugars 11.69 ounces. For an adult in full health

and with moderate exercise, the amounts are given as follows:—Nitrogenous matter, 4·215 ounces; fat, 1·397 ounce; starches and sugars, 18·690 ounces; and minerals, 0·714 ounce. It is clear then, that so far from Mr. Banting's diet sufficing for a healthy adult, it actually falls below the 'subsistence diet' of the prison and the needlewoman, as Dr. Pavy himself remarks. As a further proof of the contention that Bantingism is in one sense a starvation-diet adapted to cause an obese subject to subsist for a time like a hibernating bear upon its stored-up fat, we may quote from Dr. Pavy the general diet of a London hospital, which, he remarks, 'can scarcely be regarded as furnishing much, if anything, beyond what is really required for the support of life under a quiescent state.' This dietary gives us twenty-nine and a half ounces of solid food, and represents sixteen and three-quarter ounces of water-free food. Mr. Banting's eleven to thirteen ounces of water-free fare therefore stand out very clearly as a diet whereon the bare support of life in a quiescent state, and in the total absence of all work, is scarcely possible. Bantingism is thus proved to have been a system of physiological starvation rather than a true and scientific fat-cure. It is a system, in other words, which, however well adapted for the special case in which it proved successful, is fraught with danger to health for the majority of corpulent persons, who may turn with greater hope of safety to newer methods of ridding themselves of the excess of 'solid flesh' wherewith they are burdened.

Acting on scientific principles in relation to the formation of fat in the body, we find Dr. Ebstein, a Continental physician, dealing with the problem of obesity on lines widely at variance with those of Mr. Harvey as represented in the Banting system. The Göttingen professor proceeds firstly on the basis of limiting the supply of non-nitrogenous food-stuffs in the shape of starches and sugars; a point of decisive importance, as we have seen, in the limitation of fat-production. But while the carbo-hydrates are thus limited in the food of the corpulent person, nitrogenous flesh-foods and the nitrogenous peas, beans, &c., together with fat, occupy a very decided place in the Ebstein treatment. The treatment is based, in fact, on the law of nutrition already mentioned, whereby on a fixed amount of fat with a moderate quantity of nitrogenous food the store of existing fat is consumed and reduced. Ebstein's views with regard to the use of fat in the dietary of the corpulent are sound enough. He reminds us that fat in itself administered as food checks hunger and limits the

appetite because it modifies the waste of the tissues. In hot climates the consumption of fat, possibly for the foregoing reason, checks the craving for liquids. 'Sugar, sweets of all kinds, potatoes in every form,' says Ebstein, 'I forbid unconditionally.' The quantity of bread is limited; from three to three-and-a-half ounces per day being allowed. As regards vegetables, he allows asparagus, spinach, the various kinds of leguminous plants, and as to meats none are excluded. It may surprise the devotee of other systems of fat-cure to learn that, under the Ebstein method, the fat in the flesh of animals is specially recommended to the corpulent. Bacon fat, and fat roast pork and mutton, kidney fat, and marrow added to the soups, are all approved of. The sauces are to be well seasoned and juicy, and the vegetables are to be supplied with butter. The allowance of fat per day varies from two-and-a-half to three ounces, and the addition of this element to the food serves to limit with safety the quantity of meat consumed.

As regards meals and meal-times, Ebstein allows only three indulgences in this respect: breakfast, dinner, and supper, and there must be no 'luncheons, or so-called second breakfasts.' No evening meal or afternoon tea is permitted. Of alcoholics, two or three glasses of light wine, white or red, are allowed at dinner, but beer is entirely interdicted, unless such starches and sugars as are allowed are dispensed with, or 'duly restricted.' The diet-table adopted in a successful case of fat-reduction on the Ebstein system in a subject forty-four years of age (with the result of a reduction of girth by six inches in nine months, and in the last six months, of weight by twenty pounds) is given as follows:—Breakfast, one large cup of black tea, about half-a-pint, no milk or sugar, two ounces of white or brown bread toasted, with plenty of butter. Time—in winter, 7.30; in summer, 6 or 6.30. Dinner—between 2 and 2.30; soup, often with marrow, four to six-and-a-half ounces of roast or boiled meat, vegetables in moderation (leguminous vegetables preferably, and cabbages). Turnips were largely excluded, and potatoes were wholly debarred. Fresh fruit was allowed in moderation, as also were salads and stewed fruits without sugar. The liquids included two or three glasses of light white wine. Immediately after dinner a large cup of black tea, without sugar or milk, was given. Supper consisted in winter invariably of a large cup of black tea as after dinner, while in summer this liquid was occasionally given. An egg, or a little fat or roast meat, or both, or ham, with its fat, Bologna sausages, smoked or fresh fish, about one ounce of white bread well buttered,

and occasionally a little cheese and some fresh fruit, completed the meal, which was taken at from 7.30 to 8 P.M. The personal habits of the patient must include a moderate amount of muscular exercise so as to favour the removal and consumption of the fatty elements of the food. The gist of the Ebstein treatment resolves itself, therefore, into an attempt—and it must be confessed a successful and safe one—to consume the superfluous fat of the frame by the initiation in the bodily nutrition of actions depending for their effect upon the power of fat and nitrogenous food combined in the absence of starches and sugars, to reduce the superfluous tissue. But for our increased knowledge of the nature of foods such a practice of fat cure would have been a sheer impossibility of the medical art.

If any points in connection with this paper remain for remark, they may perchance be found in the assertion that, while it may be very desirable to reduce obesity, care should be taken to firstly consider the special circumstances of the case before dietetic experiments are indulged in at all. There are hereditarily stout persons to whom any fat-cure should logically appear as a foolish attempt to thwart and alter the natural constitution of the individuals concerned. It is in the case of such persons, whose stoutness is as natural as is the thinness of other individuals, that harmful effects are wrought by tampering with dietetic arrangements. It may be anything but pleasant for the obese person to be warned, even poetically, to—

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandising; know that the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.

But the ills and worries of life include many worse details than healthy corpulence. That philosophy of human nature which, founded on experience, is seldom given to err, may find a counterbalancing side to the annoyance of a weighty frame, in the fact that the qualities of mirth, good humour, and keen appreciation of wit and learning are by no means the exclusive mental belongings of the 'lean and slippered pantaloon.'

ANDREW WILSON.

Flier-Weather.

EASTWARD—*Hácia el oriente!*
 T'wards the portals of the morning—
 T'wards the red gate of the sunrise. . . .
 Seeking so for warmth and brightness,
 Went the poet Flier-Weather,
 Always seeking much caloric
 In the land of endless summer—
Del perpétuo verano—
 Fleeing from all kinds of coldness,
 Sick'ning of all sleet and snow-flakes,
 Frosts and fogs and endless drizzle. . . .

Eastward—Eastward! t'wards th' equator!
 Thus he journeyed, Weather-flier,
 Thus he turned his back on winter,
 Set his face towards the Sun-land,
 With his wife, *su sposa hoven*,
 Fair and faithful Margarita,
 She the very queen white daisy,
 Of the isles of *Inglaterra*.

Seventy hours—*setenta horas—*
 Night and day they journeyed onward,
 Flying always from the snow-land;
 'Till the Ice god melted from them,
 'Till the Sun god smiled upon them,
 Warmed them with his wings of splendour,
 Shook his sparkling rays around them,
 Spread his yellow plumes above them—
 All his feathers gold and silver—
 Cried, 'Behold! I am the Sun god!
 'Till the Flow'r god breathed upon them,

With his breath of many roses,
With his fragrance and his perfume,
With his essences and odours,
Shower'd his scented sweets upon them,
In the land of far Hispania—
Land of Cid and brave Rolando,
Of Velasques and Murillo,
Of Cervantes, the strong singer—
All his reds and whites and purples
From the plains of Andalusia,
Tierra de muchachas lindas—
From the land of lovely women—
Cried, 'Behold! I am the Flow'r god!'
'Till the earth grew em'rald under,
'Till the skies grew azure over,
'Till the air grew thick with sunshine—
And the great Tower of Sevilla
Rose above the green campaña
Over mosque and over steeple,
High above the gilded turrets
Of the ancient Moorish city,
And the gardens, *Las delicias*,
Blossom-bower'd and odour-laden,
Girt by glittering Guadalquivir,
Where Eternal Summer lingers.

H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

‘Jin.’

SHE always maintained her name was Ginifer, though the public and her ruder intimates knew her only by the abbreviation. How or whence she had derived such an original title she could not declare; still she was very certain, very earnest about it, as about all other convictions.

Was it perchance Ginevra she meant? This question was hazarded cautiously at a later day of her career. ‘Did they think she didn’t know how to speak her own name? Some folks, they did set themselves up to be clever in inventing of new pronouncings! There warn’t nothing wrong ’bout Ginifer as she know’d on. It wur a pretty name, not common-like, and she meant to stick by it.’

Too truly there was no indefinite colour about any of Jin’s opinions or statements. She cherished her prejudices and convictions with staunch pride worthy of better ones; moreover, she supported them, if occasion demanded, with good strong oaths and a highly flavoured vocabulary. Such methods of asseveration are demanded of those in her state of life. The eloquence of epithets sits naturally on the lips of those bred in vice and ignominy, and a little hard swearing is required to carry any weight of meaning to ears not polite.

You, my lord, of course swear by Jove, and bless your soul kindly; but the costermonger, your *brother* (in Christian phraseology, pray understand me), is less euphemistic.

He claims damages against heaven or hell, and curses different parts of his anatomy without favour. So much for language and the refinements thereof, the checks thereon. Probably you and the costermonger both mean much the same thing.

In any case Jin was emphatic, with the emphasis of invocation, regarding the few facts of her private life which she condescended to disclose.

Her parentage was not handed down by the reliable (?) testi-

mony of books, registers, family Bibles, or anything similarly respectable. Neither had any oral tradition in Pride's Lane recorded her origin. Consequently Jin 'didn't know nothin' 'bout father or mother. I s'pose they was a bad lot. Leastways they didn't trouble themselves 'bout me, and I ain't got no cause to be grateful. I might have been took to the parish.'

Jin's earliest recollection of a guiding hand was associated with Mrs. Jacobs' sinuous fingers—or, without flattery, grasping claws. Only she used no pretty words regarding the said guiding hand, nor acknowledged with gratitude the curses and thumps which had been exercised upon her. These stimulants to work or theft had certainly produced no beneficial effect upon Jin's juvenile mind, rather urging her to lying and deceitful practices.

The Israelitish lady who leased a rotten tenement in a slum of St. Giles, underletting her apartments to thieves and vagabonds, was decidedly impartial in the use of her fists towards her juvenile lodgers. They each had their turn.

Mrs. Jacobs had also been known to assault some of her friends of maturer years, and had been bound over to keep the peace more than once. But for defenceless children there was no magisterial redress, and they endured with that pitiable stoicism and philosophic spirit which we so often marvel at.

Naturally toward Jin Mrs. Jacobs extended frequent chastisement. That indomitable spirit would not surrender the pence she had begged or the scraps of food she had purloined without a fight. But Jin unhappily always got the worst of it. She was the most friendless and unprotected of all the unholy crew that sheltered in Pride's Lane. This gutter child was but a nameless waif or stray, an indefinite article of humanity, such as there are thousands of about us, little parts of speech that make up the terrible language of vice and misery. Ah me! the grammar of life is a perplexing one to the wisest of us.

Nobody ever came to claim Jin, and she lived on sufferance in Mrs. Jacobs' dwelling. If the rooms were full, she slept on a landing or in the coal-cellar; otherwise the windiest attic was allotted to her, and she was expected in return to do the heaviest drudgery of the house. She lived in a haphazard way, begging or stealing according to the urgency of her needs or the amount of forcible hints received from Mrs. Jacobs.

Jin had certainly more than once during her short career merited magisterial punishment. It is difficult to say how she had escaped a reformatory. She had been guilty of repeated

petty thefts at eating-stalls and shop doors, and had taken toll of pounds of coal or draughts of milk and beer with systematic regularity when sent to purchase such commodities by the lodgers of Pride's Lane.

However, Jin had not as yet been called before any bench, though she was undoubtedly entitled to claim the distinction of police notice. It must be admitted she cherished a contempt for those minions of the law who maintained public peace, priding herself on her own superior astuteness in escaping their detection.

Probably had not a more honourable career opened before her she would eventually have been drafted into some limbo of punishment, or a charitable dépôt for black sheep, where a veneer of honesty and sanctity might be laid on. As it was she escaped such vile durance, and gained the vaster glory—to her—of independence.

One November evening, being cold and famished—no unusual case—she loitered about the vacant spaces surrounding Covent Garden market. A stray potato, an imperfect carrot, or by great good luck a rotten banana might have fallen into some gutter unobserved by the other hungry waifs hanging about for the same purpose. Oftentimes on her twilight prowls Jin had been favoured in this way by her own preternaturally sharp eyes. To those in quest such an evening meal was not despicable.

To-night something better than a casual supper was achieved. The child was squatting stiff and silent beneath a heap of empty baskets, soon to be removed. Two other children sucking oranges, and apparently much engrossed in the task of suction, loitered past and took up their stand within a yard of Jin's hiding-place.

Their conversation, disjointed and spasmodic considering their occupation, had reference to some small parts they were going to play in a forthcoming pantomime. As a matter of course, they soon began to quarrel over the rival merits of a Spider and a Fly, each claiming superiority over the other. Finally, the weaker of the two, not being convinced by argument of her inferior pantomimic status, was knocked into some sacks of potatoes, where she continued to howl lustily till hauled out by a benevolent policeman.

Jin's sharp eyes scanned the appearance of the sufferer when set on her feet, and examined by her rescuer under a gas lamp.

'Boo—o—o! There's my orindge gone in the dirt, and she said as a Fly were much easier to play nor a Spider.'

This was not coherent, but irrelevant speech appertains to childhood.

It was quite evident that this aspirant to histrionic fame was poor and ill-clothed, though not absolutely ragged or without stockings, like Jin herself. But to the listener her aspect brought hope. It was possible, if such an ill-kempt and low-spirited little creature as this one was admitted to the paradise of a theatre, for Jin herself also to take part in some similar performance. The life of a theatre was unknown to her, and she had never heard that juvenile performers took part in it. Now a career which would be highly congenial to her tastes seemed to open before her. She certainly was not deficient in self-esteem, and appraised her own wits as up to the mark. Forthwith uncoiling her legs and creeping out of her lair, she resolved to make immediate application for a situation at the nearest theatre.

It did not take her long to run round a couple of corners and under the colonnades; for Jin was fleet of limb as a well-trained greyhound. Perhaps semi-starvation may account for many a thief's soundness of wind.

Of course Jin could not read, and the placard on the great doors of the theatre advertising for intelligent children to take part in the forthcoming pantomime did not convey anything definite to her mind.

'I suppose as the print means *summat*,' she soliloquised, glancing dubiously towards it.

The hours of application were stated to be between eleven and one o'clock. This might have damped the ardour of a more literate applicant, forced to wait another day.

But Jin, ignorant of any such hindrance in the way of advancement, rapped boldly at the enormous central door which gave admittance to the public. It certainly looked a cold and forbidding entrance, like one long disused, with its blistered paint and obliterated notices.

The ways of Thespis did not seem absolutely pleasant ways to the small applicant, whose bony knuckles ached with the vain effort to create a satisfactory noise. It was a very feeble sound they produced after all. At length Jin desisted, and stood sucking the injured joints of her right hand, deliberating as to a next proceeding. Her keen eyes wandered anxiously up and down the pile of buildings which she was aware constituted the 'theater.' Then her glance fell upon a smaller door, with a bell attached to it. Here she rang twice without receiving any

attention. A third summons, yet more vehement, brought a man to the door. There was a sound of chains dropping and bolts withdrawn, to a running accompaniment of growls.

'Who is there, and what do you want?' was the final remark, accompanied by a forcible expletive.

The voice was gruff and disagreeable enough even before Jin was seen.

'I'm a-locking up the place for the night. There's nothing going on here now.' Then the door was drawn back, and Jin's tattered raiment and battered head-gear were prominent under the gas lamp.

'You impudent little jade, be off wi' ye! To think as I've come through all them passages to open the door to a beggar's brat no better nor you!'

Then other steps were heard, steps to the rear of the irate doorkeeper. Jin restrained a retaliating volley of objurgation with difficulty.

'I ain't come here to see none of yer plays,' she said, with a ludicrous attempt at dignity. 'I ain't such a fool as not to know when theaters is playin.'

'Be off,' repeated the man; 'and don't you be ringing that bell again, or as sure as you're alive I'll send for the police.'

A pitying smile passed over Jin's face.

'Oh, I don't want to take nought here. You ain't got no cause to hold on to the door that way, 'cept as yer can't stand upright. I ain't a burglar. I've only come to be took on in the pantermine.'

Jin spoke derisively in the prelude. The emphasised clause concerning the porter's inability to stand upright was an intentional hit. Certainly this was not a propitiatory address.

'I ain't so pertickler even if it's a monkey or a insek as yer gives me to play, only I think as a fair-e 'ud suit me best. You see I'm lightish, for want of vittles at times, and I knows how to kick my legs about.'

Jin could see all this time that there was another listener to the rear of the incensed doorkeeper. This one now advanced towards the applicant, and the subordinate officer fell back from the door.

'She's as impudent a little hussy as ever stepped, sir. I don't advise you to have nought to say to her.'

But his superior pushed him aside with a lordly air.

Only a dim light came from some distance up the passage,

but the gas lamp in the street just over Jin's head revealed the individual whose ample proportions filled up the doorway as a man of burly figure, clad in a checked suit with a crimson tie and massive watch-chain—things very alluring to Jin's regard. Her eyes wandered from the conspicuous tie with the opal pin to the enormous chain and back again, as if calculating their value.

The man's eyes glanced with less interest and speculation over the outline of the attenuated little figure facing him so boldly. The child's small white face and bright brown eyes were not conspicuous for beauty, though instinct with intelligence. It was, however, no new thing to have half-starved and ragged children seeking to be transformed into fairies.

'Oh, I'm glad as you've come. He,' with a contemptuous jerk of a dirty thumb towards the shadowy passage, 'tried to come the 'igh hand over me. But I knew as he weren't first fiddle here.'

Then Jin communicated her aspirations and enumerated her qualifications, with a good deal of dramatic action thrown in. With the utmost gravity she lifted her tattered skirt and revealed two miserable limbs, destitute of stockings and with very fragmentary boots. The man half turned away as though unwilling to contemplate anything so painful. Jin dropped her poor garment, making a hideous grimace over her shoulder as though at some invisible evil counsellor.

'I s'pose as they likes good legs here. But ain't mine good enough for nothin' at all?' she said fiercely. 'If they was dressed up in clean stockings with no holes in 'em, I don't rarely think as they'd be so bad.' Then a happy afterthought seemed to strike Jin, and her face broke out in a sunny smile.

'Say, now, couldn't I be a Daddy Long-legs? You know they goes sorter slow in cold weather. Why, I've cotched lots of 'em upon the slates in our lane.'

Jin looked up at the man in authority with more longing than she was aware of. Her pride would not allow her consciously to assume the attitude of a pleader. Still the Elysium of a 'pantermine' did appear more desirable as it became more unattainable.

'This is not the proper time to apply,' said the gentleman with the watch-chain, curtly. Yet there was less severity in his tone than Jin had expected, and she was so seasoned to curses and foul language that anything short of violent abuse appeared suavity to her ears.

'I suppose you didn't read our regulations,' continued the man; 'or very likely you can't read. However, as we're rather short of children for our pantomime this season, I'll give you a trial. You come round on Wednesday morning at eleven sharp, and we'll trot you out. Madame Bratter will soon see what stuff you're made of. You understand you must come regularly to rehearsals—that's practising; or you'll be turned off—get the sack.'

Jin drew herself up and smiled in a way contemptuous of such a doubt.

'Oh, never you fear! I'll come reg'lar enough. It's warm in a theater, and comfabler than the streets. And—I s'pose as you'll pay me summat—a trifle—if I'm spry about the business. Old Mother Jacobs, she always says—when she ain't drunk, which she 'most always is—as I've the wit of ten others. That ain't bad, I can tell ye, for we're a sharp lot in our street.'

The manager smiled involuntarily at the heroine's self-laudation, uttered with profound conviction. There was an indescribable energy and force about Jin's gestures as well as her language.

'Then come inside now, Miss Sharp Wits, and let old Brown here enter your name and tell you what time to come Wednesday.—Good night, Brown. Don't let this little baggage get lost in the theatre.'

Then the great good-natured man rolled through the doorway and soon disappeared in the outside darkness.

Jin, nothing loth to explore the labyrinths of a theatre, obeyed the porter's sign to enter, and followed him through a long passage till she reached a small retreat where there was a fire and a gas jet flaring.

'My eyes! it is dirty,' said the fastidious critic of the slums, looking about with disdain at the cobwebs and damp stains on the walls. 'I allers thought it 'ud be all gold and shining at the back of a theater, where the fair-es come from.'

As Jin seated herself on the edge of a well-worn morocco chair her disgust was apparent.

'What's yer name?' said the surly individual known as Brown, drawing a book towards him, and digging a pen deep into a pewter inkstand.

'Ginifer.'

'What?'

'Ginifer. Have yer never heard tell of her as got shut in a box when she was hidin' for play? I can show yer a shop winder where there's a picture of her. She's all dressed in white, and a

flower crown on her head, a-gettin' into a box with a smile on her face, as if it was a rare game.'

Jin grew pensive at the recollection. Her bright eyes were fixed absently on the gas flame.

'Shut up, you chatterbox. How the devil do you spell yourself?' growled the man, who was not well versed in romance.

'Oh, that don't sinnify,' said Jin airily, with a disdainful sweep of one hand, as if to dismiss such an unimportant matter as orthography.

'Wot are yer waiting for?' she continued sharply, glancing at the suspended pen.

'Ginifer *what*? you cheeky little jade,' said Brown, with an angry frown.

'There ain't nought more as I knows on. There's some folks as don't need two handles to find 'em. I'm like a Ry'al 'ighness; they ain't no use to me. I ain't a every-day sort to be bothered with two names.'

Jin delivered this explanation with grim humour. It was her version of her own notoriety.

'I lives at Mrs. Jacobs', Pride's Lane, Seven Dials,' she continued. 'If yer wants a naddress, that's it, and they all knows me in our street.'

Mr. Brown apparently regarded the name-taking as an altogether superfluous matter, and, scribbling down the reference hastily, he closed the book and bade Jin depart.

She got up and shook out her ragged skirt as though it had been soiled by contact with the greasy chair.

'*He* was a swell,' she said, pointing over her shoulder towards the passage, and speaking in a hoarse whisper. 'Does the theater b'long of him?'

Mr. Brown slammed down the lid of the desk, and locked it.

'Be off, you impudent little hussy. I've had more than enough of you. I never did see such a one to talk in all my born days.'

'He was shaved clean, and had a gold chain and a sating scarf,' went on the irrepressible one, 'and he ordered you about, and you didn't say nothin'. I guess he's top sawyer here. Good-bye to yer. I'll be sure and come Wednesday.'

The subsequent days and weeks were delightful beyond any past experience of life to this adventuress of the gutter. Fancy had never painted any visions equal to the delightful reality of rehearsals.

The theatre became to Jin the all-important platform of life, and her own personality an important factor of its prosperity. Within the precincts of this building she tasted a pure and unalloyed happiness, and the praise of the dancing-mistress was, to her who had never known approval, a rich guerdon.

The unhallowed fane was the scene of the highest aspirations Jin had ever known, and here were born the first seedlings of duty—the duty to exert herself to the utmost. Here a faint notion of doing her best, of striving after perfection, came to life. And surely the belief in any perfection is a religion, strengthening and far-reaching in effects.

Under the roof of the theatre Jin's physical being likewise developed. Here she was warmed and fed, and had her fill of fun and laughter—more innocent fun than she had ever known in the foul dens she frequented. Good-natured carpenters and scene-shifters, or more prosperous companions of her own age, were often generous in the matter of cakes and ale, sandwiches, buns, bones, or whatever constituted their dinner. Jin had a dinner 'reg'lar' now, she boasted.

By degrees the child was metamorphosed. Her sickly pallor disappeared, and her skinny limbs took on a semblance of flesh. As to her nimble wits, they developed in a marvellous degree beneath the favouring hand of fortune. She was the life and soul of the children's classes, and her talent for repartee frequently convulsed her elders. Such ready responses relieved the tedium of irksome training and monotonous reiteration of directions.

Jin never required to be told anything a second time, and she of course took the lead amongst the other children. They looked to her for example, appealed to her for help, and sought her consolation when in disgrace. It was philosophic comfort she usually tendered, for her mind was strongly coloured with stoicism. But it was an admirable plaster of common sense and humour, and salved the practical minds of poverty-stricken elves.

To a hundred or more miserable little mortals, who knew no playground but reeking slums and vile courts, no dolls but other people's babies, no prattle but oaths and hideous language, the glitter, brightness, and general make-believe theatre existence was fascinating in the extreme. Flowers and insects they had never seen were to be represented, fays and imps such as their prosaic imaginations never conceived were to be personated. What a revelation of an ideal world to untaught colourless minds!

But to Jin it was more than fascination. Her own use and

importance seemed at last a significant fact in the creation of that host of unclaimed homeless children who are cast abroad about our big cities.

At times she appeared like one possessed with joy, dancing and flitting about with the most inveterate activity and enjoyment.

When Jin was finally chosen as Queen of the Dewdrops her joy knew no bounds. It culminated beyond all measure of speech when her dress was tried on. She sighed and sighed as she tenderly fingered the airy glittering tissue. The look of bewilderment, almost of awe, upon her face sat strangely there. For Jin was not easily overcome.

That day, the last of the rehearsals, she marshalled all her little Dewdrop ladies with indescribable pride. Jin was quite confident that she knew her own part perfectly, not only the many steps she had to dance, but the few words she had to say. With some little difficulty she had been taught to modulate her sharp cracked voice—the voice of a child of the streets, penetrating and insistent generally by reason of the urgent necessity to make itself heard or to die utterly.

'Rehersal is very serious,' dictated Jin in reproving tones to a ridiculous mite of a child taken with a sudden access of giggling over the antics of an energetic boy earwig.

The final trial passed off satisfactorily, and Madame Bratter dismissed her party expressing herself completely satisfied with their manœuvres. Under the gas lamps of a public-house, on her own native pavement in Pride's Lane, Jin detailed her performance that evening, pirouetting as gracefully as she could over cabbage stalks and filthy refuse, further disqualified for dancing by an odd pair of boots with heels of different sizes.

'You're a-gettin' quite stuck up,' remarked one envious juvenile, with an accent of derision. 'We shall 'ave yer settin' up for a hopera dancer some day.'

Jin smirked with much self-satisfaction. She by no means regarded this as an improbable conclusion to her career. For surely no fairy romance was more wonderful than the sudden rise of her fortunes.

The Great Pantomime in which Jin figured prominently amongst the children was pronounced a glorious success by all the juveniles who visited it during the holidays. The home of the Dewdrop Queen, and the shrill-tongued sovereign who moved so gracefully, and gave her commands with such truly royal

assumption of dignity and grace, were freely applauded. Jin was on all sides recognised as a feature of the entertainment. Her queer elfish face, quaint with its preternatural shrewdness, had an irresistible attraction. For verily the child's face was a history. On it were written a multitude of experiences, knowledge of evil, struggling desires, irrepressible humour, and above all broke the unmistakable light of intelligence and indomitable spirit.

Jin, encouraged and smiled upon by many of the staff, became consequential. She imitated the leading ladies, mimicked the clown, and caught the spirit of pantomime in everything. She had decided histrionic gifts, leaning often to burlesque. Her swagger was charming, her boasting laughable nonsense. She enlarged and embellished everything. Her fancy knew no checks.

'We must have you here again next year,' said Mr. Raikes, the gentleman of the watch-chain, patting Jin's head approvingly one night as she came off the stage. 'You're worth half a dozen of the ordinary children. I expect you'll be leading lady some day.'

Jin glowed with excited pride, a feeling only tempered by the recollection that next winter was very far off, and that the present season of pantomime was nearly at an end. How was she to exist in the meantime? For it did not seem desirable to Jin to go back to her thieving ways. There was something better in the world than living by dishonest practices. Still, if she could tide over a few pantomime seasons, a career of respectability might open before her.

'I'll do better next year, sir,' she said, glancing up with quick bright eyes. 'I won't be new to the business, yer see.'

Ah, no, Jin, this business will know you no more!

The last night had come, and Jin with a heavy sigh had put on her dewdrop frock and glittering crown for the last time. A cold tremor seized her when she thought of all the evenings henceforth to be spent in Pride's Lane instead of in fairy palaces, realms of light and beauty. Yet never had she tripped so gracefully across the stage, or demeaned herself with such pretty dignity. Her shrill voice had a peculiar pathos when she pronounced the doom of the dewdrops before the rising sun. The end of the transformation scene came, and the curtain fell. Amidst tumultuous applause it rose again, and the little stage Queen led her little Court forward. There were tears in Jin's bright eyes.

When all was over, there was to be a supper for the children,

and so many of them lingered till after the harlequinade. Jin begged to be allowed to wear her dress.

'It don't make much matter now if it gets dirty,' she said, with a sigh; 'there'll be nobody to look at it to-morrow.' And so the supper was eaten and sleepy children were bidden to depart. Many of them had elders, reputed sisters or aunts, seldom a mother, to fetch them. But nobody came for Jin.

'Now hurry up,' said old Brown, seeing her still loitering about the passages in her fairy robes. 'I want to be locking up.'

The carpenters had gone, the dressers had gone, clown, pantaloons, and harlequin had all hurried eastwards or westwards.

Brown, as a final ceremony, betook himself to a whisky bottle in the manager's room, and there after a couple of doses fell into a deep sleep.

Jin, unable to tear herself away from the scene of so much happiness, wandered into one of the property rooms. She knew there was a long mirror here, for she had often practised before it. She turned up the gas and figured for a space in front of it.

'Tis the last time,' she muttered more than once. 'Oh, I do love play-actin'!' with a heavy sigh.

Then a huge chest, carved and massive, attracted her notice. She did not remember to have seen it before.

'Why, it's like the other Ginifers. I do declare I can play-act Ginifer!' And all the time Brown slept on, giving vent to regular sonorous sounds.

With all her strength exerted, Jin lifted the heavy lid of the chest.

'And I've got a white gown and a crown like the Ginifer in the shop window.'

She laughed gaily and stepped into the chest, looking at her own image all the time. Jin! oh, Jin! can you not see the grey shadow with uplifted scythe above your crown of dewdrops? Laugh on, happy one! You have had your day, poor wayside weed, that might on other soil have blossomed into some beauteous flower. Think no more of the dread morrow, and the long stretch of dull and toilsome days reaching on to next winter. Uncertainty will never be yours any more. Your little triumph has made a bright ripple on the dead monotony of misery to which you were born. Happier than some in this! Go to rest, Ginifer, with a smile on your face, and with your poor little laurels clasped close to your brave breast. An all-seeing, all-wise Guide is leading your steps perchance to cleaner ways. Good night, Jin! good night!

The child smiles radiantly at herself in the long mirror in which the glitter of tinsel and bright dewdrops are reflected. Suddenly her frail arm, weakened by the long strain, relaxes its hold of the ponderous lid. With a dull heavy thud it falls, and the lock snaps fiercely.

It was early morning when Mr. Brown awoke and found himself in the cold company of an empty whisky bottle. The fire had gone out, and the chill breath of dawn penetrated the room. All outside was silent, though the gas jet was flaring overhead. Mr. Brown rose stiffly, swearing volubly. Having locked up, and extinguished the gas in the passages, as he made his way out he was surprised to see a room used for storing furniture with the door wide open and a light burning.

'It's very careless of 'em,' he grumbled. As he stretched up a hand to turn off the gas he glanced at his own dishevelled state in the long mirror. Surely, oh! surely some childish outline yet dims the clearness of that mirror. No. The mirror gives back no phantom. Too late, too late, Mr. Brown. All is bare, all is silent here.

They found her the next day when the chest had to be moved. She was dead with a smile on her face. A heavy bruise on her brow showed where the lid had stunned her, and so perchance she had escaped the conscious agony of suffocation. They laid her to rest dressed and crowned in the attire she had so well loved. With her poor little gauds and tinsel finery wrapped about her she sleeps well. Good night, Ginifer! good night!

H. MUSGRAVE.

A Day's Stalking.

WHAT is the extreme amount of physical torture and of mental anguish that a human being can manage to endure in the course of a single day? There must, of course, be many and diverse answers to such a question; but here at least is one solution which some folk may perhaps be disposed to regard as being not very wide of the mark.

As the silver-grey dawn begins to steal up the silent strath—here in the remote wilds of Ross-shire—you awaken with a haunting sense of impending doom. What is it, then? Are you going to be hanged? Alas! no—for hanging would be over at eight o'clock; and thereafter would follow silence and peace. Are you going to make a first appearance on the stage? Well, that is not very pleasant; especially when you have no business there, and if you are anxious the public should not perceive that the ancient shepherd is wearing spectacles—for ancient shepherds were not in the habit of wearing spectacles in the days of Leontes and Polixenes. No, it is something far worse than that; and now you know you cannot escape from it; for certain soft footfalls on the grass without inform you that the ponies have already arrived. You get up and look from the window. Yes, there they are: Beauly the white, furnished with a deer-saddle to bring home the stag that was shot yesterday; and Bonar the brown, having an ordinary saddle to carry you away into the wilderness where your sufferings are to begin. And there, too, is Peter, smoking a solitary pipe; for Hugh, the head-keeper, went away long before daybreak, to spy out the land.

Breakfast over, you stealthily leave the sleeping house, and presently the mute procession is making away down to ford the river. And perhaps it is to avoid the thought of all that is to follow that the mind seeks refuge in a little meditation, of the modern kind. Why, now, should ponies—and presumably horses—betray such terror on 'winding' a deer? This Bonar that one

is riding is quite a favourite with the gillies because he can be got to approach a slain stag; but even he must have his nose smeared with the stag's blood first, to render him callous to the scent. The other ponies shiver with fright the moment they 'wind' a deer, and swerve away in terror so that the foresters have sometimes a fine job of it before they can get the carcass strapped on the saddle. Now how should the pony or the horse have acquired any dread of the most timorous and harmless creature that exists? Or is it that they have inherited a fear of some predatory beast whose scent resembled that of the deer? And what horrible creature was it, then, that roamed the ancient Caledonian forest, the terror of the more peaceful animals in the straths? And how many ages ago?

Whirr! A grouse-cock springs from a heathery knoll—the unexpectant Beaully jumps aside in sudden fright—and behold! Peter is lying on his back, with one foot still dangling in the stirrup. But Beaully remains stock still; the discomfited horseman, scowling vengefully, gets up again, and gives the poor brute a savage kick ere he remounts into the saddle; therewithal we get down to the river, to seek out the ford.

Now Bonar has the reputation of knowing every ford in this stream much more accurately than any native of the district; and the usual fashion is to put him into the water and let him find his way across for himself. But this morning—whether it is that the recent spate has altered the look of the bank, or what not—Bonar seems afraid to venture. While as yet the water is hardly over his knees, he regards the swollen blue-brown current with a dark suspicion, and keeps edging his way further and further downstream, until one begins to think he is making for the Kyle of Sutherland. And then what command have you over him, when you are holding your feet level with his ears? But at last he makes the plunge—pauses to get his weight against the heavy stream—cautiously and with slow travail forces his way through—and at length we reach the land. Then there is a stiff climb—with one's nose, now, instead of one's feet, close to the pony's ears—up some hundred yards or so of a hill-side about as steep as the side of a house; and finally we gain the highway, where both the ponies are put into a gentle trot.

Then come back those awful warnings of Scrope, of St. John, of Colquhoun, and all the other authorities. What avail the bull's eyes at the target on the hill-side, if a fit of 'buck-ague' is likely to seize one at the critical moment, or if an excited

forester should alarm the stag before you have got the twin sights rightly on him? Or, again, supposing you have your nerves absolutely under control, what if your opportunity should come late in the day, when your teeth are chattering in your head with cold, and your frozen fingers trembling? The look of the morning around you is not too encouraging. Snow lies thick on the higher hills; a wintry sleet has begun to blow down from the north; and if the wind as yet, here in the glens, is mild enough, you know what it will be in the bleak altitudes whither you are bound. Moreover, another misfortune now befalls the luckless Peter. Suddenly Beaully stops short in the middle of the highway, and begins to lash out with her hind legs. Peter descends, quickly. He makes a pretence of examining the harness, but in a hopeless kind of way.

'She's aye like that, wi' the deer-saddle,' says he; and then he adds with resignation: 'I'll chist hef to wakk.' So we set off at foot-pace now, to get over the long and weary miles that lie between us and the haunted ground.

Shortly after leaving the highway we have to ford another river; and here an unexpected descent of Bonar into a deep hole fills one's boots with water; but this is rather an advantage, for it relieves one from all further anxiety; indeed, as the persistent soaking of the sleet is now beginning to penetrate even Harris homespun, there is not much use in trying to keep one's feet dry when one's shoulders and knees are wet. After crossing this river and going through some woods, we get away up into a much wilder country. All signs of civilisation gradually cease: what could civilisation do with this wild waste of bog and rock? As one looks at the hopeless swamps, at the sterile slopes scarred with peat-hags, and the stony heights above, it is with a petulant wish that some half-dozen of the people who in the House of Commons express their innocent views about unreclaimed land could have a free gift granted them of a dozen square miles of this country: on the condition, however, that, after a certain time, if it was found they could not make a living out of it, they should have ten years in Milbank Penitentiary for talking trash. However, that is the autocratic way of settling questions, and is not in favour at present. What claims more immediate attention (as the wise and faithful Bonar, having left the hill-track far behind, is now choosing a path for himself, clambering over boulders and stones, or carefully descending into swampy little gullies) is this:—Every one knows that it is no use going after

the deer unless a young lady—the prettier the better—gives you some little present to take with you for luck. Well, supposing the young lady, out of her native generosity, has sent you an enormous length of rose-red ribbon; and supposing that, out of further generosity, you have shared this gift with your companions—until, indeed, every noble sportsman in the lodge is proudly wearing a crimson neck-tie, manipulated by his own clumsy fingers; supposing, in short, you have nothing but a scrap left for yourself—what if that scrap should prove a half-exhausted talisman, like the one described by Mr. Besant and Mr. Pollock in these pages? Or what—still more hideous thought!—if it were to act the wrong way, like the repellent pole of a magnet, or the brain of the young man of whom Mr. Longfellow used to tell a tale?¹ For, alas! the mind instinctively turns to gloomy portents and forebodings, in this solitude of mists, and moorland, and sombre, voiceless hills.

At length, after some eight miles of lonely travel, we reach the little ravine in which the ponies are usually left; but on this occasion Beau only is hobbled and turned loose; the faithful Bonar, with the deer-saddle transferred to his back, is to come on with us to bring home the stag that was shot yesterday. Meanwhile Peter is attentively scanning the vast extent of lifeless country that lies to the east and west and south of us.

‘I’m not seeing him,’ he observes at length—for apparently there is no Hugh anywhere within sight.

‘Where shall we make for, then, Peter?’

‘We’ll chist mek for the top, sir,’ he answers, looking across a wide waste of moorland to the far crest of a line of hill.

Well, well. One who has been up to that skyline before accepts his fate with resignation. He knows how Peter will proceed. No avoidance of swamps, no zigzag of steep places, no temporising with the deep peat-hags filled with drifts of snow; but a bee-line for the summit—that is Peter’s way. At first of course, we have to descend into the little ravine and cross the burn—

¹ ‘Mr. Longfellow,’ said the breathless and bewildered young man (meaning to say quite the opposite), ‘I—I—am one of the—one of the few people who have read your *Evangeline*.’ It is to be suspected, however, that Longfellow used to invent some of those stories. That of the Englishman who said, ‘Very glad to have seen you, Mr. Longfellow; you know there are no other old ruins in your country’—that legend sounds a little apocryphal. There is a more natural touch about the tale of the western man who came to see Longfellow’s house which had been General Washington’s head-quarters during the war of independence; and when he was taking leave of the venerable poet, who had most courteously shown him over the place, shook hands and said, ‘Well, good-bye, General; I am proud to see you looking so hale at your advanced age.’

wading through it, in fact, for both of us are wet to the skin by this time, though it is yet but about ten o'clock. Then begins the laborious toil across the marshy flats—unreclaimed land with a vengeance, that allows you to sink to the knees at every step, in a spongy mixture of moss and water. Poor Bonar has a bad time of it here; sometimes he gets bogged altogether, and resolutely stands still, hard-breathing; whereupon Peter goes in front of him, and with both hands on the rein hauls at his four-footed companion's head until Bonar makes another frantic effort to free himself. By-and-by we get up to harder ground, cut in every direction by black peat-hags, into which one slips, and out of which one scrambles. Here and there in the hags are drifts of snow—a nice soft bed some eight or ten feet deep, if one were to stumble in. The higher one gets, the keener blows the wind, the wilder come those blasts of sleet; but it is not cold that is the trouble; indeed one is glad to perceive that even Peter, hardy mountaineer as he is, has his face ablaze, and that more than once he has to remove his cap and mop the perspiration off his streaming hair. What is of more consequence than either cold or heat is the fact that the clouds are coming down, threatening to extinguish the land altogether. The sharp white peaks of Suilven and Canisp, and the heavy shoulders of Benmore, have long since vanished; on the hills quite close to us the mists are slowly descending, approaching stealthily, imperceptibly; an overshadowing gloom is gradually encompassing the world.

Suddenly, through the bewilderment of mist and sleet, a figure appears—a startling thing in this solitary place; and here is the broad-shouldered and long-limbed Hugh, himself hard-blown, for he must have come from a great distance, and at an extraordinary pace, to overtake us. It turns out that Master Peter has mistaken his directions; that Hugh was waiting for us some miles below; that half his morning's work has gone for nothing.

'Have you seen anything, Hugh?'

'Oh, yes, sir; but they're away down at the east end, this side the Glass-alt burn.' And then he turns with a look of gentle reproach to Peter. 'You've made it an ahfu' round for us'—and well does a not uninterested bystander know what *that* brief phrase means.

On we go again, clambering up this steep hill-side, making use of the peat-hags mostly, unless where the snow renders them impassable, until a further halt is called, when Peter and the pony are sent off in a certain direction, towards the slain stag that is

lying somewhere concealed. Thereafter Hugh and his remaining companion, each with a rifle over his shoulder, continue this heart-breaking climb, until they reach the watershed along the crest of the hill, where more circumspection becomes necessary, for the valley now opening out below them has to be carefully scanned. But what is the use? Momentarily the clouds are stealing further and further down; finally we are inclosed on all hands by an impenetrable grey veil—a girl could fling a stone further than we can see. And then one discovers by the wind that Hugh is making west.

‘Look here, Hugh; are you going to help Peter with the stag?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘How far away is it?’

‘Oh, just a mile or two.’

A mile or two!—one knows what that imports.

‘And of course you are coming back this way.’

‘Oh, yes, sir.’

‘All right. I’m going to bury myself in a peat-hag, out of the wind, and wait for you.’

‘Very well, sir. It’ll be a long time before I am back; but you’ll no move out o’ the peat-hag, sir, or mebbe I’ll no be finding you in the mist.’

A deep black gully is chosen; the rifle is placed handy, lest a stag should come wandering through the clouds; the long figure of the forester vanishes away like a phantom; and a solitary human creature is left to pace up and down a few feet of grass protruding from the snow, with such reflections as are appropriate to the occasion. At first, indeed, there is no great physical discomfort; for although the wind comes swirling round into the peat-hag, still, as one is all ablaze with the long fatigues of the morning, it is rather pleasant than otherwise. But as that temporary heat cools down, and is succeeded by the consciousness that you are wet through—with perspiration, or with sleet, or with both combined—then these gusts begin to strike chill indeed. You face them, and they seem to go right through your chest; you turn your back, and they appear to pierce your very marrow. Exercise is hardly possible in this restricted space; besides, so long as you stand still, the water in your boots remains in a kind of tepid state; whereas when you move an icy thrill strikes through your feet. As for a stag coming across, which would be the more frightened—it or you? No, there is nothing for it but to stand idly about on the snow—which is drier

than the grass, if that is any advantage—shifting from time to time to expose some other section of your fast-freezing body to the bitter blast, watching for the reappearance of a spectral world through this pale curtain of cloud, and wondering whether you would like to be buried in Kensal Green or on the western shores of the island of Ulva.

And then you think of your friends, particularly those of them who are at this moment wending their way to Pall Mall. There goes one of them up the steps of his club. Of course he stops for his letters, for this is the great Literary Octopus, whose far-reaching tentacles suck sustenance from all parts of the world; and in that bundle of envelopes there are doubtless contributions (the smallest thankfully received) from Cathay, unconsidered trifles from Tasmania, post-office orders from Newfoundland. Then, burdened with his various wealth, he seeks the coffee-room. And oh, how ill he is!—a crumpled rose-leaf woke him this morning seven minutes before the proper time; and nothing will restore him now but a luncheon that five stout navvies could hardly make away with. It is a horrid sight to see the curried prawns, the roast mutton and jelly, the stewed prunes, the cheese and celery, the French pears and what not disappear into that capacious maw: indeed—why—instinctively one's hand gradually sidles into a certain pocket, and behold! a little paper parcel. It is all wet now with the sleet; but that can't be helped. The bread is moist; the flakes of cold meat are limp; the salt has melted. But it is food, and it affords occupation. When the drink question comes along, that is less easily settled, for there is no water within miles, even if one dared venture out in search of it; so there is but the other alternative—to half fill your mouth with snow, add some whisky, and swallow the mixture: *Deus sit propitius huic potatori!* Of course the inner man—the vagus nerve, that is—howls aloud! 'Here, what on earth do you mean? What are you doing? What's this? Do you call this a drink?' No, I don't call it a drink; I don't call a decoction of minced North Pole and fire a fluid of any sort or kind; but it is the only thing procurable. A great poet of our own day, who is passionately fond of the sea, and is also an excellent swimmer, declares that, if you are pent up in town or country, you have only to use samphire soap in order to induce the impression that you have just come in from breasting the breakers off the rocks of Alderney or Sark. Well, a man may persuade himself of much; but if he has just swallowed a combination of snow—of

granulated ice, rather—and Highland whisky, I will defy him to believe that he has had a drink.

Without any warning of sound an apparition starts out of the clouds; this is Hugh come back; and right joyfully does the frozen mummy in the peat-hag receive the intelligence that there is a long tramp before him, for there is now a prospect of getting thawed into life again. It is true the deer are not more than four or five miles off; but we have to make a long *détour* in order to avoid giving them our wind; and our road lies over the roughest possible ground. As we get away from those chilly altitudes, we leave the snow behind; the mist clears so that a sort of phantom world becomes visible, but a world without perspective; everything is vertical—the Glass-alt burn appears like a bit of white ribbon suspended from the sky. We are now considerably over our march; but as two friends of ours are in temporary occupation of the neighbouring forest, that does not greatly matter. On and on we toil until we are almost down into the valley; indeed, at one point, a chance slip comes near to bringing the stalk and the career of the present writer alike to a sudden end, for he goes softly gliding down a slope of peat, and is just about being hurled into the ravine below when his feet happen to catch on the stump of a birch-tree, and he is enabled slowly to clamber up again. By this time Hugh is a long way ahead, making straight for the promised land.

But when at length he gets near to the neighbourhood where he saw the deer in the morning, he begins to walk more cautiously—then stealthily—sometimes stooping, and always anxiously scanning every distant knoll and gully. All at once he drops down on the ground, prone, and after a minute's quiet proceeds to get out his telescope and push it through the grass and heather in front of his nose. Then he turns round and crawls back for some distance before he thinks it safe to get up; and when he speaks he speaks in awful whispers.

'They're feeding again,' he says, 'but they've moved up wind. We'll have to go aweh back.'

Away back? Well, well, it is all in the day's work; one shoulders the rifle again, and resumes the weary trudge over this long heather and up and down and over those interminable peat-hags. It is pitiful to see our own tracks in the black soft soil, and to know that all this labour has been wasted. The rifle gets to be abnormally heavy. Crouching was never the natural gait of man. What happens when the lungs burst?

By-and-by after a long circuit the crouching becomes lower and lower, until finally Hugh goes down on his face and begins to get forward as though he were slowly swimming. I have to do the like; only that whereas Hugh can safely push along his rifle parallel with himself, I have (for fear of accident) to shift mine transversely, half a foot at a time, which is a most hampered method of progression. Moreover, it is hard that when once the water that has soaked through one's clothes has been comfortably warmed up by all the previous toil, it should now be chilled, or displaced, by new water from the outside. Every movement forward sends a fresh ice-current up to the elbows, and from the knees down to the boots. One's face and knuckles are torn by the twigs of the heather; but that is less of a consideration than the fact that the hand that holds the rifle is deadly cold and stiff. Hugh swims more cautiously now—inch by inch he gets along: then he stops short, to allow me to crawl up to his side. The rifles are stealthily taken out of their waterproof cases, and put on full cock.

'I can only see two hinds,' he says in a whisper, 'but the others are no far off. There's five hinds and a stag.'

Does this right hand tremble? Not a bit. Nerves?—like a rock. You only clinch your teeth a little.

All of a sudden a startling vision presents itself: there are two living creatures—two beautiful animals, of a warm dun colour—quietly trotting along the top of a distant knoll, if that can be called a trot which is rather a light springing over the tall heather. Portentously large they look after our long wanderings through an empty world—a bewilderment, too, for in one brief second you have to ask and answer yourself half a dozen questions. Is it worth while trying for one of these hinds? How many yards off? Better wait for a chance at the stag? Will they carry the alarm? Is this all that we are to see of the deer?

'Will ye take the shot, sir?—they're about three hundred yards,' says Hugh, not very eagerly, as the light-limbed, slim-necked creatures keep on their way, hardly seemibg to touch the earth.

'No; a stag or nothing. But what started them?'

'They've got suspicious about something,' is Hugh's whispered answer, as he cautiously rises to his feet, and looks across to the little plateau where he had last seen the deer feeding.

'Will they frighten the others away?' is the next question.

'Maybe they'll no go far. We'll just have to search the small corries.'

Searching the small corries sounds an innocent kind of thing; but it turns out to be a terrible business; for it is nearly all either crouching or crawling, and it is protracted until the misery of it becomes almost unendurable. Moreover, it is raining persistently—not that that can make you any wetter than you are, but that, if you are wearing spectacles, the landscape becomes transformed into a sort of nebulous phantasmagoria; and what are your chances of getting the stag even if you were to find him? No; you begin to think it is a shame to shoot such beautiful creatures. Why should they not be left to the freedom of their native wilds, to the fierce joy of the tournaments in mid-October, to the milder graces of maternity in the spring? Are not all of us *feræ naturæ* in a sense?—is there not a certain kinship?—

Down drops Hugh on the heather, as if he had been shot through the heart. When one slowly and arduously creeps up to him, it is to find that he is peering into a sort of hollow surrounded by low knolls. With his hand he beckons his unfortunate pupil to come up.

'The stag and four of the hinds are there,' he says, apparently talking into the ground.

A little further crawling, the raising of your head an inch, and you see a strange thing amazingly near you. It is the back of a deer, of a vivid fawn colour, and the animal is quietly feeding not fifty yards off. The agonised excitement of such a moment! The head of the deer being out of sight, you cannot tell whether this is the stag or only one of the hinds; if it is one of the hinds, how are you to get at the stag without alarming his companion?

'Hugh, is that the stag?'

'Yes, yes, sir,' is the muttered reply.

Perhaps the slight hissing sound has reached him. He raises his head slightly—then he throws it right up and shows his branching antlers—a noble sight! The rifle is quickly pushed through the heather—how long will the stag remain motionless? Surely he has caught sight of Hugh?

'Fire, sir, fire; he'll be away!' calls out Hugh, oblivious of consequences; and how in your desperation can you tell him to be quiet? No, there is nothing for it now but to take a snapshot—well forward—with such steadying of the two sights as is possible in this wild second—the haphazard shot is fired—the stag bounds forward just an instant too late—Hugh springs to his

feet, makes for the top of the knoll, and has a right and left at him as he flies over the crest—he loads again and tries to pick off a hind—I take a despairing farewell shot at another hind crossing the skyline some four hundred yards away—and then, after this staccato fusillade, there is an awful silence.

‘Nothing touched, Hugh?’

‘Nothing, sir.’

‘How did I come to miss that stag?’

‘You fired just a foot in front of his shoulder, sir,’ Hugh says hopelessly.

‘When he wasn’t moving, then? Why, if I had taken my own time I could have had a standing shot!’

‘Ay, mebbe that, sir; but I thought he was off; as soon as he saw us I made sure he was off.’

There is further silence. The whisky-flask is not produced. Hugh keeps gazing at the skyline as if he expected some of those deer to come back. And then, with thoughts too deep for words, we set out on our way home.

The dusk of the afternoon comes down as we toil over those weary miles of moorland that lie between us and the hobbled pony. It is a very moist moorland. Deep hidden under the spongy peat and verdant moss lie the stumps of trees which may have been growing when the ‘forests’ of Scotland were forests in reality, not bare wastes; and these unseen stumps are slippery with the wet; so that when the foot happens to strike on them a catastrophe is almost inevitable. Even the experienced Hugh has one bad fall; thereafter he limps for half an hour. His sombre companion goes head over heels again and again, with no worse result, however, than a strained wrist. The rain pours. We come to the bed of a stream, and wade along the shallows as the easiest path. Eventually we reach the Place of the Hobbling of the Ponies, as it is doubtless called in the Gaelic.

And now for those who want to be taught the miseries of deer-stalking, here beginneth the fifteenth lesson. Beaully entirely refuses to be caught, and as she is hobbled by the fore feet only she can show a fine pair of hind heels whenever anyone tries to get near her. Coaxing is no use; language of another kind is lost upon her. Imaginary hay she knows all about; sudden rushes she defeats. Hugh, with the saddle upon his shoulder, and myself, carrying the two heavy rifles, pursue this vagrant creature mile after mile, trying to hem her in between

us, and in vain. It is ludicrous—quite amusing, indeed—but it is not getting home. At length, after about three miles of this merry chase, she allows one of us to get pretty well close to her; there is a grab at her mane—and she stands. She is saddled; the solitary horseman rests one of the rifles transversely on her neck, and the melancholy procession, as the evening closes down, sets out for the lodge in the distant strath.

I am not the first, to use the cruel phrase of Mephistopheles. I have heard before, from several mouths, of that gloomy ride home, of the torturing conscience, of the agonising questions, of the remorseful guesses at what might have been. If the stag had but sprung forward when you expected? If you had paid no heed to Hugh's admonition, but steadily drawn the bead on the standing deer? If you had sprung to your feet, and made sure of the way he was going to run, so as to have the second barrel? What a size he was, too!—and so near!—broadside on!—a baby's shot!—if only you had known he was going to stand still! And what about the talisman? Of course the talisman must have lost its virtue. Those fellows with the rose-red ties used up all the luck. As a matter of fact, one of them shot three stags in one day, each an honest stalk; another got two stags, right and left, in driving the woods; while a beardless boy of a barrister secured a very passable six-pointer the very first day he went out. Let no man be generous until he has been just. And then the report to the young lady herself? What explanation is to be made?

Night falls; and still there is this monotonous jog-jog along the undulating but ever descending mountain-track.

'How about the fords, Hugh?'

'They'll be bad to-night, sir; the river has risen since the morning.'

'Couldn't you leave the pony at the shepherd's, and get home by the Bad Step?'

'I would rather take her back, sir.'

'Very well, then, you'll have to try the fords yourself: I'm not going over there in the dark, with the river in spate.'

'Oh, no, sir; and if the shepherd's at home he'll carry your rifle up the Bad Step, and it will be the easier for you to climb.'

More agonising reflections; more miles of slow trudging through this silent world—silent save for the streams murmuring down from the hills; and at last we manage to make our way through a sheepfold and pull up in front of the shepherd's house. The tall shepherd comes out; Beaulieu is handed over to the care of Hugh, who forthwith mounts and departs for the ford; my

courteous friend not only takes my rifle, but lends me his staff; and together we set out, he leading the way. At first our route takes us through some sombre woods, in which it is almost impossible for me to descry my guide; but when we reach the Bad Step—which is a zigzag path cut on the face of a perpendicular cliff some three or four hundred feet in height and immediately over the river—we emerge into the open again; and there is the faintest glimmer of light in the north that enables us just to make out the slippery track. It is a tedious and breathless climb after so long a day; but at last it is achieved; nor even here does the shepherd's kindness cease, for he insists on carrying the rifle down into the valley; and then good-night is said, with many thanks, and I am left to find my way home alone.

There are still a couple of miles between the Bad Step and the lodge; but it is not the distance, nor is it the neighbourhood of that roaring river, nor is it the deep pitfalls among the heather, nor is it your soaked clothes and aching limbs that are your chief concern. Perhaps they are of no concern. 'I'm sick of all beneath the skies,' was the wail of the luckless lover of Helen of Kirkconnell. One blunders along through this black night in a kind of desperate carelessness, guided only by the sound of the adjacent torrent, which gives some hint of the proper direction. Of course you keep well aside from the Rock Pool—if you stumbled in there, there would be a swift end to all regrets and sorrows. You get away down the strath; you make for what you imagine to be the whereabouts of the lodge; and at last you hear a low whistle: that is Hugh, who has crossed both the fords and got home. The next moment, in the pitch darkness, you come into violent collision with some hard but not unyielding object: this is Beauly, patiently standing at the gate. And you know that within there are a number of people, all so sleek, and dry, and warm, and comfortable—they are doubtless reading in front of the big peat-fire, and thinking of nothing but the now forthcoming dinner—and you are aware that the moment you present yourself at the door, there will be a universal call: 'Well, what have you done?'

'I suffer,' Carlyle said to me on one occasion, 'a great deal of phesical meesery, and also of mental gloom.'

But the poor old man had not plumbed the deepest deeps. He had never gone for a long and wet day's deer-stalking—and missed.

WILLIAM BLACK.

Giving and Saving.

AT a time when we are all asked to 'give' for many purposes and to many persons, and as in order to be able to give we must in the first place 'save,' it may be well to look at both duties, to investigate, and, if we can, to adjust, their respective claims.

We will begin by calling attention to 'saving.' Writers on political economy say that it is very difficult to ascertain the amount of the fund from which saving can be made, or to estimate the disposition to save and to spend; the dispositions which prompt men to save having always proved weaker than the dispositions to spend, before the maximum of possible saving has been reached. That maximum is thus defined: 'What can be produced by any society in any given period over and above what is required to supply the necessities of life to all engaged in production, and to compensate for the deterioration of the previous existing capital.' 'No sharp line can be drawn between necessary and superfluous consumption. There is a broad margin of expenditure which increases the productive efficiency of the persons who benefit by it. The exact limits of this margin seem to be very difficult to ascertain. Who shall say precisely how much of the stimulating food and drink, commodious dwellings, expensive amusements enjoyed by the best paid class of skilled workers, barristers, physicians, men of business, contribute to the more effective performance of their functions?'¹

But though no sharp line can be drawn, there is a region, not difficult to distinguish, where expenditure not only does not increase efficiency, but impairs efficiency—not only does not contribute to the more effective performance of duties, but contributes to impair the performance of duties, and to substitute the attraction of pleasure. Public opinion and private conscience must combine to fix a standard of expenditure; to impose not sumptuary laws, but

¹ Sidgwick, *Political Economy*.

such a sliding scale as shall admit of adaptation to individual and exceptional cases. The head of a family ought to calculate the cost of living of himself and those dependent on him in proportion to his income and status, to estimate the expense of the education and placing in the world of children, to provide a deterioration fund, and then what remains is the fund from which he can 'save and give.' In cases of a very large and a very permanent surplus, experimental and æsthetic investments, model farms and tentative gardens, the purchase of works of art and the making them available to the public, scientific experiments and expeditions, should have their assigned place. The restoration of a venerable building, the creation of a playground or a park 'for those in populous cities pent,' are worthy objects of expenditure in such cases. The self-indulgent man will use the larger portion of his surplus for increased luxuries, the parsimonious man for lucrative investments; the man who is thoughtful as well as benevolent will set aside a large sum for charities and for public purposes, and if he is of the ascetic temperament he will tax his personal expenses, stint his lawful luxuries, reduce permitted pleasures, to enlarge his charities—not tax or suppress his charities to increase his luxuries, as the idle, careless, thoughtless master of money is prone to do.

The duty of almsgiving is inculcated by all creeds and all codes, it is admitted and acknowledged by all sorts and conditions of men, and by most women it is considered not only a duty but a pleasure. Such being the case, it is the amount and the distribution of our alms which require attention, and it is the duty of discrimination on which we desire to dwell. That 'giving' may be a blessing to him that receives as well as to him that gives, there must be an amount of special knowledge hardly possessed by the inexperienced 'giver.' Only those men and women who have passed years in the practical study of the aspects of poverty know the evil results of indiscriminate giving. That which from one point of view is an act of self-denial, is from a wider outlook a self-surrender to passing emotion, which in the desire to produce a momentary pleasure loses sight of the enduring mischief which will follow. In order to give wisely, there must be a knowledge of that world of poverty which is not mendicancy, and of the world of mendicancy which not only is not poverty but is a lucrative profession. There must be too some knowledge of Poor Law administration, and of its bearing on those who are included or excluded from its operation; a knowledge of what constitutes 'a pauper' in the legal sense of the word, so that rates and charitable

donations may do their respective parts, not trench on each other.

The writer from whom we have been quoting says: 'It is no doubt possible for an almsgiver in particular cases to convince himself that his gift is not likely to entail any material encouragement to improvidence, but he can be rarely sure of this, and the general sense that care and knowledge are required to minimise the danger has caused almsgiving to be now regarded as a difficult art, instead of the facile and applauded indulgence of the pleasurable impulses of benevolence that it once seemed to be.' But risks must be incurred in almsgiving as in other things. We can only try to reduce these risks, to obtain success by the help of experienced workers in the various scenes of want, to make strenuous efforts and to encourage noble aims.

'The management of money is an art,' writes the author of 'The Caxtons.' If this be so for men's own money, it is still more an art when the money to be managed is that subscribed or contributed for the relief of distress. Much of the poverty on a small scale we are called on to relieve arises from want of skill in the management of weekly wages. To subscribe a sum of money, impose no conditions, and pay it over to a man, or, as is more frequently the case, to a woman left a widow with young children, is to entrust money to one whose ignorance of its management has already been shown; the money is soon spent, the whole thing has to be done over again. Very often the terms of the subscription prevent its being used to the best advantage, or to any permanent advantage at all, because an experienced administrator has not been chosen. This was shown on a large scale when a fund was placed in the hands of the Lord Mayor, to relieve metropolitan distress. The best worker in the cause said: 'Till the whole of this fund has been distributed and dissipated, I see no chance of benefit to the truly necessitous.' The clamorous, not the needy, received help. Those to whom money should have been given got relief in kind, those who wanted relief in kind got money, and in the larger number of cases no good whatever was done.

We will now assume that the command of inherited property, or the efforts of industry and frugality, have created the fund which can be used for giving, and that what Dante describes as '*Mal dar e mal tener*,' ill-giving and ill-keeping, are alike to be avoided. The wise man will begin by giving some of his time and thought to a study of the multifarious objects and subjects of charity, and to their various claims, and temporary or permanent

requirements. He will consider what are the claims each person should in the first place be prepared to meet. They may be stated in order: those of near relations, those connected with the profession or property from which his income is derived, those of sufferers with whom we are in sympathy because we have felt, or maybe have caused, such sufferings. There are 'aliens in language, in creed, and in blood,' whom we ought to win over to better ways, difficult though the task be. There are ancient buildings or monuments, sacred or secular, to be preserved or restored. There are distant undertakings which excite the interest of far-seeing men. There are public charities and private. There are the objects of professional and of personal interest. There are the local recipients of alms, whose woes and merits we see with our eyes. There are moving accidents by fire, flood, and field, brought to our ears by eloquent speeches, or we read pathetic descriptions from eye-witnesses of distant catastrophes. There are kith and kin to be 'kept' at home or sent abroad. There are orphans to educate, incurables in mind or manners to maintain; those who are made helpless in the struggle to exist, who yet continue to exist; those who are the victims of accidents inseparable from the working of mines and machines, from the storms and dangers of seafaring. There are hospitals, general, special, local, institutions which are schools of surgery and medicine, and of nursing, as well as refuges for sick and wounded fellow-creatures. There are 'waifs and strays,' 'deep-sea fishermen,' Don and Donnas; there are 'homes of hope' and refuges from despair, all doing some good, all having still room for more good to be done, and there is the strong desire to make known to all men that which each person holds to be religious truth, to strengthen one's own opinion by inducing numbers to hold it. What a wide field of action, what scope for selecting our special task and concentrating our efforts, and for training skilled assistants to make the most and the best of our charitable funds, and to aid the giver in forming his plans and allotting the various sums he can dispose of, be they large or small.

It is desirable to know the actual practice and experience of typical savers and givers, and we shall now make use of information placed at our disposal by such persons. 'Giving should have precedence over saving; but unless you save first you have nothing to give, so we will take them in their consequent order. Some people do not require to save at all: they have the prospect assured, it may be in a very small way, but still assured of a competency for life,

both to themselves and to those immediately dependent on them, so that, if they choose to save, it should be for the express purpose of giving. These remarks are not intended for such persons, but for those—and they are in the majority—on whom saving is an imperative duty, to clear themselves and their children from all risk of becoming burdens on the rates, or, what frequently happens in lower middle life, on those members of their family who have been thrifty instead of improvident, and who often show a spirit of generosity which the richer and higher in the social scale would do well to imitate. The time-honoured saying of “Be just before you are generous” should be listened to by all those who have to earn their own living, to provide for old age, and to give sons and daughters a fair start in some independent mode of life, and who wish to go out of this world without being under any pecuniary obligation to those remaining in it. All uncertain incomes entail savings; the question of the health of the breadwinner, or the fluctuations of markets to the commercial man, and of markets and weather to the agricultural man—in short, the chapter of accidents—make a nest-egg against a rainy day an imperative duty; but let the careful man beware lest the taste and habit of saving does not get the upper hand, and the nest-egg become an idol. Rather let him consider possible contingencies and liabilities, provide for them, and having done so, deal in a liberal manner with the due proportion to his income of his savings, and then turn to the more gracious duty of “giving.”

‘The proportion of giving to any income has been broadly laid down since the days of Jacob as a tenth part or tithe, and this should surely be followed at the least. If a tenth part of all sums, however small, be put aside as the charity fund, there is always a share at hand from which to draw for giving. I will not advocate this plan on the ground that sums so saved are not felt by the giver, though to some persons I fear this might prove an inducement; I advocate it on the higher ground that a certain sum is thus obtained which is available for supplying the wants of others.

‘For what precise purposes “the charity purse” is to be opened must rest with the conscience of the giver. It would not be fair to pay the poor rate, or to give a semi-compulsory subscription, from that fund. Charity must always begin at home, and in most families there is ample scope for giving by helping relations, either as to the education of children, or to the providing for holidays and temporary pauses from business cares. Much more might

often be done by supplying small wants and small luxuries to people who are in that distressing form of want known as "genteel poverty." The prosperous man too often neglects the small gift or small help, just because it is so small as to appear to himself too insignificant to give ; either he does not think of it at all, or, from a sort of mistaken pride, he scruples to offer the little present which would give so much pleasure to the less flourishing recipient.'

'Saving,' writes another person, 'may be a virtue or a mere instinct—all depends on the prompting motive. The love of hoarding is justly accounted a contemptible trait of character, since it originates mainly from a selfish desire to concentrate on self all worldly possessions, great and small, and an utter want of that desire to share with others which is shown by mere infants in arms. Selfishness is the common cause of reckless spending and excessive hoarding, and it is no doubt unselfishness clothed in a varied garb which finds the happy mean between extravagance and parsimony. With very many men and women their charities are a just measure of their self-denial, not of the self-denial of asceticism so much as of that constant unrelenting checking of needless expenditure, which, though difficult to acquire, becomes so much a habit as to be scarcely a conscious effort. Nobody who has not tried it is aware of the great results to be unostentatiously achieved by steady perseverance in the determination not to fritter money away. This is a very different matter from parsimony ; indeed, it is this alone which makes large-handed expenditure on due occasion possible. A further point to be considered with regard to saving, is that it should not be carried out, unless absolutely necessary, at the expense of the pleasure and comfort of those who are to have no share of the accumulated profit, but have a right to have their advantage considered. A man may have a right to stint himself of comforts and even necessities if he prefers to employ in other directions the money thus saved, but he has no right to deny his wife, his children, his servants, their proper comforts and luxuries, that he may buy old china or rare books.'

From another source we receive the following information :

'The common rule to set aside a tenth part of income for almsgiving is neither an adequate nor a just measure of duty. When the income is barely sufficient for the wants of the household, to stint a man's family in order to give is not the "perfect way." On the other hand, when the income is more than

adequate to the fair requirements of his family, a man ought not nicely to calculate, and stop at the tenth part when he can relieve want and misery. The first point to be kept in view is, not to spend on our own luxuries, and to give the money thus saved to those who are without even the necessities of life. The second point is to bear in mind that the "tenth part" is not represented always or altogether by a money payment. Time, thought, advice, a gracious visit, a very simple but peculiarly suitable gift, are forms of charity far more acceptable than the hard monotonous mode of cash payment.'

'The clergy of the Anglican Church,' writes a layman, 'make a rule of giving the "minimum" sum of a tenth of their incomes, private and professional combined; and though this sum may be often exceeded, it is rarely decreased. Now that pluralities are things of the past, no married parson with a family, however small, can succeed in saving out of his income from the Church. Very few attempt it; by far the largest number are content either to leave their widows and children destitute, relying upon the ravens, or to insure their lives and keep up their premiums from their benefices. The extent to which this latter form of saving is practised among parsons is very great. Most parsons carry the practice of not letting the right hand know what the left hand does to the extent of keeping no accounts; if the wife keeps the purse she applies the principle to her husband.'

There is a certain vagueness in these statements. A tenth part may be ten per cent. of the gross or ten per cent. of the net income; as in the returns for the income tax, incomes may be placed in different schedules for the charity purse, and dealt with accordingly. Time, trouble, thought, also admit of different rates of contribution when they are the form charity takes. The great physician gives an hour a day to poor patients; his less flourishing colleague can only give an hour a week. But I will not attempt the task of adjusting the balance between saving and giving. I only aspire to direct the attention of some readers to the subject, content

So others shall

Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand,
And share its dewdrop with another near.

CHRISTINE G. J. REEVE.

Karenga : an African Sketch.

IT was early morning in the tropics, not quite six, and consequently the sun was not yet risen on the earth. The Mundeli had, some time before, tumbled himself yawning out of his mosquito-disturbed hammock. The stillness outside was gradually breaking into the stir of an awaking encampment. The garrison were lighting their fires, cooking their breakfasts, and grumbling in a feeble kind of way at the chill morning air, and the order of things in general. Suddenly above these accustomed sounds pierced a shrill whistle from beyond the outer *boma*, which caused the chief to leap from his seat, oversetting his unlucky servitor head over heels in so doing.

‘It’s the steamer! Run, run, you idiot, and see if they’ve got any mails on board!’ And, having indued socks and shoes in a twinkling, he followed Uledi out of doors.

The house he left was a rough log hut, thatched with palm-leaves and surmounted by a flag-staff whence waved the dark blue banner with the golden star. Lukebu was one of the smallest and newest stations of the *Etat Indépendant du Congo*, and all of it at present visible, besides the house above mentioned, was a row of huts for the garrison (consisting mostly of Gold Coast negroes from Accra), a couple of store tents, and an unfinished structure destined eventually to take their place, the whole surrounded by a strong *boma* of stakes and thorny bushes, with a gate leading to the river. Outside this was the landing-place for steamers, where the chief of the station intended constructing a jetty; but the only approach as yet to a realisation of this idea was the levelling of a portion of the steep bank of red clay.

The chief, whose name in private life was Raymond Oliphant, hurried across the inclosure, a tall boyish-looking figure in white flannels and pith-helmet, and, in the gateway, nearly fell into the arms of the returning Uledi.

'Him no bring mail, sir; him only *Gazelle* come back from Falls, sir.'

'Bother you!' grumbled Oliphant, suppressing a strong desire to punch Uledi's head, and slackened his speed at once, looking at the poor little *Gazelle*, as she lay panting and puffing beside the prospective jetty, with a considerable abatement of interest, not to say disgust.

'Bonjour, mon cher!' shouted her captain, a burly Belgian, known in private life as 'Jumbo,' looking out from under the awning, and mopping his red countenance with a vast red handkerchief. 'En voilà une belle!'

'What's wrong?' asked Oliphant shortly. He was rather inclined to visit his disappointment about the mail on the head of poor Captain Duverrier.

'Arabs, mon ami. Slave raiders from Nyangwé, some two hundred strong—been firing at us from both banks; no one hurt, happily. Pretty goings on up river. Villages burnt to the ground;—there'll be scarcely a living soul left between Falls and the Aruwimi. Had to steam all night to get away from them. We're out of wood; I suppose you have some?'

'Certainly!' Oliphant turned to give the necessary orders.

'And we've no time to lose, so you'd better come on board as quick as you can.'

'What for?' asked the chief, with provoking coolness.

'What for? Why, man alive, I suppose you don't mean to stay here?'

'I've no orders to leave the station.'

The captain shrugged his extensive shoulders. 'As you please, my friend. If you like to wait three months or so, till you hear from Boma, I dare say Hassan Ben Ali, or whatever the gentleman's name is, will have the politeness to wait likewise.'

'It's not likely they'd attack the station, and if they did, why I'd back these fellows to hold it against them for a month. What sort of fighting can they do with those miserable duck-guns of theirs, loaded with brass slugs?'

The captain gave another slow Flemish shrug, as who should say, 'He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar,' and repeated slowly, 'As you will, it's no affair of mine;' and half an hour later, Oliphant was watching the *Gazelle* as she steamed away down the river, in no deep depression of spirit. He was twenty-three, and new to the country; fighting, to his mind, assumed the aspect of 'a jolly good lark,' and if there was one man he would have

pitched into with greater pleasure than another, that man was an Arab slave-trader.

So, forgetting all about the mails, he whistled softly to himself as he swung back slowly across the Place, while Uledi followed behind, with a lugubrious countenance, casting glances of indignant contempt at the garrison, who were congregated, loudly chattering, under the shade of the great baobab in the centre. But he did not speak till they had reached the hut and Oliphant had ordered him to get breakfast, when he stood meditatively still in the doorway, and then remarked :

‘Bwana, him Accra man sabby Frances.’

‘Well, you ass, and what of that?’

Uledi did not reply in words, but spread the palms of his hands outward, shrugged his shoulders, turned his head backwards till he seemed in danger of breaking his neck, and finally showed all his teeth in a portentous grin void of the slightest semblance of mirth. And having thus expressed his sense of the worthlessness of Accra men in general, he turned away and began to make the tea.

But when the Mundeli went out after breakfast to drill those Accras, they looked so smart and soldierly in their neat white uniforms, and showed themselves so quick and handy in learning the use of their newly acquired rifles, that his heart was filled with pride and pleasure, and utterly despised the warnings of Uledi, who was probably jealous. He could surely depend on these fellows in any emergency.

After drill, there was the erection of the new store to be superintended (and a vast deal of superintendence those Ba-yanzi did require); and so the busy day wore on till noon, and the chief retired to his hut to sleep the siesta of the just. He was rudely awakened, however, before it was half over.

‘Bwana, there’s a man come from the Arabs to say that there’s a runaway slave of theirs here, and they want her back.’

Oliphant swung his feet out of the hammock with a huge yawn which merged into a groan.

‘There’s no such thing here,’ he said testily; and then, in an audible English aside, ‘Don’t I jolly well wish there were?’

‘But, Bwana, there is. Just before the men came they found a woman hiding in one of the canoes.’

‘By Jingo!’ ejaculated Oliphant, hurrying out of the hut, and striding up to the noisy group assembled under the baobab tree. The throng of Accra soldiers and Ba-yanzi labourers

parted asunder, and allowed him a full view of the centre of attraction.

She was crouching on the ground, this miserable piece of contraband goods—a sickening spectacle enough. The gaunt frame, covered only by a rag of dirty grass-cloth, showed the poor bones everywhere through the loose wrinkled skin, gashed and scarred by the slave-driver's whip and the thorny branches of the jungle. Her hair, once elaborately dressed after the fashion of the Bakumu, was now a frightful mass of dishevelled wool, matted with dirt and bits of branches, and from under it glared two great scared restless eyes, like those of a hunted animal.

And beside her, shouting and gesticulating, emphasising his statements on Karenga's person by occasional prods with the butt-end of the 'courbash' he held in his hand, was an ugly half-caste Arab in a dirty *dishdash*, while some half-dozen of his followers showed their teeth in ferocious grins and snarls.

'Stop that, you brute!' was Oliphant's salutation, accompanied by a well-delivered 'right-hander' that nearly upset the Arab's equilibrium. He had just been in time to see the whip-handle brought down with a sounding thwack on the poor wretch's shoulders. She was too cowed and spiritless to cry out much; she only gave a little moan, and rubbed her skinny knuckles into her eyes. But when she saw her tormentor stagger back several paces, and finally bring up against one of his henchmen whom he immediately fell to abusing, she sat up, and became perfectly rigid and open-mouthed with astonishment.

'Here, Uledi,' said the chief, whose Swahili was not sufficient for the angry harangue that followed; 'ask the fellow what he wants.'

The demand was interpreted.

'Tell him we'll do no such thing.'

The Accra men's countenances fell, and Khamis looked vicious.

'Tell him Englishmen don't make slaves, and they don't allow others to make them, and he sha'n't have her. Why, we wouldn't treat a dog that way. It's—why, it's a confounded shame!'

'He says if Bwana no send back, Suleyman bin Abed come fetch him.'

'Let him. Tell him the white men have plenty of guns. There, that's all about it. Tell him if he don't go at once he shall be kicked out.'

Which message, being faithfully delivered by Uledi, had the desired effect, and Khamis retired grumbling with his satellites.

‘What are you fellows all standing staring for? Go about your business. Here, one of you—get this poor creature something to eat; she’s half-starved. Uledi, can you make her understand? Tell her there’s nothing to be frightened of; we won’t let anyone hurt her.’ For she still crouched there, trembling and terrified, with eyes nearly starting out of her head.

Then he turned on his heel and walked thoughtfully away, presently disappearing into the store-tent, where he proceeded to measure out, from the last-opened bale, some four yards or so of red and white striped trade calico.

He had seen a good many nasty things since he first set foot in Africa, but just now he felt perfectly sick with a mixture of pity and disgust—especially when he remembered a horrid deep festering gash on the upper arm, either done with a spear when she was first captured, or a cut from the ‘hippo-hide’ lash. . . . Bah! It doesn’t do to think of such things in this beastly climate.

‘I say, Uledi! Take this to her, and tell her she can put it on if she wants, and see that none of the other beggars grab it. And—I say, you can tell her to come here afterwards, when she’s rested and had something to eat; and she can get that arm of hers tied up if she likes.’

Which was done. She did not, as Oliphant had perhaps feared, ‘make a scene.’ She seemed more dazed and bewildered by the kindness shown her than anything else. There was not much to be got out of her. She had been dragged from her village—three—four—she could not tell how many days’ journey off. They had killed many people there with guns and spears. Yes, she had children—three—and they had taken away the boys. She did not know what had become of them. She had the baby with her, and they got angry because it cried . . . and took it from her and threw it on the ground . . . and when she screamed and wanted to stay by it, they beat her . . . he might see . . . and dragged her away . . .

And Oliphant turned aside his face, and said, ‘Beasts!’ and something else which the Recording Angel did not write down against him.

‘Tell her we—I mean, confound it all!—if one of ’em tries to lay a finger on her we’ll blow him into little bits.’ And leaving

this piece of consolation behind him, he went to see to the defences which he considered so utterly unnecessary.

Then the sunset bugle sounded, the Ba-yanzi trooped off to their homes outside the stockade, the gates were closed, and the watchfires lighted; and having gone the rounds, and seen that all was well, the Mundeli lay down to sleep.

Past midnight, perhaps about two in the morning, he became conscious that some one was standing over him, and heard a faint far-off voice saying something to which he paid no attention, till it gradually dawned on him that the voice was close by and addressed to him.

‘Bwana, Bwana, wake up!’

‘Well, what now?’

Uledi was almost sobbing.

‘Oh, sir! sir! Arab coming, and—him Accra man all run away!’

Oliphant was on his feet in an instant, six-shooter in hand. They ran out, paying no heed to a trembling, sobbing figure, that crouched beside the door, crossed the Place, saw the river-gate standing wide open, and reached it just in time to see a canoe crowded with black bodies and white uniforms push off from the landing-place.

‘Stand! Halte-là! Stop this instant!’ he thundered, and the crack of a pistol rang out on the still night air. One or two suppressed yells were heard, but the flying paddles slackened not for a moment, and the canoe shot across the moonlit surface into the black shadow of the nearest island.

‘Who’s left here? Uledi, help me get out the mountain Krupp! Here, you fellows!’

He was rushing towards the gun himself, when Uledi touched his arm and pointed eastward along the river. A huge black mass was seen moving slowly across a broad silvered reach, creeping nearer and nearer.

‘El Arab!’ whispered Uledi.

‘What are we to do?’ That only flashed through Oliphant’s mind—he did not say it aloud. His next words were:

‘Come and bar the gate. Who’s left beside yourself?’

‘Only Marzouk and Ferajji—and Karenga.’

‘Who’s Karenga?’

‘The slave-woman that ran away. She called me, and told me they were going away in the canoes.’

‘Pity she couldn’t have done it a little sooner!’

‘Bwana, they’d have killed you! What could we do against so many?’

‘Well, well!’

Marzouk and Ferajji had by this time arrived on the scene, and the gate was effectually barricaded.

‘Now we ought to have the boats ready in case——’

‘Bwana, there are none left; they have taken all!’

‘All?’

It was too true. Even the whale-boat, usually kept inside the stockade for safety, was gone. A further inspection revealed the fact that the store-tent had been broken open and a large part of its contents abstracted.

There was no time to be angry, with that black shadow still creeping nearer. A careful reconnoitring through the loop-holes revealed it still holding on its way. The gun was got into position beside the gate, all the available fire-arms loaded, and then came the suspense of waiting. The strained ears of the listening four soon caught the muffled plash of paddles alongside the gateway. Then there was a long pause, and then a shuffling and scrambling, and the sound of many bare feet on the clay. Oliphant stood, rifle in hand, at one of the loop-holes, Uledi beside him similarly armed. Marzouk, who had some skill in gunnery, was attending to the mountain Krupp.

‘Fire!’ said Oliphant, and the rifles cracked. There was a howl and a scattering rush outside, which showed that the shots had told, and, after awhile, answering shots began to find their way through the *boma* to right and left, which, though praiseworthy in intention, lamentably fell short in effect. When this had gone on for some little time, something like a shooting-star came sailing through the air—an arrow wrapt round with blazing oiled palm-fibre. It fell dangerously near one of the huts; but before it could catch, or any of them could reach it, something dark had sprung out of the shadow, and probably trodden it out, for the light disappeared.

‘Who’s that?’ asked Oliphant, a little startled. He had looked round just in time to see this.

‘Him Karenga, Bwana,’ replied the sententious Uledi.

‘Karenga? Oh, I’d forgotten her! Poor old girl! Well, we must stop that game of theirs. Marzouk, you might fire now!’

Bang went the gun, with what result could not be known, as in the chorus of yells and howls which followed, fright could not well be distinguished from injury. It was probable that the

artillery was too near them to do any harm; but there was a general scamper down the bank and shrill cries of 'Oh, my mother! my mother!' 'Oh, my friends and relations!' mingled with asseverations that the place was garrisoned by Sheitans, whom no man could face and live.

'They've had enough,' laughed Oliphant gleefully, forgetting for the moment the desertion of his men and all prospective troubles and difficulties in the flush of victory. Uledi looked grave, in spite of the sounds which assured him that the enemy were again on the river, and paddling away.

'Him go, Bwana, but him come back.'

'Well, he can have a second edition if he likes.'

Uledi scarcely understood this, but he guessed Oliphant's meaning from his look and tone, and proceeded darkly to hint that he was well acquainted with the character of Suleyman bin Abed, who, as he phrased it, was not afraid of anything, and had a heart no bigger than the end of Bwana's little finger. Besides, he had at least two hundred men armed with guns, and when he found out—as he was sure to do before long, that they were only four!—

'We'll beat them off before that. There are about twenty charges of powder for the Krupp left in that keg, and there's more in the store. And the cartridges——'

'Bwana,' said Uledi in a low voice, pointing to the kegs lying glistening in the moonlight on the top of a packing-case, 'those are all we could find.'

Oliphant whistled. Just then Marzouk rose from his knees, in which posture he had been carefully examining the gun, and came towards him with clasped hands and a dejected countenance.

'Bwana!' he said, appealingly. Marzouk was a good fellow and true, but he had little English, and of that little trouble of mind had bereft him. 'Bwana, the gun is dead!'

'What do you mean?' asked Oliphant somewhat sharply in Swahili.

Poor Marzouk fairly dropped on his knees.

'Bwana, I didn't do it! I don't know how it happened. Come and look at it! It will break if it is fired again!'

Oliphant went over and investigated matters as well as he could by the moonlight and the help of a match or two. There was an undoubted crack, and it was evident that another shot, or at most two, would fulfil Marzouk's prophecy. He remained looking at it in gloomy silence while Marzouk stood at 'attention'

before him, with the air of a man who is going to be hanged and knows that he deserves it. He looked so miserable that Oliphant was quite touched, and roused himself up to administer consolation.

'There, there, nobody blames you for it. It's a flaw in the iron—it wasn't your fault. Well, it can't be helped. If Suleyman comes again, we'll fire her off and send the pieces flying at him. And what's to be done now?'

They were unanimous in declaring that Bwana must go and get some sleep while he could; they would watch, and call him when there was need. He looked from one to another of their honest black faces, and an unwonted seriousness came over him. He had always been good to his men, very good, as hot-tempered young Englishmen go; and yet now he felt a vague remorseful suspicion that he had never rated these brave hearts at their true value.

'We may beat them off before the cartridges are done,' he said. 'If not, there's nothing for it but to take to the bush. We might reach Itembo, get a canoe there, and so go down to Bangala. But we can't leave the powder and guns for Suleyman. Put the big powder keg and all the petroleum casks ready in the store tent, and anything else that will burn. And get together all the rifles you can find—all except your own—we must dig a hole and bury them.'

They were moving away to execute his orders, when he stopped them. I doubt whether he was animated by that sense of the fitness of things which prompted the harangues ascribed to all ancient and modern commanders just before a battle; but he felt vaguely that he wanted to say something more.

'I say, you know,' he began, 'if you like to get away into the bush while there's time, I don't want to ask you to stay here with me.'

Not a word was said by either of the three. Marzouk and Uledi stared him in the face, the one sad, the other indignant. Ferajji stood with folded arms gazing on the ground.

'Well?'

It was Uledi who answered, with flashing eyes:

'Bwana, you tink we all same Accra man!'

'No, I don't.' And he soothed their wounded feelings by shaking hands with them all round, which rather surprised and as evidently pleased them, and no more was said on the subject.

Suleyman's men came back reinforced before the night was

out. The gun burst, as Marzouk had predicted, and hurled a great mass of metal over the gateway, but without hurting anyone inside the *boma*. The flint-lock muskets kept up an incessant crackling, and thick and fast came the fiery arrows whizzing through the air. Already three or four black figures had appeared above the gate, and fallen back with a yell at the crack of Oliphant's rifle; and now, when they seemed to have fallen back a little, and there was a lull in the firing, the chief turned and laid his hand on Uledi's shoulder, asking him in a whisper whether he had any cartridges. Uledi shook his head sadly. The others, however, had about a dozen left between them.

'Don't use them now,' said Oliphant; 'it's no good. They are coming up to fire the gate and the *boma*. I saw them bringing burning brands. Ferajji, you go quietly and undo the little back gateway. Marzouk and Uledi, take your guns and come with me.'

They went to his own hut, where a few provisions had been roughly made up into bundles in the interval of waiting for the attack. Marzouk and Uledi each seized a load, and were going to take a third between them to deliver it to Ferajji, when a shadow darkened the moonlit doorway. It was Karenga. She said something in a soft low voice to the men.

'What is it?' asked Oliphant.

'Him say him come carry pack, all same pagazi.'

'Let her then. Poor soul, we can't leave her here. Now you fellows, go on, *himahima*; you understand? I am going to fire the powder-magazine. If I can, I'll follow you, and catch you up before you get very far; if I don't come, you must get on as fast as you can to the river and get a canoe. Do you understand?'

They did understand, but they assumed a stolid expression, and did not move. Marzouk threw down his burden.

'Oh, Bwana, you must not! Let me do it. What should we do if you were killed? We are all dead men without you!'

'Don't be a fool. There's no time to lose. Go on and do as I say!'

But Marzouk was down on the ground clasping Oliphant's knees, like the foolish black heathen he was.

'Oh, Bwana, Bwana! let me do it! You were not angry with me when I killed the gun, do not be angry now!'

'There, there, stop talking, and don't make an ass of yourself! You may if you like. You know how to light the fuse; take care

how you do it, and come after us as quickly as you can. Now, Uledi, take my gun, will you ?'

And in three minutes more they had rejoined Ferajji outside the postern gate, and were stealing silently in Indian file along the narrow tortuous path that led through the jungle to the nearest village of the Bakomela. Uledi, who was carrying Oliphant's gun in addition to his load, would in the natural course of things have marched next after his leader, but the place had been tacitly usurped by Karenga, who followed him like a dog, watching every movement of his with keen wide eyes. She was a tall and originally a well-made woman, and, though it seemed wonderful that starvation and ill-usage had left her any strength at all, she was, after a good meal and a few hours' rest, stepping along under her load as actively as any of them. But then, poor thing, she had been trained to carry loads, more or less, all her life.

They had not gone very far before a crash like a sharp sudden clap of thunder shook the ground under their feet, though the jungle was too thick for them to see the pillar of flame that rushed up into the sky, to the momentary discomfiture of the Arabs, who were pouring in like salamanders over the battered-down gate and blazing *boma*. Poor Karenga shrieked, and flung herself down, with her hands over her eyes, to shut out she knew not what fearful sight. Oliphant halted to wait for Marzouk. But there was no sign of him.

'Him come another way through bush,' suggested Uledi.

They waited a few minutes longer, but he did not appear, and Oliphant, knowing there was no time to lose, for day was already dawning, reluctantly gave the word to march on, hoping to meet him later. But Marzouk never followed them. He had, indeed, made no mistake about the fuse, and had timed the explosion with scientific precision, but the Arabs were close at his heels by the time he got outside the *boma*; and, rather than betray the way by which Bwana was retreating, he turned and faced them, shot down two of them with his remaining cartridges, and then fought on with his clubbed rifle, till they overpowered him by numbers, and he fell.

And meanwhile the four who were left toiled on.

Don't ask me to describe the day that followed such a dawn. It was the end of the rainy season, and the best parts of the track were knee-deep in black sticky mud, while in other places there were streams to be forded, or flooded tracts only to be crossed

by springing from root to root of the trees. The villages they reached were mostly deserted for fear of the Arabs, and the provisions they had with them soon exhausted; but in spite of hunger, cold, and weariness, Oliphant struggled on. They now chiefly depended for their food on Ferajji the taciturn, who was a good shot and a cunning hunter, and though he had no ammunition left, had provided himself with a native spear. With this, and by setting snares for birds, he contrived to get meat enough to keep them alive.

It might have been the sixth day of their wanderings in those awful woods—Oliphant says he had quite lost count of the time. He was dragging himself along in stolid endurance, feeling that, on the whole, it would be much pleasanter to lie down and die on the spot, only it wouldn't do. Why it wouldn't do he did not in the least at that moment know or care, he was only conscious in a dull dogged sort of way that he must go on. Close behind him, as usual, was Karenga, and behind her marched Uledi, carrying his own gun and Oliphant's. The path was, if anything, more difficult than ever, and Uledi gradually lagged a little behind.

And just here it was that suddenly the deep boom of the war-drums and clash of the war-bells was heard at a distance, and nearer by, an answering yell of *ya-ha-ha-ha-ha*, and out of the ghastly blackness of that deadly forest burst half-a-dozen naked warriors, with leopard-skin shields and broad-bladed spears. Then, in one swift flash of freakish memory, Oliphant seemed to be back in 'Meads' at Winchester, himself a little chap, cheering away with all his might because they had won the match against Eton . . . and the white rose bush growing over the porch of the Rectory at home . . . and various other things, all jumbled as in a kaleidoscope . . . and all in a second or two, while he was getting his back against a tree, and snatching the six-shooter from his belt.

'Uledi! Uledi! Nju hapa! Come up, quick!' He fired; the foremost savage dropped with a yell. He aimed a second time, and pressed the trigger with all his might; the weapon would not go off. He tried again, it was no use; there was another man not a dozen feet away, with a light assagai poised to throw. Oliphant, in a sort of desperation, lifted the revolver in both hands and dashed it in his face. He dropped the assagai, and ran back. Oliphant sprang forward, picked it up, and, with a desperate energy of fighting-blood once up, attacked a third enemy with it.

At the same time he saw on his left a fourth bearing down on him with a huge broad-bladed spear, that would have sliced a man in two at a single blow. He saw, but in his preoccupation with the adversary before him, his mind, as it were, failed to grasp this other danger. In another moment it would have been too late, but just in that one undecided moment a dark figure sprang between them, sprang like a wild cat at the tall warrior's throat, seized him round the neck, and hung clinging there till he reeled under her weight, dropping his spear, gasping, choking, trying in vain to shake her off, for all the life and strength of her body seemed to have gone into the grasp of those bony hands. . . . Oliphant, hard pressed by the three yet unwounded ones, makes a drive with his spear, it breaks off short in his hand after transfixing one . . . well . . . as well first as last . . .

'Bwana! Bwana! Here your gun!' and Uledi thrusts it loaded into his hands, and lays about him with the butt end of his own. One or two shots scatter those still able to fly. Three are left on the ground, two dead—the other? Uledi coolly delivers a smashing blow on his head, and frees Karenga's arms from his grasp. She tries to rise but sinks down again, all huddled up on the oozy ground.

'Poor soul!' says Oliphant softly to himself; 'I do believe she saved my life!'

He goes and bends over her, and speaks kindly to her, not that he thinks she can understand. He has a mother and sisters at home, this young Viking, and can reverence the womanhood in this poor caricature of humanity, as some might think her, ugly and debased as she is. Therefore he has always been gentle to her—doubly so now, that she has saved him; at the cost of her own life too, for, as soon as he looks, he sees that the spear-stroke that met that mad spring of hers has done its work.

She lifted her glazing eyes to him.

'I am dead. Tell the white chief he is good, he has a heart.'

'Poor thing, poor thing!' She saw he was speaking words of pity, and she caught his hand in her feeble grasp, and laid her cheek against it.

'What does she say, Uledi?'

'She wants to know if she will go to the white man's land now?'

Oliphant felt helpless and perplexed. His mother knew how to comfort poor souls like this. If she had only been in his place, and those wild hollow eyes fixed so pleadingly on his.

‘Tell her, Uledi,’ he said, choking down something very like a sob. ‘Tell her she is going to God, and He loves us all, loves white and black alike, and no one will be cruel to her any more.’

I do not know whether Uledi interpreted faithfully, or whether she understood. Her eyes still rested on his face with a wistful loving look like that of a dog; she smiled a little, and stretched out her feet and was gone.

Oliphant took up the poor body—he could not bear to leave it there in the track—and laid it, with Uledi’s help, in a deep cavity among the roots of a tree—that was better than no grave at all. And then they looked at each other with sad, hopeless eyes, and went on together, through that horrible wilderness.

For the reader’s satisfaction I may add that Oliphant reached Bangala in safety, along with Uledi and Ferajji, and that all three are at the present day alive and well, and distinguishing themselves in the service of the *Etat Indépendant du Congo*.

A. WERNER.

Lord Westbury.¹

THIS Biography is wisely, truthfully, and vividly written. This is the Man we knew. Mr. Nash is a warm admirer of Lord Westbury. But the shadows are given too. It is admitted that there were spots upon the sun. And indeed the failings were apparent to the most cursory view. Then Mr. Nash knows what he is writing about. He is familiar with the outs and ins of the profession of the law. It was necessary that the volumes should give some dry details of legal legislature. But, to many readers, this will prove a most interesting and life-like story. It was fit that a memoir of the great lawyer and remarkable man should be written. And it has been written well.

The time was (strange to look back on it) in which I saw and heard Bethell daily : being indeed so young, and so patriotic, that I felt *drawn to him* for his name : which, for the sake of a beautiful hymn in continual use in Scotch parish-churches, was music in a lonely Scotch lad's ear. The Welsh Ap Ithel had grown into Bethell : the choleric Welsh temperament had come with the name : but there was no relation whatever to the solemn Hebrew monosyllables. I see to-day, over all these years, the face : Bishop Wilberforce was far wrong when he spoke of it as 'wicked' : condemning a portrait because it did not make Bethell look wicked enough. The face was not wicked at all : it was smooth, calm, almost benignant : very rarely ruffled. He had trained himself to this. His most provoking sayings were uttered with an unmoved countenance, and with mellifluous fluency : though I have seen him get peppery too. 'Is it a fit thing to snap a judgment in that way ?' he said to good Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, when Purton Cooper, Q.C., had (as Bethell thought) been rather too sharp. And when Cooper said that Bethell and

¹ *The Life of Richard Lord Westbury, formerly Lord High Chancellor : with selections from his Correspondence.* By Thomas Arthur Nash, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. Two Volumes. Bentley & Son, London : 1888.

he had been friends at Oxford, the answer was 'I have no pleasure at all in recollecting it.' Indeed he added more : which made Cooper say 'I trust your Honour will take judicial notice of these remarks.' Whereupon Shadwell, V.C., said with a peace-making smile, 'I shall take judicial notice that the weather is very hot.' Was it not yesterday they thus spoke together ? It seems so, now.

Bethell's flow of language, absolutely perfect in adaptation, was marvellous. No mortal ever knew him fail to come triumphantly out of the most involved sentence. The voice was silvery : it could rise to great power. But the deliberation was provoking. And, at first hearing, people called his manner mincing and affected. You got over that : and, in fact, it was a second nature. It was a great day in the writer's little history whereon, in Sir Lancelot Shadwell's court at Westminster Hall, an important Chancery suit unexpectedly came on for hearing, in the absence of the solicitor who was in charge of it. I was in those days reading law diligently in that House : and Bethell, who held our brief for the Plaintiff, deigned to discuss it with me. I was a youthful student for the Bar, a member of the Middle Temple like himself. He was very sharp and keen, but no man could have been more frank or pleasant. His bumptious airs were kept for the irritation and confusion of big people mainly : though not exclusively. A poor lawyer's clerk, being at a consultation, ventured to correct the Attorney-General in a date. A blank stare was the reply. The youth, not taking warning, in a minute corrected another small blunder. Then Bethell, in silvery tones, addressed him : 'Will you be so good as to go outside that door ; —and shut it ?' The punishment was too severe. It was savage. But that was Bethell. And while Bethell speedily forgot the things he had said, other people did not. It was all mildness, happily, with me. I remember, 'Who is on the other side ?' Mr. Stuart, afterwards Vice-Chancellor. 'I'll speak to him and put it all right : It need not take long.' Neither did it : although there were at least a dozen counsel briefed : half of whom, taken by surprise, were absent. Bethell, with entire good nature, managed everything : of course to perfection. But he sent a smart message to the solicitors who ought to have been watching. For the case was in the paper : though far down. And how Bethell managed the rosy Shadwell, V.C., was known to all. Shadwell had an odd fashion of continually nodding, to convey to the counsel addressing him that the point was apprehended.

And young Templars used to be told that his rubicund visage came of daily descending into a well at his country home. 'Much too wise to walk into a well,' was written by Pope before the days of tubbing.

It is a strange experience, this fashion in which, out of the past, an unimaginable past to the present writer this morning, one's early life comes back, reading the Life of the great Lord Chancellor. We did not know the straits of his boyhood: the anxious father's pinched home, and weary struggles all doomed to failure: the Oxford Scholar at fifteen (at Wolverhampton, on the hustings, with undue humility, he stated that he had himself been a *charity boy*, like some of the crowd before him: a terrible way of putting the case). It was at Wolverhampton, standing for the seat, that he said the main reason of his getting on in life was that he was an earnest practical Christian, seeking ever to carry out the golden rule to love one's neighbour as one's self. I never forget how, sitting next to his predecessor on the wool-sack at his dinner-table, the Chancellor related this legend of Bethell with great amusement. And indeed the chief newspapers had each a leading-article upon the startling statement: and Bethell was chaffed everywhere. No mortal had ever surmised the actual reason of his elevation: which at that time was nearly as great as it could by possibility be. A guest at that table, in a little time to be a Chief-Justice, said to the Keeper of the Queen's conscience, 'Did Bethell expect that to be published?' The Chancellor said, 'I am quite sure he did not.' There were incidents in Bethell's career which prevent one being startled by Mr. Jowett's paradoxical statement, 'Notwithstanding his great experience of life, he was childishly ignorant of human nature.' One recalls the awful saying of Frederick the Great, when somebody said something hopeful of poor humanity. More awful words were never uttered by mortal man. 'You don't know the damned Race.' Well, it is not the best of the Race who have thought the worst of it.

Then first-class in Classics and second in Mathematics at the age of eighteen: soon Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College: helping, liberally, his poor parents out of his hard earnings by tutorial work; and never costing them a penny after he was seventeen: the kindest and most dutiful of sons: thoughtful beyond his years. It is a touching story: nowhere more than in the picture of the little boy driving home, miserably, in a gig with his father, after the reading of his grandfather's vicious will:

.... 'How his father sat absorbed in overwhelming anxiety for the future, only now and then muttering, "We are ruined! We are penniless!" In his childish way the boy tried to divert his father's thoughts by calling his attention to various objects on the road: but his efforts were unavailing, and at length he was awed into silence by the force of an affliction he was unable to understand or soften.'

The premature care and the hard struggle of those early years left an abiding trace on Bethell's character. But the resultant effect was not merely hardening, like John Knox's twenty months as a galley-slave on that stern soul. For four years, twelve pounds a year was all that could be spared to the education of the boy who at fifteen carried off the Wadham scholarship, and who was declared in after-life by a most competent authority to be 'the finest classical scholar he had ever yet seen.' The remembrance of those days was sacred. And while he lived, Lord Westbury gratefully cherished the thought of his parents' self-denying efforts for his training. Two months before his death he wrote to Lord Selborne:

'When I was made Lord Chancellor, I may truly say the chief feeling that arose in my heart was not that of pride or gratified vanity, but of sincere gratitude that I had lived to fulfil the predictions and the fond hopes of my father, to whom I owed all my education, and all the means that had enabled me to fulfil what, when they were formed, were but wild anticipations.'

Few, indeed, of those who listened with admiration to an argument by Bethell, knew the fund of tenderness which lay under that supercilious demeanour. If but a little of the stream of wealth which rewarded his labours could have come to the pinched parents of earlier years! When he became Solicitor-General his professional earnings were twenty-four thousand a year. And when he was raised to the Chancellorship, they had risen to near thirty thousand. No greater or more successful counsel ever practised at the Chancery Bar.

The moral of this biography is outstanding: 1. That the very ablest, most laborious, and most useful of men cannot afford to make enemies right and left of high and low. 2. That virulent enemies are made by sharp words more than by any other means. If you allow yourself what is doubtless to some the luxury of an unbridled tongue you will have to pay for it. Some day the enemies you make will have their innings and may trip you up. Men who have been guilty of infinitely worse than supereilious

epigrams may, in certain walks of life, rise to any possible elevation provided they make themselves pleasant. But contemptuous words rankle in many minds. They arouse bitter hatred. Even though a man is a blockhead he does not like to be told so. Some day a storm arises from some unexpected quarter; storms must needs beat from time to time upon all public men. The blockheads, and the clever men too, whom you offended have now their chance of paying off old scores, and under a blast from which a popular man would come out not a penny the worse, you will go down. 'He's a superceelious deevil,' said a very rich man of one who had criticised his doings. And then the rich man bided his time. It is very easy to say that such and such a syndicate of men are 'a parcel of contemptible fools.' Possibly it is quite true. But it is unwise to make bitter enemies of even a parcel of contemptible fools.

No doubt, too, blazing success, coming early, and holding on unbroken, is a great offence to some: even though it be borne meekly. Much more when the head appears to be carried very high: and when there seems to be habitual and contemptuous depreciation of nearly everybody beside.

Possibly he did not mean all he said. But it is certain that no great man ever went through life more frankly expressing his contempt for most of his fellow-creatures; and that in the most pungent terms. Either he could not keep back the word, whatever it was to cost him: or he did not take in that he was giving such mortal offence. When he became Chancellor, his Solicitor-General, Atherton, would naturally have become Attorney-General. But Atherton was so weak an officer that it was proposed to make Sir Roundell Palmer Attorney-General *per saltum*. Some one asked the Chancellor how Atherton would like Palmer being put over his head. The conciliatory answer was 'I never knew Atherton had any head at all.' The good-natured friend would hasten to carry the saying, and Atherton might not like it. A brilliant debater did indeed once say to me, 'Stiggins seems to have taken offence at me: I can't understand why. The only thing I can think of is that once I said I would have nothing to do with that leein' body Stiggins: and, unluckily, he was standing at my elbow and overheard.' It appeared to me that Stiggins's lack of cordiality was not so unaccountable.

The eminent London solicitor would not forget how, when he said he must turn the matter over in his mind before acting on Bethell's advice, Bethell replied, 'You will let me know when

you have turned it over in what you are pleased to call your mind.' A homely Scot, who had a case before the House of Lords, under the impression that his counsel had personally and keenly taken up his cause, told me how 'his friend Beethull,' when the Lord Chancellor (Cranworth) was named, held up his hand and mildly said 'Poor thing!' When some one asked him why the same amiable judge always sat along with the Lords Justices, the answer was, 'I fancy from a childish fear of being left alone in the dark.' All the clergy was annihilated at one fell swoop. And this in writing: it was a letter to the Bishop (Wilberforce) of Oxford. 'As for the mind of the clergy: I never knew any clergyman (except your lordship) who could be said to have any mind at all.' Not even the large addition he made, when Chancellor, to many small livings, ever banished the remembrance of that sentence. It is needless to quote the expressions of his utter contempt and dislike, moral and intellectual, for all Bishops: these are beyond numbering. And they were unlucky, coming from the Speaker of the House of Lords, in whose quiet, after the strife of the Commons, he said he might have fancied himself in heaven, but for the sight of so many lawn sleeves. Then, when a Bishop's Resignation Bill was proposed, he said it was needless: 'The law, in its infinite wisdom, has already provided for the not improbable event of the imbecility of a Bishop.' His very first speech, presiding in the House of Lords, was really contemptuous in its tone: his greatest admirers admitted that it was a bad beginning. He never hit it off with that dignified assembly. Lord Derby complained that he made it too apparent how cheaply he reckoned the brains of everybody there. It was from the woolsack, too, that he poked acrid fun at Convocation in words which have grown historical. He never gave a judgment affecting the Church of England which was not spiced with hits which roused mortal wrath in all High Churchmen. It was a most painful scene when the calm sneers of the Chancellor drove poor Bishop Wilberforce to madness. The violence of that altercation beseeemed not the place or time: and the application of the word *saponaceous* to a document drawn up by Wilberforce was liker a specially-vulgar member of a Scotch Town Council than the first of all lay-peers. It was simply calling by an offensive nickname: and neither Bishop nor Chancellor came out of the fray without something to regret sorely.

One has known men, great and small, more commonly small, who went through life steadily depreciating and vilipending all

human beings who could be regarded as in the running with themselves. But among such, Bethell was *facile princeps*. He despised his predecessor as Chancellor, and spoke with contempt of his judgments. One day, under the impression that a judgment quoted was Lord Campbell's, he hastened to condemn it. But the laugh was turned when it was at once stated that the condemned judgment was his own. He was indeed beyond comparison, in his proper sphere, greater and brighter than most of those around him. But he showed far too plainly that he knew it. Modesty would have been a glory, being combined with that magnificent ability. And his tongue was incredibly sharp: and absolutely unbridled. It looks as though he never kept back any keen saying which occurred to him. And the serene, deliberate, and seemingly-affected manner in which he spoke, gave tenfold bitterness. It did not look like the outburst of a hasty temper at all. They did not seem *obiter dicta*, these vitriolic sayings. No mortal can afford thus to indulge his idiosyncrasy. He made enemies on every side: enemies who hated him with an incredible malignity. Each of them had a poisoned dart rankling in his soul. And the day came when this great lawyer, though holding his place in magnificent competence, was surrounded and assailed by a crowd of foes who were able to force him to descend from the highest place in the law.

It was all very well to say he was really a kind-hearted and almost a simple-minded man, who knew nothing of mankind outside a court of equity. Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne, from either side of politics, could testify how helpful and considerate the great advocate had been to them in their struggling days. And it might be true that it was mainly pretentious people, would-be big people, upon whom his lash fell: though poor souls, no worse than stupid and inefficient, smarted under it too. The resultant, in fact, was, that rarely has mortal man made so many and such rancorous enemies. It was personal hatred that drove him from the Chancellorship: personal hatred which his greatest admirers must confess he had taken pains to draw forth. Possibly without intention: and, if so, Jowett was right. He ought to have known. Many school-boys could have told him. It is a sad story, the story of the stupid squires in the House of Commons when the vote of censure was moved against him: howling down all explanation, whipped up from the ends of the earth to join the attack on him, listening with peals of derisive laughter to the statement of a case they could not understand, and did not

try to understand. Only this was sure: the Chancellor had frankly despised them all, and had hit many of them incredibly hard: and here was the chance of revenge. And the bitter hatred was by no means confined to one side in the Commons. The most vicious words came from Bethell's own. The upshot, by a narrow vote, was that the Chancellor had to resign the office which no man in Britain was so competent to fill. On the merits, there was no case earthly against him. The charge was a farce. A popular Chancellor might have done a hundred times worse, without a word of reproach. A popular Premier, with a majority (how stupid and inarticulate however) at his back, a thousand times.

There are places, too, in this life, where the 'startling disregard of the conventionalities,' to which the biographer pleads guilty, is not wise. Though here, too, we have what Dean Stanley called *Election*. Things fall out very capriciously. Lord Lyndhurst rushed into white trousers when he was Master of the Rolls, without rebuke. But when Lord Westbury appeared in tweeds, constituting what a Lord Justice called 'the shortest Chancery suit ever seen,' it gave offence.

Further, every clever, ill-natured saying which flew about the courts, was put to Lord Westbury's credit. He said many: but he was blamed for others innumerable which he did not say. These were diligently put about by his enemies. Something irreverent: something trenching on the blasphemous: something bitter beyond verjuice: let all be fathered on the Lord Chancellor. One has known the like among much smaller men in an infinitely lower sphere. There are persons, to whom it is a delight to repeat some falsehood, to the hurt of an outstanding man among their 'Brethren.' It would be easy, and pleasant, to relate instances. But the insignificance of some slanderers is their protection. They are not worth powder and shot.

But this moralising has run to inordinate length. We must briefly tell the story.

Richard Bethell was born at the quiet town of Bradford-on-Avon, in an old grey house by the Saxon bridge over the river, on June 30, 1800. The year, the last of the eighteenth century, is convenient when one desires to note his age at the great points in his life. His blood was good: it did not help him much. He had to become an ancestor himself. The most outstanding of his race in later years was Bishop Bethell of Bangor, who, presumably from an excessive study of the epistolary style of the

elder Weller, began an indignant letter to the *Times* in the third person, and soon passed into the first. Bethell had weak health till six; after that age his vigour and endurance were extraordinary. His austere boyhood has been named. At fifteen, a small, eager-faced lad, in a round jacket and frilled collar, his father, the struggling Doctor, took him to Wadham, and presented him to the Warden. A scholarship was his only chance of University training. To the Warden's surprise he won it. 'Children are not admitted to the College,' was Dr. Tourney's first word. He lived to know the little boy's calibre.

He studied, never sparing himself. A row on the Isis was his sole recreation. On May 22, 1818, he took his B.A., first class in classics, second in mathematics. For four years after he read with men for honours. He pinched himself severely to help his parents: yet before leaving College he had laid by 150*l*. In June 1822 he became Fellow of Wadham. He was entered of the Middle Temple: and with his brother John lived on the third floor of Brick Court. On November 28, 1823, he was called to the Bar. At this time he was remarkably good-looking: a massive head and fine blue eyes: the fair curly hair had to go early, so that brain was driven. His serenity seemed imperturbable. So speedily did briefs flow in that within a year he contemplated matrimony. After the third year he had as much business as he could do. His wife was charming: in writing home he mentions that 'Ellen's uncles are solicitors.' His mother died in September 1825. A brilliant success in managing an Oxford case at once trebled his practice, and he took silk at forty. There is only one account of his playful and affectionate ways among his children at home. And he speedily gained the leading work in the Court of the Vice-Chancellor of England. For the ten years till 1851 there was no important case in which he was not engaged. Not only was he a counsel of matchless skill: the scholar always appeared in his finished diction. 'Speak coolly, composedly,' was his advice to a Scotch friend. His extraordinarily rapid rise was an offence to some. And his sharp tongue was soon painfully known to many. He did not care whether he gave offence or not.

In 1852 he was elected member for Aylesbury as a Liberal. Not unnaturally, a motion was made to remove him from the Conservative Club. While defending himself, a fox-hunting squire roared 'Speak up.' 'I should have thought,' said Bethell, in sweet tones, 'that the honourable gentleman's ears were long

enough to catch my articulate utterances even at that distance.' He retired from the Club, but was forthwith elected to Brooks's. He was never a clubbable man. He soon made his mark in Parliament; and Sir Richard Bethell was Solicitor-General, under Lord Aberdeen, before the end of the year. His work was now excessive. His income was in proportion. He got up his briefs in the library, and he could sleep at will. 'What fools these judges are,' was his sole remark on a great occasion. And it was said that Mr. Justice Maule, Senior Wrangler, complained that the Solicitor-General, addressing the Court, demeaned himself as though he were God Almighty addressing three black beetles.

In truth, Bethell fancied he was appearing at his best when he was showing himself at his very worst. The like has been with far lesser men. I have seen a bully in a deliberative council, with fist clenched, and underlip projected, in strident tones abusing his betters, and uttering illiterate balderdash. That man, in private, was a genial soul, and *mediocriter doctus*. And in Bethell, dispensing around him, impartially, the oil that breaks the head, you saw little appearance of what he was called, when he died, by one who knew him as well as any: 'A gigantic intellect, with a heart as tender as a child's.'

In November 1856 he became Attorney-General, succeeding Cockburn. Now he declared that 'his ambition was satisfied.' He carried various valuable reforms of the law: notably in the law of Divorce, in spite of the violent obstruction of Mr. Gladstone. At the close of that memorable session, he had a house in Perthshire which afterwards became well-known to the writer. Here he shot grouse diligently, till he brought on an illness in which he suffered through his doctor being occasionally drunk. In 1859 he looked to be Chancellor under Lord Palmerston: but, from circumstances well known, it was thought expedient to promote Lord Campbell. Bethell was disappointed: but he bided his time: and when Campbell suddenly died in June 1861, he succeeded. The kind father's dream had come true: and the Lord Chancellor took the title of Lord Westbury, of Westbury, in Wilts: the town nearest Bradford: Bradford being already appropriated. No abler Chancellor ever sat on the Woolsack; nor any more zealous reformer of the law. But the manner never could be conciliatory. And if a public man make one or two enemies daily, the number mounts up alarmingly. An absurd charge, not of corruption, but of carelessly suffering a corrupt bargain to pass uncondemned, was pressed with a ferocity hardly to be wondered

at. It was a mere pretext. But a vote of censure passed in the Commons by 177 to 163, and the Chancellor, with great dignity, and no irritation whatever, announced his resignation to the Lords. A strong re-action of feeling speedily followed. He had held the Great Seal for four years.

Strange to say, Lord Westbury never really liked or enjoyed the work he did so well. And he did not care for office. His happiness was in rural avocations, and in home life. Yet he served faithfully in the Lords as a Judge of Appeal: recording in a diary, kept for a little while, that 'as soon as the Scotch are engaged in litigation, there is an entire absence of prudence, sound sense, and discretion.' Nor did he omit the occasional sneer at the Scotch Judges. 'It was not gentleman-like,' one of them said in my hearing. Twice he was offered a Lord Justice-ship, with purpose in a little to restore him to the Chancellorship: but he declined. At seventy-three, heart and strength failed. But his intellect was clear as ever: and he presided at a great arbitration while suffering agonies of pain. In July 1873, the end seemed near. His patience was wonderful. The old irritability had quite died out. 'I am content,' he said, 'to suffer ten times the pain, and to be thankful, *most* thankful.' And on Saturday, July 20, he passed peacefully from what to him had been a troublesome world.

By a touching co-incidence, his old enemy Bishop Wilberforce had met his sudden death but a few hours before. Their ways had run far apart in life. But 'in their death they were not divided.'

A. K. H. B.

At the Sign of the Ship.

MAN is a difficult animal to satisfy. Thirty years ago he was crying out for examinations. Everybody was to be examined for everything. There was to be no more patronage than is consistent with a world where the House of Jobus will never be extinct. Intellect and energy were to pass through the doors of examinations with all good things. Now mankind cry out that they are weary of examinations. Everyone is eternally being examined, from six years old to six-and-twenty. Working for examinations does not mean being educated. It means cramming; it means an army of crammers to give boys 'tips,' and an army of examiners to discomfit the crammers. Men only read 'what pays in the schools,' and what pays they 'get up' from manuals and not books. So a number of persons, more or less distinguished, say, and publish an appeal (and their highly respectable names) in the *Nineteenth Century*.

* * *

It is undeniably true that the complaints about cramming are correct in substance. Examiners say they have tried to set questions that would test the real knowledge, wit, and taste of young fellows. But the crammers were too clever for the examiners; they had anticipated almost every question and had crammed the lads with the appropriate answers. The answers were not good in themselves, and most of the boys made a dreadful mess of them, to speak colloquially. You rarely find any originality, real knowledge, or even interest in the subject as you waste your eyes over examination papers. But what then? does it follow that the system of examination is wholly worthless?

* * *

I venture to think that this is not the correct inference. The protesters exclaim that men at Oxford (always Oxford; Cambridge

washes her *linge sale* at home) only read what pays. They 'cram;' they do not 'study.' But who in the world expects them to study? When did a crowd of young men ever study? The idea is ridiculous. The mass of human beings, especially in youth, simply detest literature. Does Mr. Frederic Harrison, for example, suppose that more books would be read in the true spirit if there were no examinations? Let him glance over Gibbon's Autobiography. There were no examinations then, and Gibbon tells us how much reading was done. I believe that out of three thousand men at an university not two hundred care for literature enough to acquire a really sound knowledge, or even a pleasant smattering, of Virgil, Sophocles, Tacitus, Thucydides, Wordsworth, Milton, and Chaucer. Under the system of examinations a larger proportion is obliged to make a nodding acquaintance with history, philosophy, poetry. Naturally men dislike what they have to learn, and forget it as soon as may be; but that is not because of the examinations, but because a hatred of study is native in the majority of mankind. Anyone can observe this for himself. What do the educated classes read? The newspapers; and women read novels, and boys read poetry sometimes. It is not credible that the majority would study at all if they were not compelled to study, and examinations bring people in contact with good books. Of course people try to 'scrape through' with as little knowledge as may be, but they cannot help acquiring some.

* * *

Things may have altered: it is long since I was an undergraduate; but at that time, far from reading what paid, you could read nothing that did *not* pay, or at least that might not pay, either as an aid to style or by way of allusion, or, generally, by widening a man's knowledge. Moreover you were obliged to know the text of certain books—Greek, Latin, and English—as few people would ever know them if their knowledge was not to be tested. One was compelled into an approach to accuracy. For one, I cannot speak evil of examinations without gross ingratitude. But then one paid no heed to 'tips' and very little attention to lectures.

* * *

Examinations—say for the army or the Indian Civil Service—have this much of good: they show that a fellow has *stuff* in him.

An inveterate idler will not pass; a very dull boy, if industrious, will pass, at all events into the army. To be sure what he learns, in the way of history and literature at least, he does not know: he never acquired it by study at first hand; it is mere tattle, told to him by a crammer, and by him most imperfectly reported to the examiner. But an honest dull boy plods away at this trash; the examinations discern the plodder from the idler. That is all they can do, but that is something. The worthy lad may prove an excellent warrior, but, even if he had never been examined, he would, all his life long, be free from any tincture of letters. Human beings, in the main, never will be studious, never will be learned, never will learn lessons from history, nor take delight in most poetry. No Reform, no Revolution will ever make study the delight of more than a few among a few. Nor will any system of examinations ever prevent the born student from pursuing the delights of literature.

* * *

Perhaps nobody quite expects to get rid of examinations utterly. We ought rather to improve them. This may be done most readily (one is speaking of the higher sort of examinations) by leaving matters very vague. Let the boys be educated, let the examiners test the result of their education, but do not let certain text-books be prescribed, certain manuals, the tinned meat of the intellectual life. In classics this is easy. A few 'unseen passages' well chosen, a few pieces of composition, soon reveal what a boy really knows. No crammer can guess 'unseen passages' with much success. In history and in literature a genial latitude should be permitted. It should be the examiner's business to find out the best man, which they could pretty safely do if they were allowed considerable discretion. Anonymous examiners (masked in *vivâ voce*, an awful spectacle) would soon defeat the crammers. Of course the examiners' names would be known to the proper authorities, but to the crammers *not*. Could not the very questions asked be kept secret? This may be difficult of course; but I believe examiners might do a great deal if they were permitted—might detect real merit and industry without encouraging cram. Yet, do what we will, as long as entrance to certain branches of the public service is not to be given by patronage we must have a test. To satisfy that test boys will have to acquire knowledge which is distasteful to them and useless to them, and which they will forget as readily as they may. Such

is human nature, which once devoured a fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and has an inherited distaste for those apples.

* * *

Every day come proofs of the difficulty which Europeans have in understanding the less advanced races. A very common charge against the Red Man is this: that he has destroyed with wanton and ruinous cruelty the bisons, which, in parts of North America, were meat and clothing to him. The creatures will soon be extinct, partly through the advance of railways and the destructiveness of white sportsmen; but it is probable enough that the Indians, in time, would have exterminated the bisons with reckless improvidence. Yet the Red Man had a kind of excuse; he was persuaded that the shot bison, like the native bear in Australian tradition, does not really die. 'The Minitarees, men of my nation,' said an Indian to Mr. James, 'believed that the bones of the bisons which they had slain and divested of their flesh, rose again, clothed with new flesh, and became fat and fit for slaughter in the ensuing hot months.' This was the story told by the priests. 'For a long time very few of us believed the words of the priests; they had lied to us so often.' But at last the Minitarees learned the truth of the theory. One of their boys was lost, and they believed him to have been killed by the Sioux tribe. A war party, therefore, went out against the Sioux, and on the way killed a bison. Inside the bison was the boy, 'alive, sleek, well, and hearty, after having been imprisoned there a whole year.' The boy explained that he had slain and half stripped a bison, that, for lack of cover, he crept inside the animal, and that the flesh grew over him in the night. When the beast came to life 'he found himself rocking about as a canoe is tossed on the waves of the great water.' And thus the Minitarees learned that the priests, for once, had told the truth. Henceforward they had no scruples about useless massacres of bisons. Who can teach foresight and frugality to a people as credulous as the Minitarees?

* * *

Certainly we do not understand the ruder peoples. In a recent essay on the *Philosophy of Marriage* a lady remarked that nothing could be easier and simpler than marriage in primitive society. Now one ventures to think that, as society advances, marriage becomes more, instead of less, easy and simple. The consequences are to be found in what is called

'surplus population.' The savage makes things more difficult. Before a young brave of the Kurnai can even flirt he has to submit to having his little finger top joint cut off, to having his front teeth knocked out, to being rudely shaved with a sharp stone, to being daubed all over with mud, and to a number of other horrors neither easy nor simple. The young Red Indian, in some tribes, has to serve as a slave for a whole year in the cabin of his future father-in-law. Moreover the rules about who might marry whom were notoriously so difficult and complex that often it must hardly have been possible to marry at all. Consider likewise the tribes in which a man may not marry unless he can buy a wife by offering a sister in exchange, and recollect that the older men were wont to snap up all available sisters, and that sisters who seemed 'one too many if not two' were slain when they were babies. Without entering into the question of difficulties that surrounded the bride, it is evident enough that marriage was not in primitive, or at least in backward society, such plain sailing as Mrs. Lynn Linton appears to believe. To be sure it was easy enough in India, where the Gandharva ceremony consisted merely in a lady and her lover exchanging their wreaths of flowers, while the Minitaree rite of shooting arrows over the heads of the happy pair was picturesquely simple. But the difficulties before they came to the ceremony were much greater than in civilised society, or so one is led to suppose. In fact, if people had consciously set to work to make marriage difficult and unattractive they could hardly have succeeded better. Apparently, 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' especially among the Zulus, whom, as we all remember, Cetewayo kept in a state of military celibacy.

* * *

Probably few people will regret the late restrictions on Free Trade in the translation of some of M. Zola's novels. Even in Paris one of them provoked a schism among 'those about M. Zola.' But it seems extremely hasty for critics to accuse M. Zola of wishing to deprave the minds of his readers, or of merely producing books like some of his because they sell. It is difficult, on the other hand, not to suppose that M. Zola really desires to exhibit a series of bad examples, with some kind of purpose of awaking mankind to a sense of their defects. His intentions may be austere excellent. He may say, 'In reading this or that book of mine you are walking a moral hospital . . . go away and try to amend the society which breeds these plagues.' This is probably

M. Zola's idea and intention. Unfortunately his method cannot produce the results which it is only fair to assume that he desires. The ape and tiger ought to be shocked when they see their images in his mirror, but, as a matter of fact, the ape and tiger are vain enough, and other people are curious enough, to like staring at the shadows in the glass, without the faintest notion of reforming themselves. Grown-up readers are much more likely to be disgusted than to be depraved by certain tales of M. Zola's. Grown-up people, indeed, are very slightly affected in character or conduct by books either for good or bad. It is the curiosity of youth that takes moral harm from them, and the British youth, at all events, is protected from injury by the decent obscurity of a foreign language. It would be well if no English publisher thought it desirable to raise the veil, for the experiment is perilous. Yet, when one considers what is published daily by the press, there seems a want of complete consistency in forbidding the publication of any literary work. Consistency is the least attainable of virtues, however, and it is hypercritical, perhaps, to regret any decision which keeps the wrong sort of students away from novels which are necessary to nobody, and which they would read from the wrong sort of motive. It is a choice of evils, and perhaps the less evil is the appearance of hypocrisy and of 'le kant anglais.'

* * *

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

I.

Intolerable, by none wanted
 Save by himself alone;
 It seemed a satire that he chanted
 In quavering doleful tone.
 The heart of many a generous giver
 From such a discord swerved;
 Philanthropists beyond the River,
 Mayhap, are tougher-nerved.

II.

We could not choose but be exclusive,
 Whose souls are unlike his,
 His fellowship were not conducive
 To our eternal bliss.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

The small dog left to prowl and shiver
Is the one living thing
Would care to meet beyond the River
His master wandering.

III.

Ay, the old circle that befriended,
The love that could not change,
We would recover, all else ended—
If Heaven should thus arrange.
But him, whose accents no more quiver
Through thoroughfares we shun,
We would leave to God, beyond the River,
As we on earth have done.

IV.

Unless the sins that never tempted,
Sins we could scarce condone,
Trials from which we were exempted
By man's voice and our own,
Evil from which we did deliver
Our souls, and want, and care,
Should meet us yet beyond the River,
And bid us welcome there!

M. K.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums. Contributions received after November 11 will be acknowledged in the January number, in which the annual statement of account and a report of the year's work will be printed.

Lily Burnet 2s. E. J. Rourke 5s. L. C. 10s. B. S. T. 2s. P. K. 1l. John J. A. Boase 10s. E. C. T. (third donation) 5s. Two thankful young housekeepers 10s. Miss Churchill 2l. Thomas Gripper 10s. J. G. F. 10s. 6d. A large packet of clothing from C. Surrey.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,

39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

CHIMNEY PIECES,
STOVES, TILE
PANELS &
HEARTHES.

BENHAM & SONS.
WIGMORE ST. LONDON.

COOKING
& HEATING
APPARATUS;
ENGINEERING, & C.

CARDINAL and HARFORD, The Oldest Established
Importers of **ORIENTAL CARPETS.**

THE LEVANT WAREHOUSE, 108 & 109 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
GUARANTEED GENUINE EASTERN HAND-MADE FABRICS.
PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

D I A R I E S
CHARLES LETT'S

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST
IN THE WIDE WORLD
CATALOGUES GRATIS

Charles Lett's Diaries
88 varieties
6pence to 15s.
New series contain
all modern improvements
Ask your Stationer for
Charles Lett's and take no other.

3 Royal Exchange
London.

THE NEW ROYAL BLUE SHILLING DIARY LICKS CREATION
"Ideal Diaries" Charles Lett's Clerical & Medical.

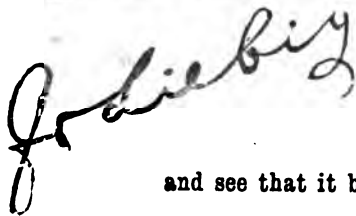
Fry's Cocoa.

PURE
CONCENTRATED

Ask Your
GROCER for
SAMPLE.

J. S. FRY & SONS, Bristol, London, and Sydney, N.S.W.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT
OF MEAT



*** ASK for the COMPANY'S EXTRACT,
and see that it bears JUSTUS VON LIEBIG'S SIGNATURE
IN BLUE INK across the label.

VAN HOUTEN'S PURE Soluble COCOA

EASILY DIGESTED—MADE INSTANTLY.

BEST AND GOES FARTHEST.

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—'ADMIRABLE,' 'PERFECT,' and so PURE.
HEALTH.—Its PURITY is BEYOND QUESTION—ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.

C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, WEESP-HOLLAND.

"Securus judicat orbis terrarum."

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

The filling at the Apollinaris Spring during the year 1887
amounted to 11.894.000 bottles.



No. LXXV.]

Contents

[JANUARY 1889

PAGE

The Bell of St. Paul's. Part I: I.—III. 225

By WALTER BESANT

Studies of Elementary School Life. I. 256

By H. J. BARKER

'Hath not a Jew Eyes?' 273

By EARNEST DUNS

A Queen-Anne Pocket-Book 280

By MRS. POLLARD

The Unemployed and the 'Donna' in 1888. 290

I. By Miss TRENCH II. By the EDITOR

A Dangerous Catspaw. XIII.—XV. 302

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY MURRAY

At the Sign of the Ship 328

By ANDREW LANG

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row
and New York: 15 East 16th Street



HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.



'During the Afghan War I verily believe Kandahar was won by us all taking up large supplies of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," and so arrived fit to overthrow half a dozen Ayub Kahns.'

From 'MESS STORIES,' by G. W. VYSE, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THE ART OF CONQUEST IS LOST WITHOUT THE ART OF EATING.—A Gentleman writes: 'When I feel out of sorts, I take a dose of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" one hour before dinner: the effect is all I could wish.' How to enjoy good food that would otherwise cause biliousness, headache, or disordered stomach: Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; ~~also~~ restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

PERSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.—One of Her Majesty's Consuls writes from Teheran: 'It may interest you to know that while riding from Teheran to Meshed not long ago, being one day rather unwell, to my astonishment and delight the Persian courier who accompanied me produced a bottle of what he called Numuki meevah, which was no less in fact translated than ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." The man told me that he now never travelled without a bottle.—Yours faithfully, SHEIKH JAM.—December, 1884.—To J. C. ENO, Esq.'

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA.—Important to all Travellers.—'Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." I have tried ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" in America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all Travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL, June 26, 1878.'

HOT CLIMATES.—'I cannot refrain from adding my testimony to the great efficiency of your "FRUIT SALT" here. I have a store, and as numerous travellers are constantly passing, and the climate being extremely hot—frequently 110° in the shade—there is naturally much drink consumed. It is a colonial custom that if a traveller drops in your store, to ask the proprietor to "liquor." I did "liquor" for some considerable time, and found my liver gradually increasing in consequence. Having been recommended your excellent "FRUIT SALT," I steadily applied myself to six bottles, in accordance with the instructions given, and I feel myself bound to say that the result was not only satisfactory, but, I believe, has permanently reduced my liver to its normal size. Since then I invariably use your "FRUIT SALT" when asked to "liquor," in place of the beverage which inebriates and doesn't always cheer, and charge the customer as per usual.—I remain, Sir, yours truly, W. SCHMIDT, Barkly Rout, Orixaland West, South Africa, Oct. 18, 1879.—J. C. ENO, Esq.'

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—'EGYPT—CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable "FRUIT SALT," to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORA, 19th Hussars, 26th May, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO.'

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

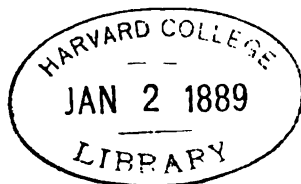
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

A CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE, SLUGGISH ACTION OF THE LIVER, SUPPRESSED GOUT, DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIOUS ATTACKS, &c.—SIMPLE AND UNIQUE.—A Gentleman writes: 'Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the "VEGETABLE MOTO," I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."—Yours gratefully, ONE WHO KNOWS.'

ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.



LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1889.

The Bell of St. Paul's.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE THE PLAY BEGINS.

THE well-known and always popular Common Lodging House in Sweet Lilac Walk, Spitalfields, has changed hands more than once since the year 1868. Had one nothing better to do, it would be interesting to follow the fortunes of the successive Chiefs of this institution, as well as the fate of those who have enjoyed its luxuries. This research, however, must be abandoned for other hands, younger and stronger. As regards the appearance of the House in that year, it was very much the same as it is now. For public opinion in such matters is conservative; paint costs money: mere ornament is useless ostentation: even if you were to gild a lodging-house you could do no more than fill it: window cleaning, floor scrubbing, door-step whitening, furniture dusting, and the sweeping of stairs and passages all require the personal effort of somebody—who must be paid: and why perform a task which is neither needed nor appreciated? Would our gallant Tars continue to holystone the decks if their officers ceased to require of them that duty? Certainly not. Then why blame the Master, Warden, Principal, or Dean of the Common Lodging House in Sweet Lilac Walk because he neglects what he is not called upon or expected to perform?

The least desirable, and the cheapest, part of the establishment twenty years ago—perhaps it is so still—was a certain room in the basement. Here there were no beds, every man, woman, and child sleeping on the floor without either bedding or blanket. There was not so much as a wisp of straw to mitigate the hardness of the boards—you cannot even now, I believe, buy or borrow such a thing as a wisp of straw in the whole of Spitalfields. For all alike there was the floor to lie upon, unless the lodgers preferred to lean against the wall. Yet, since room must be always left for the exercise of choice and individual taste, there were favourite and eligible sites in which the sleeper could be agreeably, gently, and gradually warmed all over by the fire, just as there were others where one would be frozen by distance or roasted by undue proximity.

The room was filled every night. Its occupants were those whom we associate with the Lowest Depth—ignorantly, because no one, not even a Hospital Nurse, has ever found the Lowest Depth. The people who frequent such a room seem at first as if they must be an interesting folk, from whose strange and varied experiences we might be led to expect whole mines of accumulated wisdom and treasures of sagacity. On examination, however, we find that their experiences have all gone for nothing. Their minds are empty, entirely empty. What they learn one day they forget the next: in fact, they never do learn: they do not put together events and draw conclusions: they pay no heed to the wants and desires of any but themselves: they know not any past and they look not for any future: their ideas on the conduct of life have nothing at all to do with the complex civilisation which is around them but does not contain them.

There is a possible classification of mankind which no philosopher, to my knowledge, has hitherto considered. I mean, one based upon the wants, the desires, the aspirations, and the prayers of man, as they vary according to his various social levels. You, dear reader, if you were pressed to own the truth, would doubtless confess that you continually desire above all things the spiritual gifts and graces, and ask for nothing but to advance daily in the practice of virtues too lofty to be even suspected by your humbler brother. You are, in fact, about to take a First Class (Honours) in the Virtue Tripos. On the other hand, your inferior brother—he of the so-called Lowest Depth—if he ever prays (which is indeed doubtful), or if he ever formulates his wants (which he certainly cannot do), would ask for warmth first—warmth is the first

factor in physical comfort—and for drink next. Thirdly, he would ask for food; fourthly, for tobacco. As for society: conversation: respectable attire: cleanliness: love: sympathy: self-culture: knowledge: godliness—all these things will come to him by degrees, as one ascends the scale. But at first—*down there*—he asks for nothing but the simplest elements of physical comfort.

The lodgers, then, being such as these, came to the bare room because it was cheap and warm. Here there was every night a great fire built up—one that would last from midnight until six in the morning: they had, therefore, warmth. A jet of gas was also burning all night, so that the people had light. The lodgers dropped in one after the other and lay down; soon they grew warm: perhaps they were hungry—well, no great matter, better a hundred nights without supper than one in the cold. The air of the room presently became so foul that it might have reminded the historical student (if any were present) of Newgate, Ludgate, or the Compter in the old days. They cared nothing for the foul air: they were warm. The walls streamed: the floor was hard: the place was crammed: their companions were as wretched as themselves:—but they were warm. In the morning they would have to get up and go out and face the cold again: meantime, they were warm.

He who is down, sings the sweet poet of Bedford Clink, need fear no fall. The thought is doubtless a consoling boon to all those who are down. It should be graven on the pewter pots. These people were certainly very low down: their histories, had they been investigated, would have been those of the stonebroke sporting man; the clerk with a lost character; the workman out of work; the penniless thief; the unrepentant—though middle-aged—Magdalene; the bankrupt shopkeeper; the once brilliant masher of the music hall; the prison bird out for a spell of freedom; the tramp of the casual ward: they were, no doubt, all here, with their wives and lady loves. But it is twenty years ago: the goodly company of this night must be nearly all dead. Why disturb the rubbish heap of twenty years? Besides, their successors we have always with us; their stories—which require a good deal of artistic dressing—are always the same; if any of that night's company still survive, their remaining days will be few and evil indeed—full of pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and asthma: they must now, those who are left, be drawing very near to the clean white bed in the quiet ward, where, after they have undergone the last

indignity which Civilisation has in store for them—namely, that of being washed all over—they will be most tenderly cared for; and when the last hour comes they will receive from the Nurse—or perhaps from the Sister, or even from the Chaplain himself—a kindly and affectionate dismissal upon that lonely journey of which we poetically say that it leads—‘Whither?’

They lay asleep side by side all through the night. There was no talking: some groaned who had pains; some snored; some coughed; some lay like logs, and some rolled and fidgeted. When the day began they got up, pulled their rags and duds together, and miserably sallied forth without so much as a good morrow, to look for windfalls and strokes of luck: their hands and eyes keen to take advantage of careless costers and purblind salesmen; ready to pick up unobserved trifles, corner bits, block ornaments, scraps, shards, and shreds; open to receive alms and doles if any should be offered; professing to yearn for jobs and the hardest kinds of work, and lamenting the difficulty of finding employment however tough. But for the most part these people love not odd jobs, and cannot abide regular work—the tramp-casual feels the curse of labour more keenly than his richer brothers: for choice they wait on the Great God Luck, the only deity whom they worship. Some of them have once been steady workmen, perhaps, in the past; but, look you, when a man has been out of work for six months and has pledged his tools, and has dropped out from the company of former mates, he has lost more than his wages: skill and sleight of hand have gone as well; worst of all, the power of work has gone. He cannot work. Whatever offers, he can work no longer. Let us pity the poor casual as much as we possibly can: no creature is more deserving of pity because he cannot be helped upwards. If any one were to give him work to do he could not do it: he can no longer climb, he can only eat. He is condemned to remain, for the rest of his miserable life, a larrikin, a loafer, a hoodlum, a tramp: a creature who will steal, devour, and destroy, but will not produce.

The lodgers, therefore, in this warm room got up when the October sun began to shine upon the streets of Spitalfields. Observe that the sun falls as pleasantly and cheerfully upon these dingy streets as upon the red and golden leaves of the Forest a hundred miles away. By seven o'clock the gas was turned down; the fire had burned itself to white ashes; and the room, save for three children, was quite empty.

These children were lying together in a corner, their arms and legs a good deal mixed, and their heads triangularly disposed, so that each should find upon the other a soft and warm pillow. As for the grace and beauty of the grouping, no young Princes could dispose of themselves more picturesquely than these three little gutter children, all in rags, their faces and hands smirched, their feet bare. They were all three sleeping still.

When the company of the night got up and went forth, one by one, they left open the street door. Then the air, which in the morning is quite as sweet, cool, and refreshing in Spitalfields as in Hyde Park, began to pour into the narrow passage, and thence to fall and flow in a soft, noiseless, and copious cascade down the stairs and into the basement room, rising by degrees, as a lasher rises after rains have swollen the mountain streams. When this cold but invisible pool had risen to a height of four inches and a half the children began to be restless. They rolled their heads: they opened their hands: they began to dream. Naturally, they dreamed that their headaches were gone—they always had a headache in the morning: that they were neither hungry nor cold: that there was nothing to be afraid of, no cuffs and kicks to expect: that the whole of terror had gone out of their lives: that they were in Heaven—only they knew not the name of the lovely place: that they were sucking oranges, and that their pockets were full of brown sugar. This blissful vision lasted for the space of a minute and a half. Still the cold air continued to mount higher. The children shivered and kicked, clung closer to each other, awoke with a start, and then, with one consent, sat up, rubbing their eyes, and looking about them, conscious that another day had begun. And they wondered, being quite experienced people, though not yet in years, what the day would produce in the way of grub. To such children there is neither breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, or supper: every meal is a moveable feast: they eat what they can get, and when it comes. A hunch of bread may be breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, or supper: a snack of fried fish—but oh! how seldom it is exhibited except in the shop window!—is a banquet whenever it appears.

As for the fresh air, it mounted higher and higher, inch by inch, driving before it the foul and poisonous breath of the night. Most of this, being forced up the chimney and so discharged upon the roof, rolled heavily about, a deadly, poisonous vapour, until it was blown to pieces, chemically changed, and absorbed with the wholesome smoke of the chimney-pots. It lay clinging to the

sloping tiles, it surged over invisible—yet it could be felt—upon the gutters, and rolled into the spout. Here it fell upon three young sparrows, who, at the first breath of this deadly brew, gasped, turned back their eyes and dropped forward on their beaks with stiffened limbs, thus cruelly cut off in early promise. The Tom, who was watching them with a half-formed intention from the ambush of the chimney, escaped with typhoid and six weeks of hospital.

The three children 'belonged'—the word must not be taken in its narrowest sense—to a woman who was standing at the street door, her hands upon her hips, a shawl over her head. She was a stout and strong woman whose red and brawny arms proclaimed a strength surpassing that of her sex in general. Her face was weather-beaten, her eyes were black, and her coarse black hair was thick and plentiful. She was—alas for perished youth!—fifty years of age or more. Perhaps in early days her features might have been comely: perhaps not; and to us, really, it matters very little. Her cheeks were blotched; her neck was thick and puffy; her eyes were watery; her lips trembled. These are signs which we commonly associate, rightly or wrongly, with strong drink. She was a woman of terrifying aspect, before whose wrath the bravest man would crouch or fly. She stood at the open door, looking down the narrow street as if she expected some one. In fact she had an appointment; and while she waited a gentleman appeared walking quickly down the street in order to keep that engagement.

Twenty years ago the appearance of a gentleman in a Spital-fields back street was rare—one should not throw mud at ancestors, but this fact cannot be denied. Therefore, those of the inhabitants who were in the street looked surprised; those who feared the police in plain clothes effaced themselves; those who were in the upper chambers regretted that they had no flower-pot to drop upon the head of the visitor: it was felt that if it had been evening instead of morning, if the street had contained its full population, united action might have hustled the stranger out of his purse, watch, chains, rings, pins, handkerchief, pocket-book, silk hat, and broadcloth, and sent him forth, as Ratcliffe Highway in the good old days loved to dismiss its sailors, into the wide wide world with nothing upon him but a newspaper—and that not the thick and solid *Times*—to keep off the cold and wind and rain.

The gentleman, however, walked along as if he was not in the least afraid of receiving these attentions. In fact, he was not

one of those who are afraid of back slums, and if anybody had tried to bustle him there would have been a surprise for that hustler. He was a man about forty, strong, black bearded, well set up.

'Well, old lady,' he said, in a clear ringing voice, 'I am not too early, I see. You are up with the lark of Bethnal Green: you soar and sing at Heaven's gate: your heart is full of praise and your every breath is a hymn. Come down to earth. Alight upon the dewy sward. Where's the boy?'

'He's in the house,' the woman replied, with a flash in her eye which showed that she was swift to wrath and that she only stood nonsense for commercial reasons. 'As for parting with one of those dear children——'

'Yes, I know. Stow that and bring out the boy. Stay! Let me go and find him.'

The woman led the way down the stairs. The three children were now on their feet, shivering in their bath of fresh air, and wondering why they had been left so long. As a rule the duties of the day—that is, the cadge for coppers and crusts, the cuffs and clouts, the bustle and business of the lively street—had already begun by this time. They were hungry, of course, but that was no new thing. There were two boys and a girl. All three were dark-skinned and black-eyed: all three had thick masses of black hair. The two elder looked as if they would grow up into comely youth, if they only got a fair show and a sufficiency of food. The youngest, however, was a most curiously ugly child: his hair was like a coarse mat; his forehead was broad and square but much too large for his face; his black eyes were large and hollow; his nose was almost flat; his sunken cheeks, wide mouth, and pale face produced the disagreeable impression of a skull with a skin drawn tightly over it.

All three children, at the appearance of their guardian, sbrank back and lifted up their hands as if to ward off a blow.

'Here they are, Sir,' said the woman.

'I see. And this'—he laid his hand upon the head of the youngest—'is the one I have bought.'

'Buy them all, good gentleman,' said the woman. 'You can have the lot, if you like. Here's Sal: she's eight already and clever—why, there's no name for her cleverness. She'll be a credit to any one who has the bringing of her up: there's nothing you can't teach Sal. And as for looks, if you think of them, in eight or nine years more she'll be fit for silk stockings and a carriage of

her own. Buy her, good gentleman. You shall have her cheap. There's the other boy, too—my little Pharaoh—the image of his father. Buy the lot.'

'No,' said the good gentleman; 'one is enough for me. The other two jewels shall remain to become your pride and joy, the stay and comfort of your age, my pearl of grandmothers.' He took the youngest of the three children by the arm and drew him gently from the other two. 'Now, granny,' he said, 'remember our conditions. I am to take this boy and you are not to follow him up, or to seek out where he is, or to molest him in any way. He goes out of your hands altogether. In return I take him and bring him up at my own expense, and I give you for him five pounds—five golden sovereigns.'

'Right, Sir. And if you'll take the other two as well——'

'What is his name, did you say?'

'We call him Sammy.'

'Sammy—not as yet a son of the Church: not Samuel; not baptised, I presume? Quite so—Sammy, or Sam. And his surname, if he has one?'

'His father's name was Stanley.'

'Stanley. A good old name. The excellent man is now—where is that father, now?'

'How should I know? On the road, somewhere, he is. He left her.'

'Her? His wife, perhaps?'

'She was my daughter,' the good lady replied, perhaps with evasion—'and she's dead. She died in the London Hospital and left the three kids to me. He's away somewhere in the country.'

'That was hard upon you. Well, this little Prince has a right royal inheritance. His grandmother is—yourself. His father is one of the Nomads who love the black tent and the travelling caravan. His mother is an unknown factor. I should say that his inheritance, if he ever comes to his own, will be the Vice of all the ages. Lucky little devil! Could I have a better subject?'

The woman heard but understood not.

'Well, old lady, here's the money.' He opened his purse and took out five sovereigns. She held out her hand greedily. 'Stop!' he said. 'Remember the conditions.'

'I'll keep them true. I will, s'elp me.'

'Sal'—she had followed the gentleman to the door and

watched him down the street—‘Sal,’ she cried, ‘come up quick. Go after the swell. Find out where he goes. Don’t let him see you. Run after him if it is to the end of the world. If you dare to come back without finding where he takes the boy, I’ll——’

A mere threat, however vigorous and terrible, only demands the recognition of history when it has been actually carried out. This threat was not carried out.

For eight years of age Sal was remarkably clever and full of resource. She followed the gentleman along Commercial Street to Shoreditch: here he called a four-wheeler, which drove off briskly towards the City. The girl’s knowledge of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green—an intricate maze of streets—was profound, considering her youth, but of the City she knew nothing. And here as the crowd grew thicker and it was difficult to run on the pavement and keep a watch on the cab, she took the opportunity of a stoppage and climbed up behind. The people hurrying along Citywards were all, at that hour of the morning, namely, between eight and nine o’clock, the young ladies and gentlemen employed in the City shops: the boys among them too dispirited, thinking of the day’s work before them, to remind a cabman of a cut behind: Sal therefore remained undisturbed.

The cab went down Bishopsgate Street and Gracechurch Street: it turned westward at Cannon Street: at Queen Street it turned again to the south and crossed the river by Southwark Bridge. On the other side it presently turned to the right into a region of small streets, with mean houses standing among great factories. In one of these streets it stopped. Sal slid down quickly and retreated to the shelter of a neighbouring lamp-post, where, half hidden, she could watch.

When the gentleman had gone into the house and the cab had driven away, the child left her lamp-post and examined at her ease both house and street.

The house was easy to remember. It was of two stories, with three windows at the top, and two below: the door between the two was not an ordinary door, but set back in a broad frame with two short pillars, not forming a porch but flat with the front of the house. They were pillars of the Doric order, and the girl noted their shape though she knew not its name. The house was freshly painted—a very noticeable point when one looked around. And there was a brass plate on the door—the girl could not read, yet she could remember the appearance of the letters—

they announced that Robert Luttrell, M.D., lived, and presumably practised the science of healing, in that house.

When Sal had thoroughly mastered these details, and was quite certain that she would know the house again immediately and without the least hesitation, she turned her attention to the street. First of all, it was unlike any street she had ever seen in the Quarter familiar to her. A street in Southwark may be mean, and so far may resemble a street in Spitalfields; but in meanness there are shades and variations. This street had several houses which called aloud for paint and washing, but they were not like the houses she knew: it had also two great works where steam hammers were already practising their trade; at the end was a yard, belonging to other works, and in the yard were three or four great trees: there was also, though the edifice conveyed no meaning to the child of nature, a Church; and, though this fact escaped her attention, it was as profoundly ugly as they made them forty years ago. The other end 'gave' upon the river. The child went to look at it. She had never before seen the river, and in fact knew not whether it was the river Thames or the river Oceanus which runneth round the world: there were barges on it, some with masts and some without; there was a steamer or two plying on the stream; across the river there was a great building, the biggest the child had ever seen.

She noted all these things, and then she addressed herself seriously and with the countenance of a responsible person to the task of getting back to Sweet Lilac Walk. To those children of luxury whose senses have never been sharpened by the goad of daily necessity, the task would have been impossible. This girl, however, had remarked on her way that the cab followed one line south, and another west, and a third south again: she had noted the houses when they turned. Therefore you will understand why she made straight for home on her return, as surely as an Indian in the forest finds his way by the marks he has made on the trees. It was perhaps part of her inheritance that she should thus be able to find her way in a labyrinth of unknown streets. I dare say she would have had no more difficulty through the blackest fog that ever fell upon the unhappy city. More than this, she afterwards, with the greatest ease, conducted to the spot her grandmother, who could not read, any more than herself, but who noted with care both the brass plate and the appearance of the street and begged of a resident to know its name. These items of knowledge the good lady treasured up in her heart. They were

things which might some day be converted, as all kinds of knowledge are every day magically converted, into a rod and a staff for her declining years.

If you had looked into the house with the Doric pillars about eight o'clock that same evening you would have seen the boy called Sammy sitting on the hearthrug between Dr. Luttrell and another. They occupied each an armchair beside the fire and were contemplating the child—one, with the pleasurable curiosity which attaches to a Subject; the other, with undisguised loathing for a creature so horribly ugly. His new dress, in fact, made his ugliness the more remarkable. He had been washed in a tub: his hair had been cut short: his rags had been cast into a raging roaring furnace: he was dressed in a pretty garb of navy blue, including a jumper, a lanyard with a knife at the end of it, and knickerbockers. He had eaten during the day three square meals. He was sleepy; but he looked from one to the other with the watchful and suspicious eyes of a wild creature, ready at the least movement to spring to his feet, to fly, to bite, or to kick. Presently, however, his head began to roll and nod; his eyelids began to drop; his shoulders to swing unsteadily; and he sank upon the hearthrug asleep.

'This,' said the Doctor, 'is going to be an experiment of the greatest interest.'

'Is it?' replied the other. 'Meanwhile, the boy is like some dreadful dream in a nightmare.'

'He is, he is. That is one of the most interesting points in the situation. Not only does he look the part, but he acts it, for the present, quite naturally. He steals; he lies; he swears. Why not? He belongs to a race conspicuous for demoniac possession. I bought him for five pounds of his grandmother. I have learned some particulars concerning that dear old lady's family. Her grandfather, a gipsy, is immortalised in the "Annual Register" for the year 1816. He was hanged outside Newgate for a particularly brutal murder committed on the body of a foreign sailor at Wapping. As for her father, who was almost as illustrious, he died in exile at Botany Bay, in the year 1830, after a brilliant career of pig and sheep lifting; the lady herself has always been a thief and the associate of rogues, vagabonds, gipsies, tinkers and tramps; her daughter, now deceased—the mother of this boy—was apparently of the same kidney. The pedigree on the maternal side, therefore'—the Doctor laughed and

rubbed his hands—‘promises remarkably well. Something ought to come out of that. On the other side, I confess, we are not so rich : we have little to go upon beyond the cardinal fact that the father, like the mother, was a gipsy. But the son of a gipsy may become anything. Through how many generations of outlaws and wanderers has the blood of this boy been running?’

‘You propose, then, to conquer and eradicate these hereditary tendencies?’

‘Not at all. I shall make them steps by which he shall mount.’ The Doctor leaned forward and spoke with great seriousness. ‘I have long wished, my friend, for such an experiment as is now before me. I have desired a mind to mould according to my own views. Impatience of authority is hereditary with this boy : I expect it will rule him as it ruled his forefathers ; but in his case it will take a nobler form : it will enable him to act and to think for himself. The poverty of past generations will inspire him with dissatisfaction and a craving for things. His ancestors never had enough of anything : they craved for food and drink. This boy will inherit the craving, but not for food : he will desire, beyond measure, knowledge. Again, the instinct of self-preservation is most strongly developed in the creatures which are hunted. This boy’s people have been hunted for hundreds of years. He will therefore inherit the instinct, strongly developed, of suspicion or watchfulness. But he will understand that the highest application of this instinct is to the advance of freedom and humanity.’

‘Oh!’ said his companion, doubtfully.

‘Then, again, none of his people have ever known morality, honour, truth, religion, or any of the virtues which we were taught in childhood.’

‘You will teach him these things?’

‘Not at all. I shall only put him in the way of learning them. He will learn them for himself. He will deduce for himself, from his own observation, that the happiness and the safety of the individual, as well as the community, depend upon the observance of these virtues by himself and by his friends. He will perceive that he must give as well as take, in order to secure the possibility of getting and the security of having. Then there will gradually spring up in his mind a Natural Religion on which, if he pleases, he may build any ecclesiastical structure that he may admire. In all these things he will be quite free.’

‘And meantime——?’

'Meantime he will be watched until he lose his present habits of stealing and lying. They will gradually drop off.'

'Humph! Yet I doubt.'

'You, Clement, are a poet.'

The other blushed with irrepressible pride. 'An unsuccessful poet,' he murmured. Anybody may be unsuccessful, but to be a poet happens to few. Somehow, like the child, he looked the character, having soft blue eyes, a gentle voice, and an unpractical manner, to say nothing of beautiful brown curls and a long beard as glossy as silk.

'Yet a poet. You have read, as well as written, reams of stuff about as real applied to life as the colours of sunrise over Nature.'

'Nothing is real except these colours.'

'Well, this boy shall read none of these things. He shall not become a sentimentalist: he shall be brought up in no illusions. He shall learn from the first the bare, naked truth in everything. For instance, according to you and to your friends, men are always doing the most heroic and self-denying things.'

'So they are—some of them.'

'According to me, they are always trying to eat up each other and fighting to prevent themselves from being eaten up. I shall teach this boy from the beginning to regard every other man as a possible devourer.'

'Poor little devil!' said the unsuccessful poet.

'Of course he shall be made a Physicist. I shall send him to a German University. If he imbibes a thirst for science, and if I succeed in making him see things clearly without the veil which hangs before most men's eyes: he will have a great career before him. The man without a Veil: the man without Prejudice: the man who can see clearly—think of that!'

'Again—poor little devil!' said the unsympathetic Maker.

'Then, about this hideous face of his. I know two men—both now old. They are brothers: they were originally exactly alike. One of them has given up his life to science, the other has been peddling in small trade all his days. The face of the first brother is full of nobility and of strength: the face of the other is mean and low. Now look at this little wretch.' He stooped and rolled over the sleeping head. 'In twenty years the wild-beast eyes will be steadied with thought and learning: the nose will have emerged: the cheeks will have filled out: the ugly wide mouth will have contracted. Out of a mere savage, common

and brutal, of the lowest type, I shall have made a specimen of manhood, such as there are few. He shall be a gentleman, though with no gentle blood in his veins: a scholar, an artist, and a physicist. And he shall look as well as play the part. He shall have a face—not like this wretched degraded type which his father and mother have given him; but a face which belongs to such a man as he will be.'

'I doubt,' his friend repeated. 'Are you still going to call him Sammy Stanley?'

'No. He must be cut off altogether from his own people: he shall never know whence he came or to whom he belongs. He shall bear my surname, and I shall call him my son. As for Christian name, now—what shall I call him?'

'Give him one that will do for either event—failure or success.'

'Very good. What shall it be? Not John or George. Say Bernard, Bertram, Guy, Harold, Oliver.'

'Call him Oliver.'

'I will. Oliver Luttrell. Sleep on, Oliver, unmindful of coming fate. Sleep on, Oliver Luttrell, late Sammy Stanley.'

CHAPTER II.

A SUNSET ON BANK SIDE.

It was the evening of the longest day in all the year. For once the occasion—which is too often neglected—was recognised and honoured. There had been ordered, at the Weather Office, a day of sky so cloudless and blue, with sunshine so warm and air so soft, that all the Italian organ-grinders fell faint and sick with nostalgia, and sat down on the kerb while the women did the work for them: and those strangers who were newly arrived from New York, Melbourne, Paris, or St. Petersburg, asked if this was truly the City of Perpetual Fog. And since it is generally the practice of the English day, if it begins with sunshine, to end in cloud, it was for this occasion specially enjoined, under penalty of the Office and all the clerks being transferred to Labrador, that the evening should, until the very setting of the sun and after, continue clear, bright and beautiful.

About a quarter-past eight on this day a young man was leaning over the wooden wall of the old, first, and original—for many years the only—Embankment, called Bank Side, watching the river

and the City on the other side. He stood at that spot—it is on the west of Southwark Bridge, where there are Stairs. They are not ancient Stairs: they are not those at which the Elizabethan citizens landed to see the *matinée* at the Globe, to catch a fleeting rapture at the Baiting of the Bear, or to make love among the winding walks of Paris Gardens. Formerly there were no Stairs between those of Mold Strand on the west, and Saint Mary Overies on the east. These Stairs are mere modern things constructed in the last century. But some thoughtful Resident, ancient or modern, has caused to be built above them a small pen, enclosure, or fold, furnished with two wooden benches, capable of holding at least four persons, and forming a gazebo or belvedere from which to view the river and to take the air. This young man had so luckily chosen his time and was so singularly fortunate in the day, that he had before his eyes quite the most magnificent Spectacle that the world affords. Owing to the sins of London this splendid show is seldom indeed vouchsafed: and no man is informed beforehand, not even the Meteorological Prophet, when it is going to be performed. Again, the places where one can get a really fine view of it are so few and for the most part so inaccessible—who knoweth, for instance, the way from Piccadilly to Bank Side?—that the greater number are hindered even if they wished to assist at the representation. And, lastly, the time for which the Pageant is fixed is, during the summer, inconveniently connected with the dinner-hour. For all these reasons there is never any crowd to see the Show, and the newspapers never send a reporter. Yet those who have been privileged to behold it go about for the rest of their lives declaring that there is no place like London for such a Spectacle; that the mist and moisture of the air cause the colours to be more splendid, and their infinite variety and change more wonderful, than in any other spot upon the world: and that no Transformation Scene was ever presented to an audience, even at the Lane, which can compare with the effects produced by Nature's own scene-painter. They are simple and massive, yet they are continually varying; there are no colours known to the artist like unto those which show in the West for a moment and then pass into something different yet as beautiful: no pigment was ever yet made which could represent them: they have no name: they have never been imitated in silk, satin, jute, flax, or cloth of gold: and as they vary and change from one moment to the next, advancing in splendour as the sun sinks lower, they form such a pageant as would bring tears to the eyes of the oldest Academician

if he ever saw it—but he does not, being entirely occupied with the painting of portraits. The sight and the splendour of it would also cause the most conceited young poet, if he ever did see it—but he does not, being occupied wholly with Society—to creep softly and limply out of the press, and away from the company of man, for fear he should be asked to describe these glories in immortal verse.

Where the young man stood, if he looked down the river he could see, close at hand, Southwark Bridge, and, beyond it, the ugly Railway Bridge running into the ugly Railway Station: both together shut out the view of all that lay beyond—London Bridge and the Tower and the masts of the ships in the Pool. Even the most splendid sunset cannot make the Cannon Street Terminus beautiful. But if he looked up the river he saw, first, Blackfriars Bridge, standing out with sharp, clear lines, as if cut out of black cardboard; above it, the dazzling golden light of the western sky; and below it, the broad bosom of the river at the flood. The waters of the river, which under the grey sky of a cloudy day are as brown as the waters of the Arno, and even under the bluest sky of midday lack the brightness of the Tyne and the sparkle of the Usk, now reflected back the wonders of the evening, and were themselves as splendid as the skies above. Then he looked across the river. Immediately opposite rose the pile of St. Paul's, vast and majestic—Bank Side is now the only place where you have a really good view of St. Paul's. On either side of St. Paul's rose in lesser glory the spire of St. Bride, the Dragon of Bow, the pinnacles of Aldermarie, the Tower of St. Michael's, and I know not how many more of Wren's masterpieces; for though the Great Fire destroyed many Churches which were not rebuilt, and though modern barbarians have pulled down many more, London is still a City of Churches, and there are plenty left for those who, when the Great Return takes place and the merchants once more go back to live within the City walls, will look to worship in the old Churches after the manner of their forefathers. Below the Churches, on the northern bank, are the wharves and warehouses—Paul's Wharf, Baynard's Castle, and the ancient Port of Queenhithe. This old harbour still retaineth its former shape, though its buildings, which were once low, mean, and ugly, yet picturesque, have long since been transformed into others, bigger and uglier, yet not picturesque, and even its old Church with the Golden Ship has been wickedly destroyed by the modern barbarians aforesaid.

Below him, floating bravely on the flood, were moored the broad

barges which now, for their number and their goodliness, make the glory of Bank Side. Not one or two are here, but fifty or sixty or a hundred, if you were to count, all of generous tonnage and capacity not to be guessed. There were, this evening, so many of them that they extended even more than half-way across the river. Some had masts and brown canvas sails, now furled, ready to drop down as far as the Nore, if necessary: all were painted gaily with streaks of red, blue, yellow and green: some were empty and waiting for their freight: some were laden, and these seemed to be carrying away all the worthless jetsam of the City: they were heavy in the water with broken glass bottles: they were full of rusty and broken iron: they were piled as high as the arches of the Bridge with empty petroleum barrels. There were no guards or watchmen on board this great fleet—the River Police pay no attention to this marine—for who would lift a lighter? How would one dispose of a stolen barge? What poor wretch is there in all the world sunk so low as to fill his knavish pockets with broken glass?

And on all these things alike—for the sun, whether the sun in Splendour, or the sun at his setting, knows no differences and hath no favourites—on the Dome and upper windows and the Ball and Cross of Paul's, on the Dragon of Bow, on the spires and weathercocks and chimney-pots: on the warehouses, which in the white light of noon make but a dingy show, on the clumsy barges with their brown sails, lay the splendour of the sunset, so that all was illuminated and transformed: the spires were flames of fire: the Towers belonged to some Castle of Phantasy: the warehouses were of precious marble, all purple and crimson, or veined and streaked with colour, grander than any palaces of Venice: the barges were ships of Fairyland: and the river, reflecting the glory of the sky, rolled along in a broad and glowing flood finer even than the Grande Canale when the Italian sunset lies upon its waters and paints its marble stairs. For the sun of Italy is not so soft, and under the sky of Italy there lack the mists which in England assume such depth and charm of colour.

'Yesterday,' said the young man, 'it was all so gloomy and grey that it made one tremble and shudder. To-day it is transformed. Oh! it is like some poet's vision.'

He was, for his part, neither painter nor poet: he had no knowledge, save from books, of Venice and its Palaces; therefore he could not make the comparison indicated above. There was nothing like Thames above bridge in the city of his birth or in

the country to which he belonged. That city was Sydney, and that country was New South Wales in Australia; and this was only the second day of his first visit to London. Only his second day. And yet he was actually standing on Bank Side, Southwark, at a quarter-past eight in the evening, looking at the sunset, instead of sitting in the stalls listening to the overture of an Opera Bouffe. No other Colonial has ever so much as visited this spot: very few even of the natives of this great city know of it: yet this was only his second evening, and he was here watching the sunset. One would think that he had come all the way from Australia to see a sunset. Once there was a New Zealander who came to visit the land of his ancestors. He was persuaded to take up his quarters at a hotel in America Square. He stayed there for three months. Not an amusement was there throughout Ratcliffe, Shadwell, Wapping and Poplar but he found it out and took his fill of it. Then he returned home, satiated with the pleasures of London. He confessed that for the rest of his life—thank you—he would want no more of London's pleasures. Laurence Waller—this was the name of the young Australian, and he was the son of no less a Personage than Sir David Waller, K.C.M.G., Premier of New South Wales—knew more than this. Yet, for a reason, he had taken a lodging on Bank Side, and this was to be his first night in that lodging.

He was not a conspirator: he was not a social reformer: he was not collecting statistics or facts: he was not compiling a book on the lower levels: he had no theories to defend: he even disliked the lower levels, and loved a well-behaved man and a well-dressed girl very, very much better than those who are roughly mannered and ill-dressed. He was a rich young man: he was as fond of taking his pleasure as any other well-regulated young man: and he found his pleasure in much the same pursuits: that is to say, he loved to ride, shoot, act, sing, play cricket, sit out with a pretty girl, dance with her, walk with her, talk with her. He also loved to sit at his club and talk to the men. And yet he was on Bank Side. What was he doing there?

Laurence Waller was in stature somewhat taller than the average Englishman, and rather more slightly built: his face, sunburnt from a long voyage, was unmistakably English, though I suppose that Australia will develop her own types of face for herself in the course of a few more generations—she must, if she respects herself. Clearly it was a cheerful face, belonging to a young man who has no quarrel at all with the world, and as yet

has found no cause of complaint as to the general management of mankind at large, or his own personality in particular: a face which inspired confidence in old ladies, young ladies, women who are not ladies, in children and in dogs; but not in betting men, welshers, and those who practise the Confidence Lay. Young gentlemen who walk as if they were accustomed to rely on themselves, and carry their hands as if they knew how to use them as fists, do not attract these honest tradesmen. His hair was of a not unusual brown, and his features were regular enough not to mar his expression. His age was well within the twenties. Since the whole of the world that is worth anything at all—love, friendship, ambition, hope, enthusiasm, good digestion, strength, and fighting power—belong essentially to the twenties, he ought on that account alone to be enormously envied by all who have passed into the thirties, or—poor beggars!—even beyond. This said, it seems an unnecessary detail that he possessed somewhat remarkable eyes: they were eyes of a clear, dark blue: eyes which were perceived at once, even by the most shallow observer, to be capable of containing and of reflecting a good deal of light: such as the light of laughter, the light of generous wrath, the light of pity, the light of sympathy, the light of enthusiasm, and the light of love. It is by such lights that Australia will be advanced. One does not claim for this young man special merit on account of his eyes. Many young men betray these emotions in a similar manner. On the other hand, some young men never hang out any such signals, perhaps because they feel these things imperfectly.

Laurence presently turned from the river and looked at the place itself where he was standing.

Bank Side is not a fashionable promenade. It does not possess any of the popularity which belongs to the much grander South Embankment higher up the river—that which runs from Westminster to Vauxhall, and is adorned, first by St. Thomas's Hospital—which inclines the heart of the working man to works of benevolence; and next by Lambeth Palace which, on account of its venerable appearance, makes him for the moment tolerant of orthodoxy. Bank Side, again, never has been fashionable. Many parts of London have at one time or the other belonged to the great world: there were Royal Palaces at Baynard's Castle; at Tower Royal; at Cold Harbour, and at St. Bride's; there were palaces in the Strand; illustrious people lived in Drury, and great nobles in Soho. Once there was a Bishop's Palace at Bank

Side, but so long ago that the very memory of it has gone long since, and people have forgotten how a certain street there has gotten its name. There was a period—it only lasted twenty years or so—when the people came across from Paul's Wharf and Queen Hithe to the Falcon Stairs to see Shakespeare's new play at the Globe, the Swan, or the Rose. Then the place was inhabited by the player folk, who drank, and sang, and revelled, and laughed, and quarrelled, and fought in the taverns which still—some of them—survive in obscure courts and corners of this forgotten place. The players had, for the most part, short lives, but they were merry: their friends were the poets and such as loved poetry. Their manners and morals were deplorable: their wives and mistresses were as disreputable as themselves, and were constantly getting ducked for their quarrels and their jealousies and their noisy tongues. Now they all lie buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, formerly St. Mary Overy. When the theatres were built across the river, the players and the poets exchanged Bank Side for Portugal Street; and presently even the Clink itself, where so many of the poor players had been laid by the heels, was pulled down. There was no longer any use in keeping up the Clink.

The young man, then, turning from the river, considered for a moment the old Embankment with its wooden walls and the houses facing it. The place was littered with coils of rusty chain, and bits of rusty machinery. There were cranes for the hoisting of things in and out of the barges; there were stairs to the water; there were planks lying in position for the wheelbarrows between the Embankment and the barges: on the other side of the road were gates leading to factories, works, and wharves. Between the gates were one or two public-houses of a quiet kind—such as Legless Tom—the Dominie's Dux, in 'Jacob Faithful,' might have frequented: a shop or two of a marine or nautical description, and a few private houses. The light of sunset fell upon this place, which at other times is certainly dingy, as well as upon the river, and made it look beautiful and mysterious. It is generally unknown who are the private residents of Bank Side: if a man wished for perfect retirement, a place where his friends would never think of looking for him, where he could breathe the freshest air to be found in all London, he could not do better than to take one of these houses—there are not many—and live in it. Retirement he would have; but as for quiet, one would not promise him that, because the works, and the cranes,

and the yohoing of the bargemen would deprive him of the luxury for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. But, within one of these private houses, he would be as retired as in the heart of the great African Desert.

By eight o'clock in the evening, however, work is over on the Bank: the voices of those who yo-ho on the barges are silent: there is no more rolling of empty casks or hoisting of crates full of broken glass: the paying out of chains has ceased: the hammering at the Steam Boiler works has stopped for the day: the Vinegar yards are deserted: the workmen have left even the public-houses, which stand open but have no custom: and Bank Side is left for the refreshment of those private folk who may choose to come here for the tasting of the fresh air.

Two or three, in fact, were walking to and fro or lounging as the wooden wall which protects the Bank from the river. The Australian stranger, observing these people, became aware—although he was a stranger and an Australian the thing struck him as incongruous—that they were, somehow, gentlefolk. Nothing had prepared him for gentlefolk in Bank Side, neither his first impression of the previous evening when he engaged his lodgings, nor a certain document in his pocket which had brought him there.

Two of them, who walked together, were men advanced in years—though still vigorous. They passed him once, twice, in silence. As he looked after them he observed that they remained silent. Therefore he rightly concluded, they must be habitual companions. Only men who know each other well are silent when they walk together. That is the true companionship of the soul when one can follow out, undisturbed, a line of thought, ready to stop at a word from the other, or to receive a suggestion from him for the furtherance of that line. One of them was a tall man, but narrow shouldered and stooping. He wore a brown velvet jacket and a felt hat: his long white hair flowed in curls over his coat collar and his white beard flowed over his shirt front. His jacket was old and, as an old friend should, it clung tightly to the arms and to the figure: his trousers had acquired a certain swelling of the knee—a disorder or deformity which is the terror of young men who love to go in dainty raiment yet have a slender purse. This gentleman, therefore, was not rich. As for the velvet jacket, the broad felt hat, and the long white locks, they looked like outward signs and professional adornments, like the epaulettes of a Naval Officer, or like the hairdresser's apron. These signs may be assumed by the impostor.

But the impostor cannot assume a face of delicacy, finely cut and lined, which marks the life of culture and lofty thought: nor can the impostor at sixty years of age clear his eyes of the crows-feet and his mouth of the deep trenches which betray long years spent in greed and gobbling and money-grubbing.

‘An artist,’ said the young man, wondering that an artist should be found on Bank Side wandering about, as if he was an *habitué*. ‘Clearly, an artist. But, perhaps, only a photographer.’

The man by his side wore a black frock coat and the tall hat common to the City and the West End. There was a certain confidence in his walk: he carried his stick as if he would use it as a weapon of offence on small provocation: his head was thrown back: his black beard, streaked with grey, looked as if it was not going to turn quite grey without a struggle: he advanced one leg as he walked, somewhat like the knave of clubs, but with less ostentation.

‘Looks like a solicitor,’ said the young man. ‘Yet a solicitor on Bank Side! May be, however, a Book Agent—or a Tout—or a Temperance Lecturer. Both of them here, perhaps, because they are down on their luck.’

He came from a country where it is not uncommon to meet with gentlemen newly arrived from England, down on their luck. Here there are also many such men, but they shrink from observation. Formerly, gentlemen down on their luck found themselves in the long run comfortably settled in the King’s Bench or in its Rules, where there was abundance of good company with the tradition of mirth and jollity. Both King’s Bench and the Rules having been abolished, there is now no recognised Retreat. Yet in these days there are so many gentlemen down on their luck that there must be, somewhere, a colony or settlement of them living retired in some suburb, whither their old acquaintance will not follow them. I have sometimes thought of Dalston as a likely spot—there is none likelier: it is clean, airy, and remote from Pall Mall: there is no obtrusion or ostentation of wealth—it is not noisy and vulgar: yet, so far, my researches have not resulted in the proof that Dalston possesses such a colony. Some day it will as certainly be found as the present location of the Ten Tribes. When found, it will prove to be a curious colony, preserving many of the manners, customs, commonplaces and jokes which belonged to the fashionable world when the colonists retired into obscurity.

On the fourth time of passing, one of the two was speaking.

‘—will be President of the Royal Society, I tell you. Yet

something troubles the boy. He should be triumphant, and he is uneasy. At his age——'

'Do Presidents of the Royal Society come from Bank Side, I wonder?' murmured Laurence. 'Yet, why not?'

They passed on their way and out of his hearing. Besides it is mean for any one, except a Novelist, to listen in the street.

Then Laurence saw, standing at the open door of the house opposite—quite the cleanest and most respectable house on Bank Side—a person of spare and slight figure, with a head one or two sizes too large for his height. This is a defect by no means common. His face was smooth and young, yet his hair was grey. A large nose, assisted by a self-respecting carriage, gave him an air of quiet dignity. His dress included a black frock coat buttoned, a tall hat most carefully brushed, and an umbrella tightly rolled in its silk case. He also carried a pair of kid gloves. No part of his dress was in its first youth, or even in its early manhood, but the whole of it taken together conferred upon the wearer that now almost obsolete quality which used to be called *Primness*. The *Prim* man may linger still in old-fashioned counting-houses—I know one in a Bank—but he has become so rare that the younger folk have lost knowledge of his kind. Lesser officials of all kinds, fifty years ago, affected *Primness* as a part of that *Personal Dignity* which has been since so largely lost.

'Here is Lucius,' said Laurence, sighing. 'My dear mother, I hope you are satisfied, so far.'

It was, in fact, none other than Mr. Lucius Cottle himself, whose lodger the young man had that day become. He descended the two door steps with as much dignity as if they had been the staircase of a Venetian Palazzo, and as slowly as if he had at his own disposal all the time there is.

'Take off that coat of yours,' said his lodger. 'Give you a swallow-tail with black silk smalls and stockings and a bunch of gold seals at your fob—and you'd do for Charles Lamb. Put you into a velvet coat, with a flowered waistcoat and a powdered wig, and give you a snuff-box—and you'd do for—for—Oliver Goldsmith himself, or the whole of the eighteenth century.'

It is popularly supposed, thanks to Mr. Praed and Mr. Austin Dobson, that the eighteenth century was a period of profound repose and universal leisure. As a matter of prose it was crammed full of hurry and bustle, driving and goading, sweating and oppressing, cursing and kicking, beating, cuffing, and imprisoning. Everybody who was in service of any kind had to

hurry up all day long, and the day was then very much longer than it is at present. Had Mr. Lucius Cottle, for example, lived in the last century, he would have descended those steps and gone about his business with a surprising alacrity.

'He ought to be a Justice of the Peace,' said Laurence, 'or the Proprietor of a Pill.'

When Mr. Lucius Cottle had accomplished the descent of the steps he looked up and down Bank Side with a critical air of ownership. So the country gentleman surveys his stables and his gardens. Then he turned and contemplated the house—this at least was his own—with infinite pride. Certainly the brightest, the most recently painted, and the cleanest on the whole Embankment. It was even provided with a Virginia creeper, now rapidly becoming
 238 green with its first shoots of spring. There were clean white curtains to all the windows: the iron railings in the front were clean: the windows were bright: the brass knocker and the handle were polished: the door-steps were white: and on the door there was a brass plate as bright as a mirror, on which was engraved, in large black letters, the name, 'Mr. Cottle.' Some brass plates might have announced 'Cottle'—short; or 'Lucius Cottle'; or 'Mr. Lucius Cottle.' There is, however, a simple greatness in 'Mr. Cottle,' as if all the world ought to know him and should speak of him respectfully and should be glad to be told where he lived. When he had looked up and down, he crossed the road daintily, as one who goeth in white silk stockings. 'You ought,' said Laurence, 'to have white silk stockings to set-off your thin legs. You were born for them.'

'Good evening, Mr. Waller,' he said, giving his hand. 'You have done well, Sir, in coming to Bank Side.' He spoke slowly, as if his words were valuable. 'Here we breathe.' He expanded his chest and waved his hands. 'Here we catch the pure breeze fresh from the German Ocean. If this place were generally known, those who now live in Eaton or in Berkeley Square would gladly exchange with us who live upon the Bank.'

Laurence suppressed a frivolous remark about a run upon the Bank, and wondered whether such an exchange would be afterwards considered quite fair to both parties.

'When you came to me last night, Mr. Waller,' Mr. Cottle went on, 'you referred me to a very respectable Firm—in the Lower Branch. Their assurances made me resolve to accept the responsibility of receiving you as my tenant. You are in England, they told me, on business.'

‘On business, Mr. Cottle.’

‘You are yourself also, perhaps, in the Law—in the Lower Branch?’

‘No, I am not, I am sorry to say, in the Law at all—not even on its Lowest Branch.’

‘Well: we cannot, unhappily, all belong to the Profession. I hope, at least, that your stay may be pleasant to you and that your business may be satisfactory.’ He waved his hand with an old-fashioned gesture. ‘You will find much that is interesting in the Quarter. As for ourselves, we are, I believe, the oldest Family of Bank Side.’

‘Dear me,’ said Laurence, smiling pleasantly. ‘The oldest Family of Bank Side! For my own part, I only belong to one of the youngest in New South Wales.’

‘We have lived here, Sir, for one hundred years. Exactly a hundred years ago my grandfather, whose origin is unknown, commenced schoolmaster in that very house. The Academy was carried on after his decease—he was buried in Cross Bones Yard—by my father for forty years with great distinction. Vicesimus Cottle, indeed, is the only English author, since Shakespeare, who has adorned Bank Side. You are acquainted, Sir, with Cottle’s “Practical Elocutionist”?’

The young man murmured something. He felt that in some important points his education had been neglected. Yet he had taken Honours in the University of Sydney. The Colonial, on his first visit home, often experiences this feeling. What is the use of the best education that the Colony affords—they pretend it to be as good as any to be had in Great Britain—if such gaps are left? Why had no one taught him that he must purchase, and diligently peruse, Cottle’s ‘Practical Elocutionist’?

‘The work,’ Mr. Cottle told him with severity, ‘was composed or compiled in the house where you will this evening sleep. You are an Australian: which may explain and excuse your ignorance. The name of Cottle has not yet—it would appear—reached your shores. This is strange: but it is on its way, Sir. It is on its way there.’

‘Perhaps it has already crossed the Line, by this time.’

‘You shall have an opportunity, Mr. Waller, while you are with us, of studying that Collection.’

Laurence murmured his gratitude.

‘The Society of Bank Side,’ the little man continued with an increase of primness, ‘is limited, it is true, but far more select than is generally supposed. I learn at my Chambers that we are

supposed to have no Society here. The Barge and the Bank, it is believed, belong to each other. The Barge and the Bank,' he repeated, to mark the alliteration. 'That belief, you will find, is a mistake.'

'I assure you, Mr. Cottle, that I have no belief or any opinions at all upon the subject.'

'Houses make not Society, nor does a crowd create civilisation—my father's observation, Sir. Some here are working men: well, Industry produces our boasted wealth. It must therefore be respected. Again—my father. But we have the Learned Profession represented. Those who form our Society are in the habit of meeting here on warm and fine evenings. Here we have, in fact, established an Exchange of Thought. As merchants assemble to exchange goods, so do we draw together on summer evenings to impart and receive the ideas which we conceive and form in winter. One of Vicesimus Cottle's plans, Sir, was the formation of such an Intellectual Exchange, on a larger scale.'

'Indeed,' said Laurence, respectfully.

'For instance, there is Mr. Indagine——'

'What?' the young man started. 'I know that name.'

'Mr. Clement Indagine, the Poet.' He indicated the man in the velvet jacket.

'Oh!' cried Laurence, startled. 'That is Clement, is it? And he is a poet, is he? I don't think I ever saw a poet before. Clement Indagine! I hardly expected—so soon. Clement! Had he not a brother?'

'Truly. You know that? The brother, Æneas, went away a great many years ago—we were all three at school together—and has never since been heard of. Mr. Indagine's companion is Dr. Luttrell, of great distinction in Science. As for me, I am in the Law—the Higher Branch, Sir,' he explained with much dignity. 'Law, Poetry, and Science. Could the great Embankment on the other side boast of more?'

Laurence laughed. He was one of those who laughed easily and pleasantly, and never give offence by laughing.

'Bank Side,' he said, 'is a busy place. That is evident from the wharves. And it has its history. That I know. Bank Side should have its intellectual side, that, I confess, I did not suspect.'

'We have more,' said Mr. Cottle. 'Law, Poetry, and Science, I said. The noblest virtue of mankind, as my father has observed, is Patriotism. The gentleman now approaching—look at him

attentively, Mr. Waller—is a distinguished Patriot. His native country is Hungary.'

So that there were four great men of Bank Side, at least, and all of them elderly. The distinguished Patriot wore a flat cloth cap: his coat was grievously old and worn: he had on list slippers, which caused him after dark to be mistaken for a ghost or a garrotter, according to taste or imagination. He was small of stature; his hair was white: he wore no beard or moustache, and his eyes were curiously soft and gentle. He looked as if he must have carried on his Patriotism in an upper chamber, among the ladies.

'Chevalier,' said Mr. Cottle with a little natural pride at having a titled friend, 'this is Mr. Laurence Waller, from Australia. Mr. Waller, this is the celebrated Patriot, the Chevalier Arminius de Heyn. He has given his name its English equivalent. Chevalier, present Mr. Waller with your card.'

While Laurence wondered what might be the Hungarian form of its Anglicised equivalent De Heyn, the Chevalier politely lifted his limp old cap with one hand, and with the other felt in his breast pocket.

'My card, Sir,' he said, producing a crumpled piece of folded paper. His voice was as gentle as his eyes. 'I hope you will read it, Sir. I wish that we may meet again. I have no other place to meet my friends. To those who choose to listen I have sometimes a great deal—oh! A great deal to say. Au revoir, Sir.' He again lifted his limp cap and passed on his way.

On the paper which he called his card was printed the following announcement: 'Chevalier Arminius G. de Heyn. Knight of the Legion of St. Sauveur and of San Martino. Honorary Member of the European Philotechnique for the Protection of the Unemployed and the Fatherless. Author of the 'Noble Plan,' as challenged by Lord Salisbury. Proscribed by the Austrian Government. Corresponding Member of the Scientific Societies of Ecuador, Honduras, and the Argentine Republic. Lecturer on the New Humanity. For terms apply to the Chevalier, care of Joseph Mayes, 183, Southwark Bridge Road.'

The young Australian read this document and gasped.

'Are there any more great men on Bank Side?' he asked, presently recovering. 'Let us get through with the great men before we go on.'

'There are the children,' Mr. Cottle replied, 'my father's grandchildren. It is reasonable to hope that his glories will be revived

by them. We live by the Past—my father's observation, (Sir : we live in the Present—is it not beautifully true?—we live for the Future. And here come two of the children.'

CHAPTER III.

OUT OF THE SUNSET.

THE sun was now on the point of sinking, and the Western splendour was at its best. On either side to North and South were rolling mists threatening to close together and so to spoil the show. But as yet they refrained and were themselves resplendent with borrowed glory. And then, out of the very heart of the sunset, as it seemed, there appeared, lightly floating on a golden cloud, a little boat. She might have been, for the glowing light around, for the deep red gold of which her frame seemed to be made, and for her pair of golden oars, the Royal gig belonging to Cleopatra's Barge, in which case the Thames would have been the Cydnus; or she might have been that very identical shell which once—Heaven knows how long ago!—was wafted over the seas at sunset—it is impossible at this distance of time to learn whence it came, who was its maker, or how it was propelled—to receive the Queen of Love and Beauty rising from the waters. Heavens! Was this only the turbid Thames? Were they only standing on Bank Side—shabby, mean, and common Bank Side?

As this charmed vessel drew nearer it lost something of its unearthly light and colour and gained something in distinctness. Then one made out, distinctly, figures, which before were only spectral shapes of coloured light. They became well defined, yet wore a ghostlike air. As the boat floated down, they assumed the appearance of two goddesses, or river nymphs at least, seated in the boat, bathed and wrapped and lapped in light and splendour. One of them had the sculls and the other sat in the stern. Laurence gazed upon this vision, wondering. When the boat drew near the Stairs, being still in the middle of the river outside rows of the barges, she who rowed turned her head. She had thrown off her hat, which lay in the bottom of the boat; the sunset painted her auburn hair the deepest red gold: it made a golden aureole round her head: it made her cheek glow and filled her eyes with a light that no painter would have dared to give

them : and changed her dress, which was of some light soft stuff, such as girls love to wear in summer, into a splendid cloth of gold. Nay, this light, marvellous and magical, continued to lie around her and upon her, so that, when she landed and ran up the Stairs, she was still a river nymph or a Queen instead of a plain and simple girl, and he who looked upon her for the first time trembled. The ancients always trembled when they looked upon a nymph for the first time. Love might follow, but trembling came first.

In the days when Love and the Muses had only just been introduced to each other, and Love was still under the charm of those cold, yet graceful ladies, and exchanging his old rusticity for sweetness and poetry and politeness, the swains were happy in that they had these visions aforesaid of nymphs in the woods and on the river banks and on the sea-shore. They sang, danced, struck the lute, bathed, played ball, and sometimes condescended to permit the shepherd to make love to them. In appearance they were chiefly distinguished from mortal girls by the glowing light that lay upon their faces and lapped their shining limbs. And although, in the matter of love-making, they certainly did come down to the level of short-lived man, that glow never left their limbs nor did that light ever die out upon their faces. In like manner, in the time to follow, Laurence was always to see upon the head of this girl the golden aureole which crowned her when first he saw her in the boat, the sunset full upon her face.

Now while the boat was yet afar off, there came new footsteps along the walk, and Laurence turned impatiently. Another great man of Bank Side ?

‘You, Oliver?’ asked Mr. Cottle. ‘You were unexpected this evening. Your father has not yet gone within. Althea is out in her boat with Cassie. There are the girls’—he pointed to the boat and called the two figures of glory ‘the girls.’ ‘Mr. Waller, this is our friend, Mr. Oliver Luttrell, destined to illustrate the place where he once resided—for he has left Bank Side—by his discoveries in Science.’ Yes. Still another great man on Bank Side, Laurence perceived, and this time not elderly. ‘Oliver, this is my friend, if I may be permitted so to call him, Mr. Laurence Waller, from Australia, who honours us by becoming a temporary resident on the Bank.’

Laurence saw before him a young man of his own age, but of slighter build and lesser stature. If he was as great a man as

the others—surely Mr. Cottle ought to know so simple a thing—he was much better dressed, and in fact, he was groomed after the manner of the young man of Piccadilly, rather than him of the Bank—if there were any young men on the Bank. He was remarkable in personal appearance: his face was pale, and his hair was a thick black mat: his eyes were black and quick: his features were by no means regular, his mouth being too wide, and his nose too broad: yet, taken together with his bright eyes and quick glance, they made a striking and interesting face.

He lifted his hat politely. But in his eyes and in his smile there was plainly to be read the question, ‘Who the Devil are you? And what in the world has brought you to Bank Side?’ Laurence, reading this unspoken question, wisely refrained from giving any answer. But Oliver continued to look at him curiously and suspiciously. Who was this new friend of Mr. Cottle’s? Why did he come to Bank Side? What did he want there? What right had Mr. Cottle to introduce the stranger to him?

When the boat touched the Stairs, Oliver called to the girls—or the goddesses—that he would carry up the things and ran lightly down, and they all three laughed and talked as old friends and companions should. Then the girls—or the goddesses—mounted the wooden Stairs and Oliver followed them, having tied up the boat with a painter long enough to allow for the tide, carrying the sculls, the cushions, and the rudder. They all three crossed the road to the Private Residence of Mr. Cottle. The envy, hatred, jealousy, and malice which instantly filled the heart of the new comer was nothing more than the tribute due to the beauty of the girls. Any young man with a proper feeling towards the Sex would have experienced the same emotion. One records it solely in order to show that this young man was endowed with a proper feeling towards the Sex.

Then the sun went down.

Instantly, a little of the splendour went out of the sky and the river: and as the mists rose and rolled together, the glory of the evening began slowly to depart; the colour and warmth and light to die away upon the river: the illuminations in the upper windows of St. Paul’s to be extinguished: the marble Palaces to become commonplace warehouses. The magician of the Evening had done his task, and the City and the River and Bank Side itself were going to be left for the night to the hard and ugly truth. Perhaps for many evenings as well, for such a sunset is rare indeed. And the girls had gone indoors. And they were in

the company of Mr. Oliver Luttrell. Oh ! a great deal of splendour went out of sky and river when the boat touched the stairs and the girls crossed the road and went indoors.

‘I tell you, Clement’—it was one of the two elderly gentlemen still walking together—‘something troubles the boy.’

‘Mr. Waller,’ said Mr. Lucius Cottle, ‘it is your first evening. Before you go to your own room let me present you to my family. We aim, Sir, in the words of my lamented Father, at Simplicity without Coarseness, at Refinement without Affectation, at Cheerfulness without Noise. Follow me, Sir.’

(To be continued.)

Studies of Elementary School Life.

I.

THE reader may well surmise that a schoolmaster's daily routine is a somewhat humdrum one. And, in the main, such is the fact; but still there are flashes of colour that light up from time to time the schoolroom's sombre horizon, and it is this brighter side of the picture that I am now about to display.

That 'Boys *will* be boys' as regards mischief, all parents know to be true quite as well as any schoolmaster can tell them; but that 'Boys *will* be boys' when compelled to take part in the intellectual gymnasium, parents do not know, perhaps, quite as well as the schoolmaster.

Again, there is this difference betwixt the two exhibitions of boyishness: in the first case it is intentional on the lad's part; whilst, on the contrary, in the second it is altogether sweetly innocent.

Indeed, it is in this naïve imperception of distortion that the whole humour of school-boyishness lies. For example:—'What is the feminine of *hero*?' I ask a second class (ages ten to twelve) during an afternoon grammar lesson.

There are a very many hands thrust out at once, but I cannot refrain from satisfying the eagerness of one poor little chap right behind there, who, in his eagerness to catch my eye is standing on tiptoe, with hair almost erect, glistening eyes, and cheeks flushed and distended with excitement. 'Well,' I say to him, 'you tell me, Harry Walker.' 'Shero, sir!' shouts the little fellow, his eyes sparkling with pleasure and pride, whilst he is as certain in his own mind of being correct and of gaining my approving smile as he is assured there is a sun above him.

Before I proceed to give any further examples of interesting or amusing answers or exercises, let me thank my friends in the

profession—inspectors, masters, and mistresses—for sending me their choicest diversions. I insert some of these, but in the main I rely on the experiences of myself and my own pupils.

The first specimen I place before you shall be the composition exercise of a boy whom I recollect very well as a happy, cheery little fellow, although he came from a very poor home. He was one of a class of fifty, who, on this occasion, were being examined in Scripture knowledge.

After the oral examination six questions were set to be answered on paper, and the lads could choose any four of them.

The second question of the series was, 'Give an outline of the life of Samson.'

The paper is dated March, 1880, and I give the effusion, word for word, from the lad's own writing :—

'The life of Samson which I has to give. Samson was the wonderfullist man you ever seed. He was so mighty strong that he thought no more of lions and bears than boys do of cats and things. If you think he was a giant, that's just where yer wrong, coz he wasnt a bit bigger than your father is. But mind yer, he had very long hair, and that's just where it was. It went right down his neck and under his coat, and then all the way down. That's how it was.

'Samson became very sinfull, for he got a courtin a young woman who was a relation of the wickerd Phillistins. Men should never court young women from uther countries, exept they are good. Never mind abart them being nicet looking, if they are not good. Why this young woman actshully wurshipped them ugly little imiges wot yev seed misshenaries bring in bags and put in a row on the table. As Samson was goin a courtin one dark night, a lion sprung at him from over a garding. And see yer, Samson just cote it by the chin, and gev it sich a crak betwixt its eyes, that it dropped down dead, like as yev seed cows behint butchers shops. You'll never know how strong he was.

'When they got marrid behold Samson arskt a riddle while the Phillistins was all eating their dinners round him. He told them that if they could guess it, he woud give them without jokin 30 new suits of close apiece. Didnt they try after that; coz they knowd that if they found it out they'd never have to buy no more new close. But they couldn't riddle it with all their thinkin. Then that nasty imige woman went and told them wot it was. So Samson had to give all of them 30 new suits. How they woud larf while they was a carrying them home, speshully when they

was trying them on. But Samson never forgived the imige woman, and he woodnt be marrid to her no longer.

'You woodn't think this strong man wood have gone and got marrid agen to anuther imige woman. Behold he did, and the next one was worser than the first. A reeal badun this one was. Her name it was Deliler. Never mind her uther name, coz people never used to have two in those days; that's how it was. Deliler only pertended to love mighty Samson. But she just hated him at the bottom, coz of his tying them 300 foxes tails together with straw, lightin them all up, and chivying them ever so all among the corn. Samson hadnt been marrid long afore he began of them agen. He happened to pick up in the street an old jobone of an ass, and he went right at a whole army of them with it, and killed abart a thousand of them just as if they was flies. That's how it was.

'Deliler was allus a worrying Samson to tell her wot made him so mighty strong. He told her all sorts of things abart switches and ropes, but when she'd tied him with them, and cried "Here they are a comin," Samson just sprung up, and killed them right off as usuerl like flies. At last mighty Samson told her abart his long hairs. Then this bad imige woman got Samson nicetly off to sleep, and clipped all his hair off as short as yours, with a big pare of sizzers she'd got lent her. And then the nasty woman nudged him, and cried out a gigglin "Here they are a comin." But poor Samson couldn't do nothin this time; and when they bussled him away to a big dark prison with his hands tied behint him, he said it served him right for tellin wot he knowd. Poor Samson nearly cried. Then they put out both his eyes, and forced him to turn a big stone weel all day long. O that bad imige woman; that secund one, that was her.

'But, I'll tell yer, them old Phillistins was punished at last, just when they thought as they was safe. Samson's hair began to grow agen down his back; and, as it got longer, he felt hisself gettin mighty strong. One arternoon abart 3,000 of them was eatin all sorts of nicet vittles and gettin drunk in a big round room, and they kept taking turns at wurshipping imiges. Then they sent for poor blind Samson to come to them and dance and do strong things. When Samson got in he arskt the little boy wot held him, to lead him to where the two biggest pillars was. And the little boy did so without thinkin nothing at all abart it. Then Samson bowed his head down and prayed to God just for a minit or two, and then he snatched farst hold of the pillars, and

tugged away like mad. And see yer, afore anybody could stop him, he tugged them two big pillers right down, and the top of the place caume smashin in. Sich a smash it was, and it killed them all theer as easy as flies. Samson was killed too, but he didnt mind that.'

Some nine years ago I had in my school a boy in whom—on account of his odd old-fashioned ways—I took a special interest: I may say at once that he is now a clever, prosperous young surveyor and engineer out in the States, and it was only the other day that I received a communication from him thanking me in the most hearty terms for the attention he received from me whilst he was a pupil in my school. He tells me that if I should take a trip over to the States he could have no greater gratification than in entertaining me, and he gives me to understand that his fortunes are assured. He sends me his *carte de visite*, but I am bound to say that I quite fail to recognise him. Nine or ten years ago he was a little stout, plain-looking lad, with bristled hair and patched clothes; but, according to this presentment, he appears now to be a tall, almost handsome fellow, with a commanding and philosophic air. Still I seem to think that I can cull from his face the old merry twinkle of the eyes, and also a certain earnestness of expression which even as a child rendered him quaint and odd.

Here is a composition exercise of his upon 'The Cat,' which is dated '— School, January 1876.' I see I have marked under it in blue pencilling, 'Fair,' but in addition to this class-mark I have further added, 'Send the boy to my desk at twelve'; and I have no doubt but that when he came to me I spent a quarter of an hour or so in an untutorial chat conducive to the correction of his erratic ability, and to the moulding and encouragement of that bent of genius which I perceived in him.

The exercise is as follows:—

'*The Cat.*—The house cat is a fourlegged quadruped, the legs as usuerl being at the corners. It is what is sometimes called a tame animal, though it feeds on mice and birds of prey. Its colours are striped, tortusshell, black, also black and white, and uthers. When it is happy it does not bark, but breathes through its nose instead of its mouth, but I cant remember the name they call the noise. It is a little word, but I cant think of it, and it is wrong to copy. Cats also mow, which you have all herd. When you stroke this tame quadruped by drawring your hand along its back, it cocks up its tail like a

ruler, so as you cant get no further. Never stroke the hairs acrost, as it makes all cats scrat like mad. Its tail is about too foot long, and its legs about one each. Never stroke a cat under the belly, as it is very unhelthy.

‘Dont teeze cats, for, firstly it is wrong so to do, and, 2nd, cats have clawses which is longer than people think. Cats have 9 liveses, but which is seldom required in this country cause of Christianity. Men cats are allus called Tom, and girl cats Puss or Tiss; but, queer as you may think, all little cats are called kittens, which is a wrong name which oughter be changed. This tame quadruped can see in the dark, so rats stand no chants, much less mice.

‘Girls fears rats, even mice. Last Tewsdays I drewed our cat on some white tea paper, and I sold it to a boy who has a father for 20 pins and som coff drops. Cats are very useful. I cant remember one of the noises they make, though Ive just been trying again. Cats eat meat and most anythink, speshully where you cant afford. This is all about cats.’

Even pupil-teachers, in the earlier years of their probation, often betray by their examination papers that they entertain strangely confused and erroneous notions. The following is a written answer to the question: ‘Define a triangle’ (according to Euclid). ‘A triangle may best be defined as the familiar square, only the former has *three* corners or angles. Therefore it is not a square. Q.E.D.’

Another pupil-teacher (a young lady aged sixteen) gave the following original answer to the English History question: ‘What is a civil war? Give a brief account of the causes which led to hostilities between Charles I. and his Parliament.’—‘A civil war, if I recollect rightly, is one in which the military are unnecessarily and punctiliously civil or polite, often raising their helmets to each other before engaging in deadly combat. I cannot answer the second part of the question, although I have read it. I presume I did not make notes upon it.’

But to return to our little friends the scholars.

I was one day giving a class an oral examination in the geography of Europe, when I asked the following question, amongst others, ‘What is the capital of China?’

A number of eager hands were soon waving in the air, and as many bright upturned faces earnestly sought to ‘catch the Speaker’s eye.’ However, I turned my attention to a boy at the end of his row, who, I noticed, had only elevated his hand after some deliberation, and even then with evident diffidence. ‘Well,

William,' I interrogated, 'what do you say is the capital of China?' 'Please, sir, nobody knows,' responded the lad, 'because the Chinese won't let strangers from other countries go in and see!' I may remark that such answers as these it would be very unwise on the teacher's part to check or discourage, for are they not the result of a mental effort of the pupil?—and should not the chief aim of the teacher be, not the cramming of a crude mass of information into the heads of these youngsters, but to teach them how to think for themselves?

I remember one of her Majesty's inspectors of schools asking a question in grammar which evoked a very amusing answer. The question was certainly a somewhat abstruse one, but I do not believe that the representative of 'my Lords' put it with any but justifiable intentions, for he was really a good-hearted man and a thorough lover of children.

He was dealing with the genders of nouns, and, after asking the stereotyped questions of 'What is the feminine of "lion"?' and getting 'lioness' from the youngsters glibly and eagerly; then following with 'marquis,' and getting for answer 'marchioness' almost equally promptly, he finally asked, 'And what now is the feminine of "Dutchman"?' 'Duchess, sir!' cried out several in the class without the slightest hesitation.

The innocent youngsters saw directly (from the great man's rippling features) that they had been egregiously trapped, and that they had popped head-foremost (metaphorically speaking) into a terrible pitfall. They peered askance at me in a crestfallen and wistful manner as if the little beggars would say to me, 'Don't be vexed, teacher; we feel we've gone and done it; but, grayshus, who wouldn't er thought that duchess would er satisfied him? He must be particular, he must!'

Well, the next paper I come to in my collection is an answer to the Scripture question, 'Describe simply and briefly the family of the patriarch Jacob.'

How well I remember the lad who wrote the paper which now lies before me! Little Johnny Whittaker was then, I see, 'aged 11.' A bright, chatty, chubby little chap he was; *now*, I suppose, he is a full-fledged 'British workman,' honestly toiling, I'll be bound, for his daily bread, and perhaps with a wife and a child or two to care for.

The lad's answer reads thus:—

'The man Jacob was by trade a patriarch. But he didnt bring up his sons to be patriarchs coz they didnt take to it, exept Joseph. He had 12 sons, and behold there was a famine

in the land. In them days people lived on corn, like horses do now; not on vittles and tea. People were fond of eatin wheat, speshully Jacob's sons. These bad sons liked their corn best on Sundays, coz they could walk abart, eating it, doing nothing. And behold there was a famine in the land. Never steal corn, for it is a sin; but you can go gleanin, and you often gets a lot that way. Don't quarrel when yer gleanin, but think of yer mothers and sisters, praps dying. Be fair.

'Patriarchs had more fields than farmers have, a lot bigger too. Nobody cant imagine. Benjimun was the littlest son, but the loving patriarch Jacob allus gave him the biggest mess of corn, never mind how little he was. They allus called pudden, and porrij, and anything like that, they allus called it messes in those days. Joseph could eat a big mess, too; but Rewbin and Juder who was the oldest couldn't eat as much as you might think. The patriarch Jacob never eat scarcely nothin, exept when there was a famine.

'Joseph was very fond of dreaming. The big brothers would allus wake him up when they heard him adreaming, coz they new he was adreaming all sorts of nasty things abart them. He once dreamed they was nothin at all but little stars; they didnt like that mind yer; and he dreamed that the patriarch Jacob was the sun, and his wife the moon. Behold he was allus adreaming. He dreamed that his brothers were just bits of corn stuck up round him; and they were very roth agenst him, speshully as there was a famine in the land, and not a bit of corn anywheres round. The patriarch once gave unto Joseph a coat all kindser colours, for children liked coloured close in those days. But his brothers were more riled still, what they called roth. They couldn't never see him with his red and blew coat on, without sayin to one another, Behold we will have his blood. The patriarch saw all these things, and he told them how his hair was a turnin gray, more with their carryinson than with the famine. He arskt them to remember Abraham, Izak, and Jacob, and to allus love their little brother. And then Rewbin and Juder and the other men answered unto him that they couldn't stand Joseph's dreams, and that if he stopped adreaming, they would be good unto him, like as they was to Benjimun. This is all that I can say abart this large family.'

In every school there is always a moderate percentage of boys who *must* be original, or otherwise they simply collapse ignominiously, and fail to execute the requisite number of lines

for a complete exercise. 'It is *aut Cæsar aut nullus* with them. I have remarked, too, that it is these little originals who, when their brief school life is over, are the very ones to get on in the world, and to chip their way to comparative ease and comfort. Boys of this calibre 'play when they play and work when they work.' In the playground they are the merriest of the merry, fairly perspiring with enthusiasm and energy, romping 'like mad,' and making, meanwhile, such havoc with jacket and trousers as generally to necessitate an hour's darning and patching after bedtime by a mother's never-tiring hands. They are invariably the 'leaders of sides,' the arbiters of disputes, and the general referees of the school yard's busy round.

I have chosen the exercise of Tom — on 'The Cow,' because little Tom was just such a lad as I have described. His parents were poor, being cat's-meat vendors in a very small way. Their customers were spread far and wide about the district; and, in the last year of his school life the Board accorded Tom the privilege of half time, so that he could assist his father in his rounds. Thus the poor lad had to work hard with his brains in the mornings, whilst in the afternoons he had to trudge weary mile after weary mile with a huge basket of cat's food swung upon his arm. I forbear giving the lad's full name, because now he is a junior partner in a large firm of 'horse slaughterers,' besides being the chairman of a local Board, and, as he lately hinted to me, he has higher aims still.

The following, then, is a verbatim transcription of Tom's composition exercise on 'The Cow':—

'The cow is a noble quadrerped, though not so noble as the horse, much less the roaring lion. It has four short legs, a big head for its size, and a thick body. Its back legs are bent, and there's two big bones sticking out just above. Its tail is more noble than the donkey's, but nothin to cum up to that of the racehorse. The cow gives us milk, and niced beef, and shoolether. How thankful should childern be to this tame quadrerped. The reason why beef is so dear, is that cows cost so much, and the earth is gettin full of people. I allways have beef to my dinner on Sundays; on other days bread and drippin or bread and lard, sometimes treacle.

'Mother says that if I'm hungry on my rounds, I can eat a bit of cat's meat if it doesn't smell, but I mustnt eat the liver, she says. How thankful ought we to be to the cow for nice hot beef. Pertaters grows; they are not on the cow.

The four things what you sees under the cow's belly are what the milk comes through. How thankful should we be. The cow makes milk from grass. God teaches the cow how to do it. A cow's feet is split in two like sheeps; they are called hooves.

'Little cows are called carves. Carves are the stupidist of all tame quadrerpedes, except pigs and donkeys. When you drive a carf, never prick it behind, but push it gently with your flat hand. Men are crewel to carves coz they cant draw milk from them. You can genly find mushrooms in cows' fields, but you mustnt go in if there's a board up. How would your mothers like you to be called Trespass?

'Bulls are very much like cows, but are fierce quadrerpedes. You can allways tell bulls from cows, coz bulls are black, and not quite so fat. Bulls are not tame quadrerpedes, and they look as if they could run. You can allways tell them that way. When my mother sees a bull she allways stands with her back to the wall till its gone past, and she holds my hand. If a bull wanted to hurt my mother, I should pull mother in a hedge, and then kick out. Cows are painted different colours; white, and red, and yellor. When they are black and white, they are genly half bulls, so you must not go near them. There is what is called cream, which rich people eats; it is got from cows which are all white. How thankful should rich people be for getting what they call cream from the cow. You can learn lessons from this poor quadrerped; not to kick, not to trespass, and not to persecute people.'

I find I have kept a record of a remarkable answer in grammar given by a little lad, Harry Sharman. He was a scholar whom I had the greatest difficulty in instructing, on account of his nerves being so sensitively strung. An effusion of his on 'Doctors' is now in my hand, and you shall have it after I have given his 'slight mistake' in grammar.

I will first simply state that Harry was a very very poor lad, and that he died of brain fever at the age of twelve years six months, the result of a fall the district doctor said, but I have always thought that he was one of the little victims of educational over-pressure.

Well, I was trying to instil into the boys the mysteries of the degrees of adjectives (regular and irregular), and, after giving the class numerous examples of comparatives and superlatives, I concluded the lesson by a recapitulatory catechism. Amongst

other questions I asked for the superlative of the adjective 'nice,' and seeing Harry Sharman's hand instantly elevated, I called upon him for the answer. And what do you think was Harry's superlative of 'nice'? Reader, it was 'jam pudden'! The bump of association was evidently well developed in Harry, and, as with most children, the concrete was more attractive than the abstract.

And now I give you the essay written by Harry only two weeks before he sank into his grave. I should just premise that I had permitted the boys to write upon any topic they liked to select for themselves, and Harry chose the extraordinary subject of 'doctors.' As I remarked above, association was very strong with Harry, and you will quite understand, reader, why the lad's nervous temperament should have led him to the choice of such a grim theme.

'The Doctor. — Being a doctor is a very good trade. Doctors have most always niced black wiskers at the side, and are tall men. They are also very fierce-looking, but they are very useful. Doctors are men who never walk, except from a carriage to a house door. Doctors are skinny men, with black eyes and coats. Doctors bring babies to good little boys' houses. I was very good and he brought my mother ours. It is a little girl and it is called Agnes. The doctor has seen me three times for the purpose, cuz I have headaches. My mother looks at me and crys when he's gone. I never tells mother I have headaches, except it hurts me very much. I love my mother. I wish my head was same as other boyeses. Yesday I arskt Webster if he ever felt dizzy, and he said no. All boys I ask says no. What the doctor gives me makes me feel worser. But mother likes me to take it, so I don't mind. I wish I was a man, but I'd rather be a woman like mother. Doctors havn't niced houses. There is bottles all round and no washin. Doctors havnt loud voices like men you hears in the street, but their eyes are brighter. I am not so frightened of doctors as of perlice. When I'm in bed I can't sometimes go to sleep. I can say my money tables best in bed. I dreamed one nite that the doctor came upstairs all in the dark, and took me out of bed, and gave me to a perlice to bury. But I woke up just afore he buried me, and my mother was akissin me and cryin. Mother says doctors can cure nearly all things, and that they are kind men. Headaches is not dangerous.'

Do you know I always had a strangely weak fondness for

my *dunces*, although I confess that *out* of school I take pleasure in recapitulating their freaks of genius?

The quivering lip, the restless eye, the twitching fingers, and the glances of wonderment to right and left on hearing an ordinary classfellow give an ordinary answer to an ordinary question! how often have I witnessed these piteous signs of incapacity. Georgie Lee was one of these poor little creatures of weak intellect. His father was a well-spoken respectable man—a hard-working law writer who had to catch his train at nine in the morning, slave through his folios in a copper-plate hand till dusk on the tally system, and when he got back to the bosom of his family in the evening he was often (he has told me) too fagged out to chat with his Georgie, who liked to stay up for a parting good-night fondle.

Here before me on the table lies an essay of Georgie Lee's upon 'A Day in the Country,' and I give it you word for word just as he wrote it.

'A Day in the Country is wot I has to giv. O the country is so niced. Yer woodnt beleeve. I have seed it 5 or 6 times. It was like a grate big green sea. Yer woodnt beleeve. I only see it wunce a yere, when our supintendunt taks the Sunday School childern all for nothin, an givs us a tea an all sorts of niced things. This time it was to Ashsted. We all woked from our Sunday School, which is near the Ellifunt, to Voxhole station, the supintendunt runnin up and darn all the time, makin us joyn hans. Then we all got up into the train at Voxhole. How niced it is to hav yer heds art of the winders and hold yer hankerchers up, and see the different peeple hooray to yer from the side of the railway. Yer woodnt beleeve. They think as we can hear them hoorayin, but we cant coz of the wheels making such a niced loud noise. An when we got past wot the supintendunt telld us was Wimmeldun, wichever side yer looked it was all green, an green, an green. It duz mak yer feel hungry, speshully with the wind gettin darn yer throats. Yer woodnt beleeve. When we got to Ashsted, yer woodnt beleeve wot a niced place it was; why, I tell yer, its green all rarnd rite to the sky, and foxgluvs, and roses, and bulldayzies all abart. There's no roads, and no walls, and no trespins boards, and there's no pleecemen lives there. They havnt found it art. When wee'd had our dinners, the supintendunt plaid games with the little boys. The supintendunt is a niced fat man, with white hair, allis a larfin, an a big chain in his west-cutt. We plaid leapfrogs, and the supintendunt took his coat off,

and nelt darn, and we jumped over him. He has a niced white shert, just like snow as yev seed. One boy, as coodnt jump, dropped on the supintendunt's nek, and muckied his niced white sleeves with his boots. Then we all had teas for nothin. I had 5 cups, a lot of bread and butter, 3 slices of plumcake, an 4 kerrin buns. I only seed 7 boys an girls wot got ill. Then the boys an girls had races for niced prizes, bats, an werkboxes, an all sortser things. Then we all sung a him standin in a ring on the hillside with the supintendunt in the middle, an the big red sun neerly touching the ground. Yer woodnt beleeve. I wonder wether Heaven's like that was. The him we sung was "Tel me the old, old story Of Jesus and His love." My teacher, who stood next to me, she started cryin a bit, she did. I seed her. I dont no wheere we shall go next yere. This is a Day in the Country, and it was all so niced.'

The next exercise in my collection is one by little Isaac Shepherd on the 'Postman':—

'Nobody could be happy in the world except for the useful gentleman what we call a postman. For how would you no whether those arnts and uncles of yours who live right acrost the fields and rivers was dead if the gentleman did not bring a henvelop with black all round? You would think they was still alive, and you'd keep on all writing to them. That is why postmen are allis little thin men without beards cuz they have to keep on walking quick all day. They are not dressed up so fine as soldiers cuz they havnt to go and fight acrost the sea. You never see postmen fight, not even with their fists, cuz they havn't got no time with all those letters to take round. I don't think postmen dare even fight boys, cuz when me and some more boys was a looking at a postman unlocking a pillar box and one of the boys pushed his head in the hole and we all run away, he wouldnt even run after us, but only told a polleeceman when he came round the corner. And when he came away from the polleeceman he was frightened of walking our way past us, but jumped on a tramway and shammed not to see us. Postmen allis nocks so as to waken babies, and then they tries to look as if they didnt no as baby was behind the door. If the postman doesn't bring your letters you can summons him, that's why they're so frightened. Two or three postmen come together without letters at Christmas, and they ask your mothers for a Christmas box. My mother gev them a penny to share amongst them, but some didn't. Many boys become postmen cuz they think it is a good trade. I don't

think they get good dinners same as men who hasn't to dress up. My father has a lot of meat and bread, and he keeps on a eatin. Postmen allis black their boots, cuz they are frightened of being summonsed. They are very frightened men, and won't hurt you whatever you do. Never be cruel to them, for they have to take care of their clothes more than you, and are not so big as they would like. I once seed a postman not dressed up, and he was smokin a pipe, and he put it away when he seed me and the other boys. But we seed him though; and some of the boys called out after him, "You'll go and get summonsed for smokin yer father's pipe, you will." But he wouldnt turn round, and he puffed the terbacca out again as soon as he got further on. This is all I no about postmen, except they are very clean men most any time you like to look.'

In every school there is generally one boy who so conspicuously excels his schoolfellows in one or other of the showy subjects of the curriculum, that he becomes the acknowledged 'head of the school' as regards that particular department of study. By showy subjects I refer to such branches as recitation, music, and the various specific courses. The master is sometimes tempted to trot out such a pupil before visitors, in order that the lad may display his special ability.

At any rate the pupil soon recognises his own superiority, and I have frequently remarked with regret how soon he gives himself airs of conceit and assumes a dictatorial and authoritative manner of speaking and acting.

So flagrant are these facts that even Inspectors (whose intercourse with the children is comparatively limited and remote) do not fail to observe it, and from time to time they justly take occasion in their reports to remark upon it in very strong and condemnatory terms.

In the exercise of Francis C—— upon 'Perseverance,' which I shall give you shortly, you can scarcely fail to perceive this unpleasant characteristic. This lad as a reader of music was really a prodigy. In the metropolitan and provincial Board schools the Tonic Sol-fa system of notation is the one almost universally adopted, and I may remark that before a child leaves school he possesses as a rule a very fair acquaintance with sight-singing. Well, you could put before Francis C—— the most difficult piece you liked, and, after a quick glance or two from leaf to leaf along the measures or bars, he would turn back to the front page, pull himself together, fix his large blue eyes earnestly upon the music, and

sing straight through it with ease and confidence in correct tune, and time, and expression.

At the Government examination the Inspector was so struck with C——'s remarkable aptitude in the 'ear tests,' that he called him out in front of the class, and, just to see how far the lad's ear for music would really permit him to go, he sang by way of test a particularly difficult chant, using nothing but the syllable *la*. He then asked the boy if he could write down on his paper the correct musical notes of the chant. This C—— did immediately, not only giving all the notes with exactness, but also accurately dividing them according to time. The Inspector was simply amazed, and I remember he placed his hands on the scholar's shoulders, and said to him kindly and impressively, 'My boy, I hope you will try to be as good as you are clever.'

Well, reader, I have related to you how a few of my boys have made their little mark in the world, and also how some have died early in life, whilst I sincerely trust the great bulk of my scholars have become good, honest, industrious working men. And now it is with the utmost pain that I briefly chronicle a startling exception in the clever little Francis C——. He is now twenty-five years of age, and at the beginning of the present year he was sentenced at the county assize to a term of seven years' penal servitude for being the principal accomplice in a gigantic swindle in the north of England which not only rendered rich men poor, but also scattered the life-savings of scores of work-a-day men and women to the winds.

It began at school, this career of deceit; although it was not till the very last day—nay the very last hour—of his school life that I discovered the lad's real character.

C—— had applied for and had all but obtained a position as a barrister's office boy, or rather, it appeared to me, he was to be the joint property of two of these gentlemen whose chambers were on the same floor in the Temple. One of these young men had written me a note asking me to kindly furnish the applicant, Francis C—— (who, he understood, was a pupil in my school), with a testimonial as to character. He was quite satisfied, he assured me, as regarded ability, and he concluded by pointing out what a grand opening it was for the lad, &c. &c., and that duties could be commenced in the morning.

I called C—— to my desk, and for five or ten minutes I said all I could to encourage my pupil, and also to fortify his principles.

I patted his head, and told him to return to my desk at half-past four, when I would have the testimonial ready for him. At closing time he came again to me, and I handed him his testimonial, and once more, in the stillness of the empty schoolroom (for only the teachers were present) I exhorted the lad to cling to the right and the true. He was apparently much moved, and on turning away he pulled out his handkerchief to place to his eyes, and at the same time there dropped from his pocket something glittering to the ground. It was a silver pencil-case. His teacher, who was standing by, at once exclaimed 'Why, why, that is mine!'

The rest of the scene was so painful to me that I will ask you to permit me to refrain from describing it. I can only add that before C—— left the room it was known beyond the shadow of a doubt that this theft of the pencil-case was only the last of a long series of petty pilferings the agent of which it had baffled all my ingenuity to discover. The peg-tops, the balls, and numerous other little articles that had from time to time been stolen; the boys' dinners that occasionally had been surreptitiously removed and consumed; the valuables that one or other of the masters had missed from their rooms in the most mysterious manner, all these offences had been perpetrated by this guilty, guilty lad.

The parents, who, at my request, came the following day to see me, wept bitter tears of sorrow in my private room over their son's shame and delinquency. Anguish such as theirs may I never see again.

One thing particularly struck me about the mother. She appeared to fear her son—to stand in awe of this thirteen-year-old boy; and although her grief was as keen and pronounced as the father's (nay, I think it was more so), still I could not but receive the impression that she herself had had previous cause for thinking her boy dishonest. Could it be, I thought, that she had found her son out from time to time in falsehood or theft at home, and had failed to chastise him or, at least report, the facts to her husband? If so, O how terrible her punishment! For it was now too late, and she knew it.

Nowadays, lads of thirteen do not brook chastisement from a mother, and I frequently overhear boys aver to one another that they can 'nearly fight the guvnor.' So Francis C——, being now thirteen and the son of work-a-day people, must go from bad to worse; and, as you are aware, reader, he did. However, all I know of his career is told almost in a word. At about sixteen years of age he was a stockbroker's clerk, and at twenty-one or

two he had already opened offices in one of the large cloth towns of Yorkshire as an accountant and general agent. Then a few years later came that cruel financial fraud which so shocked and startled the good north country people at the time ; and Francis C — is now a convict at Dartmoor.

I remarked that in the school exercise of Francis C —, namely, an essay on 'Perseverance,' there is a simpering vein of conceit which is as displeasing as it is ridiculous. As regards the orthography, there is not a single word spelt wrong throughout, and the writing, although not as good as several of my specimens, is fluent and decided. But the didactic inclination of the juvenile writer, and the false similes and conclusions he makes, will, I think, recall to my readers that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'

'Perseverance, or Try Again.—Many people in this world think too little of perseverance. They despise it because it is a long word. But these foolish people should remember that you can say it in two easy words, which is, "try again." Now, if after that, these obstinate men and women despise perseverance they deserve to be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. And that is something awful, let me tell you. But nobody will pity them ; and when such foolish people die, how can they expect that anyone will go to their funeral ? Nobody would think of going except just two or three, for nearly every one would say, "Let him be buried with the utmost rigour of the law." I will now tell all people that perseverance is as easy as easy. There's nothing in it ; never mind it being a long word. It only means, keep on trying and trying till you've done it. There now, what do you think ? Let me tell you people what a persevering poet once wrote. It was this—

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.

This poet, I tell you people, wrote that word "try" three times over, because he knew very well that the third time would pay for all. Suppose, people, you want to do some difficult thing, say, make a horse go that's stupid and stands still and kicks out. Now is your time to get perseverance. Don't flog it with a whip, or punch it on the nose, or kick it under the belly. That is not perseverance, but cruelty, people. Just pat it and gee to it nicely and draw it gently forwards, and it will soon find out that you have got perseverance, and it will begin to go as hard as you like. There, didn't I tell you so ! Or suppose a boy wants to

have a bite of an apple that a stingy mean boy has got. He can get a bite if he will only get perseverance first. Asking the boy straight out for it isn't perseverance, and you wouldn't get a bite. Just walk by the side of him, and show him all the things you've got in your pocket; then put your arm around his shoulder as you are walking on, and tell him you like walking with him better than playing about. Then when you see he has nearly finished it, ask him whether it is sweet or sour, and you will find he will hand you over all he has left. There, didn't I tell you! So perseverance you see, people, is much more important than quarrelling one with another. When first I began to write my composition lessons, I scarcely used to get any marks from my teacher, because I did them so badly. So I got perseverance and tried my very best every fresh lesson, and now my kind teacher sometimes gives me very high marks. Think of King Bruce and the spider that actually wriggled up again to its hole in the roof after falling clean down to the floor nine times. Would you let poets and spiders have perseverance, people, and you not have it? I tell you it's as easy as easy, never mind how long; and so I say try and try and try till you can say to everybody that you have got it inside your hearts.'

H. J. BARKER.

(To be continued.)

'Hath not a Jew Eyes?'

MR. SAINTOU the hairdresser was a Frenchman, therefore his English neighbours regarded him with suspicion. He was also exceedingly stout, and his stoutness had come upon him at an unbecomingly early age, so that he had long been the object of his neighbours' merriment. When to these facts it is added that, although a keen and prosperous business man, he had attained the age of fifty without making any effort to marry, enough will have been said to show why he was disliked.

Why was he not married? Were English women not good enough for him? The pretty milliner across the street had been heard to remark in his presence that she should never refuse a man simply because he was a foreigner. Or if he did not want an English wife, why did he not import one from Paris with his perfumes? No, there was no reason for his behaviour, and Mr. Saintou was the object of his neighbours' aversion.

Neighbours are often wrong in their estimates. In the heart of this shrewd and stout French hairdresser there lay the capacity for that one supreme and lasting affection which is the halo-crown of every truly noble life, and of which how many hearts, which bear this world's reputation of nobility, fall short. Yes, Mr. Saintou's love story was in the past, and it had come about in this way.

One day when the hairdresser was still a young man, not long after he had first settled in Albert Street, the door of his shop opened, and a young woman came in. Her figure was short and broad, and she was lame, walking with a crutch. Her face and features were large and peculiarly frank in expression, and upon her head was a very large hat. When she spoke, it was with a loud staccato voice; her words fell after one another like hailstones in a storm, there was no breathing space between them.

'I want Mr. Saintou.'

'What may I have the pleasure of showing Madame?'

'Good gracious, I told you I wanted to be shown Mr. Saintou. Are you Mr. Saintou? None of your assistants for me; I want my hair cut.'

The hairdresser laid his hand upon his heart, as though to point out his own identity. He bowed, and as even at that age he was very stout, the effort of the bow caused his small eyes to shut and open themselves again. There was nothing staccato about the manner of the hairdresser, he had carefully cultivated that address which he supposed would be most soothing to those who submitted themselves to his operations.

'Very well,' said the little lady, apparently satisfied with the identification, 'I want my hair cut. It is like a sheaf of corn. It is like a court train. It is like seven horses' manes tied together, if they were red. It is like a comet's tail.'

It is probable that the hairdresser only took in that part of this speech upon which he was in the habit of concentrating his attention, and that the force of the similes which followed one another like electric shocks escaped him altogether. He was about to show the new customer into the ladies' room where his staid and elderly sister was accustomed to officiate, but she drew back with decision.

'No, not at all; I have come to have my hair cut by Mr. Saintou, and I want to have it done in the room with the long row of chairs where the long row of men get shaved every morning. I told my sister I should sit there. You have no men in at this time of day, have you, Mr. Saintou? Now I shall sit here in the middle chair, and you shall wash my hair.'

'My father is the baker round the corner. He makes good bread; do you wash people's hair as well? Will you squirt water on it with that funny tube? Will you put it in my eyes? Now, I am up on the chair. Don't put the soap in my eyes, Mr. Saintou.'

Saintou was not a man easily surprised. 'Permit me, Mademoiselle, would it not be better to remove the hat? Mon Dieu! Holy Mary, what hair!' For as the Eastern women carry their burdens on the crown of the head to ease the weight, so, when the large hat was off, it appeared that the baker's daughter carried her hair.

'Like the hair of a woman on a hair-restorer bottle, if it were red,' remarked the girl in answer to the exclamation.

'No, Mademoiselle, no, it is not red. Mon Dieu! it is not red. Holy Mary! it is the colour of the sun. Mon Dieu, what

hair!' As he untwined the masses, it fell over the long bib, over the high chair, down till it swept the floor, in one unbroken flood of light.

'Wash it, and cut it, and let me go home to make my father's dinner,' said the quick voice with decision. 'My father is the baker round the corner, and he takes his dinner at two.'

'Is it that Mademoiselle desires the ends cut?' asked the hairdresser, resuming his professional manner.

'Which ends?'

'Which ends?' he exclaimed baffled. 'Mon Dieu! these ends,' and he lifted a handful of the hair on the floor and held it before the eyes of the girl.

'Good Heavens, no! Do you think I am going to pay you for cutting those ends? It's the ends at the top I want cut. Lighten it; that's what I want. Do you think I am a woman in a hairdresser's advertisement to sit all day looking at my hair? I have to get my father's dinner. Lighten it, Mr. Saintou; cut it off; that's what I want.'

'Mon Dieu, no!' Saintou again relapsed from the hairdresser into the man. He too could have decision. He leant against the next chair and set his lips very firmly together. 'By all that is holy, no,' he said; 'you may get some villain Englishman to cut that hair, but me, never.'

'You speak English very well, Mr. Saintou. Have you been long in the country? Well, wash the hair then, and be done. Don't put the soap in my eyes.'

Saintou was in ecstasies. He touched the hair reverently as one would touch the garments of a saint. He laid aside his ordinary brushes and sponges, and going into the shop he brought thence what was best and newest. Do not laugh at him. Have we not all at some time in our lives met with what seemed the embodiment of our ideal; have we not set aside for the time our petty economies and reserves, and brought forth whatever we had that was best, of thought, or smiles, or vesture?

'Ah, Mademoiselle,' he said, 'to take care of such hair for ever—that would be heaven. I am a Frenchman; I have a soul; I can feel.'

'Should you be afraid to die a sudden death, Mr. Saintou?' said the quick voice from the depths of a shower of water.

'Ciel! We do not speak of such things, Mademoiselle. There will come a time I know when my hair will turn gray; then for the sake of my profession I shall be obliged to dye it. There will

come a time after that when I shall die ; but we do not even think of these things, it is better not."

"But should you be afraid to die now?" persisted the girl.

"Very much afraid," said the hairdresser, candidly.

"Then don't feel, Mr. Saintou. I never feel. I make it the business of my life not to feel. They tell me there is something wrong at my heart, and that if I ever feel either glad or sorry I shall go off, pop, like a crow from a tree when you have shot it, like a spark that falls into water."

The hairdresser meditated upon this for some time. He did not believe it. He had drawn the bright hair back now from the water, and was fondling it with his whitest and softest towels.

"Who was it that said to Mademoiselle that her heart was bad?"

"Good gracious, Mr. Saintou, my heart is not bad. I know my catechism and go to church, and cook my father's dinner every day, and a very good dinner it is too. What put it into your head that I had a bad heart?"

"Pardon! Mademoiselle; I mistake. Who told Mademoiselle that she was sick at heart?"

"Good gracious heavens! I am not sick at heart. To be sure my mother is dead, and my sister is ill, and my father is as cross as two sticks, but for all that I am not heartsick. I like this world very well, and when I feel sad I put more onions into the soup."

Saintou went on with his work for some time in silence, then he tried again. "You say I speak good English, and I flatter myself I have the accent very well, but what avails if I cannot make you understand? Was it a good doctor who said Mademoiselle's heart was affected; touched, I might say?"

There was a shout of laughter from under the shower of gold.

"My heart touched! One would think I was in love. No, my heart is not touched yet; least of all by you, Mr. Saintou.

Least of all by you,
Mr. Saintou."

She repeated this last rhyming couplet with a quaint musical intonation, as though it was the refrain of a song, and after her voice and laughter had died away she went on nodding her head in time to the brushing as if she were singing it over softly to herself. This distressed the hairdresser not a little, and he remained silent.

'What shall I pay you, Mr. Saintou?' said the little lady, when the large hat was once more on the head.

'If Mademoiselle would but come again,' said the hairdresser, putting both hands resolutely behind his back.

'When I come again I shall pay you both for that time and this,' she said, with perhaps more tact than could have been expected of her. 'And if you want to live long, Mr. Saintou, don't feel. If I should feel I should die off, quick, sharp, like a moth that flies into the candle.' She made a little gesture with her hand, as if to indicate the ease and suddenness with which the supposed catastrophe was to take place, and hobbled down the street. Saintou stood in the doorway looking after her, and his heart went from him.

He sent her flowers—flowers that a duchess might have been proud to receive. He sent them more than once, and they were accepted; he argued much from that. He made friends with the baker in order that he might bow to him morning and evening. Then he waited. He said to himself, 'She is English. If I go to see her, if I put my hand on my heart and weep, she will jeer at me; but if I wait and work for her in silence, then she will believe.' He made a parlour for her in the room above his shop; and every week, as he had time and money, he went out to choose some ornament for it. His maiden sister watched these actions with suspicion, threw scornful looks at him when he observed her watchfulness, and lent a kindly helping hand when he was out of sight. The parlour grew into a shrine ready for its divinity, and the hairdresser worked and waited in silence. Ah, how many another lover has made his mistake! As if love unexpressed and unknown had power to bless any but the heart of the lover.

Meanwhile the girl also waited. She could not go back to the hairdresser's shop lest she should seem to invite a renewal of those attentions which had given her the sweet surprise of the joy of love. The law of her woman's nature stood like a lion in the path. She waited through the months of the dreary winter till the one gleam of sunshine which had come into her sad young life had faded, till the warmth it had kindled in her heart died—as a lamp's flame dies for lack of oil; died—as a flower dies in the drought; died into anger for the man who had disturbed her peace, and when she thought she cared for him no more she went again to get her hair cut.

'You have come,' said Saintou; but the very strength of his feeling made him grave.

'Good gracious, yes, I have come to have my hair cut. You would not cut it when I was here, and I have been very poorly these three months. I could not come out, so the other day I had my sister cut it off. My father wanted to send for you, but I said "no," and, oh, my! it looks just as if a donkey had come behind and mistaken it for hay.'

How quickly a train of thought can flash through the brain! Saintou asked himself if he loved the girl or the hair, and his heart answered very sincerely that the hair, divine as it was, had been but the outward sign which led him to love the inward soul of the girl.

'Mademoiselle ought not to have said "no"; I should have come very willingly and would have cut your hair, if I had known it must be so.'

'I made my sister cut it, but it's frightful. It looks as if one had tried to mow a lawn with a pair of scissors, or shear a sheep with a penknife.'

'I will make all that right,' said Saintou soothingly; 'I will make it all right. Just in a moment I will make it very nice.'

Yes, it was too true, the hair was gone; and very barbarously it had been handled. 'I shall make it all right,' he said cheerfully; 'I shall trim it beautifully for Mademoiselle. Ah, the beautiful colour is there all the same.'

'As red as a sunset or a geranium,' she said.

'You do not believe that,' sighed Saintou. He trimmed the hair very tenderly, and curled it softly round the white face, till it looked like a great fair marigold just beginning to curl in its petals for the night. He worked slowly, for he had something he wanted to say, and when his work was done he summoned up courage and said it. He told her his hopes and fears. He told the story blunderingly enough, but it had its effect.

'Mon Dieu!' said Saintou, but he said it in a tone that made his sister, who was listening to every word through the door, leave that occupation and dart in to his assistance.

'Qu'elle est morte,' was her brief stern comment. And so it was. The baker's daughter had felt, and she had died.

'This is not wholly unexpected,' said the baker sadly, when he came to carry away the corpse of his daughter. 'We all expected it,' said the neighbours; 'she had heart disease.' And they talked their fill, and never discovered the truth it would have pleased them best to talk about.

The short hair curled softly about the face of the dead girl as

she lay in her coffin, and Saintou paid heavily for masses for her sweet soul. When they had laid her in the churchyard, he came home, and took the key, and went into the little parlour all alone. She had never seen it. She had never even heard of it. It is sad to bury a baby that is dead; it is sadder, if we but knew it, to bury in darkness and silence a child that has never lived. A joy that has gone from us for ever is a jewel that trembles like a tear on Sorrow's breast, but the brightest stars in her diadem are the memories of hopes that have passed away unrealised and untold. Ah well, perhaps the gay trappings of the little room, by their daily influence on his life, drew him nearer to heaven. He gave the key to his sister afterwards, and they used the room as their own; but that day he locked himself in alone, and, hiding his face in the cushions of her dainty chair, he wept as only a strong man can weep.

EARNEST DUNS.

A Queen-Anne Pocket-Book.

SOME forty years ago there was picked up in the cellar of a large private bank in Lombard Street a little pocket-book, which must have lain there for at least a century. Its parchment covers were yellow and time-stained, and the brown ribbon which fastened them together had become ragged and moth-eaten, but despite its somewhat faded brown ink the crabbed handwriting remained as legible as ever. After its removal from the Lombard Street cellar the queer little book lay for another forty years in the musk-scented drawer of a Chippendale secretaire, which formed for it a not unfitting resting-place. Thence it has to-day been unearthed, and is now to be made to tell its old-world story. This, in truth, is but a simple one, as the book contains chiefly a very carefully kept memorandum of the moneys spent by its owner during his youth and early manhood; but running through these accounts we can trace something of his family history, of his employments, tastes, and habits, and so, I think, gain a very fair idea of the writer's individuality. Now and then, as if to help us, he uses a page as a diary, and by means of such entries as births, deaths, and marriages, we can piece our story together.

'John Payne, 1699,' that is the first information which our book gives us, and we turn from the fly-leaf, where it is boldly written, to inquire who this John Payne was, and what was his business and rank in life. We start with a predisposition to believe that he was a banker, because it was in a bank which still bears his name that his pocket-book was picked up; but the pocket-book itself has nothing to say about banking, while it is very profuse on the subjects of 'Linsayes, dyapers, Westfalia

linen,' &c., and informs us that its owner was frequently sending home house linen and dress stuffs to his mother, sisters, and friends. Somewhat reluctantly, therefore, we conclude that our hero began life as a draper, and it is with satisfaction (for we would fain have him cut a figure) that we note sundry entries of a Sir James and my Lady, a Sir Stephen, and a Lady Langham in a connection which shows them to have been either relations or old family friends. There are not wanting other indications that our young draper came of a well-to-do stock, and we may, therefore, conclude that in coming to London to serve a seven years' apprenticeship he was only acting on the excellent rule that to win success as a merchant (or anything else) you must begin at the beginning. As has been already said, the date inside the pocket-book is 1699, but the accounts begin on January 10, 1696, so that those of the first three years have evidently been copied in from some earlier notes. This ascertained, we become excited to find the entry of the purchase of the book itself, and are rewarded after a little search by the information that, together with some paper and quills, it only cost one shilling and fourpence, certainly no excessive outlay for a book constantly in use for over a quarter of a century. In copying his back accounts into his new purchase, John divided his book into two halves, keeping the first for 'what I have layd out since I came to London on my Father's charge,' and the second for his disbursements from 'the money that I did bring up to town at the first coming up (4*l.* 8*s.*), and sent me since and given me by freinds.' In looking over his accounts for him we will follow the order of his own choosing, and begin with his expenditure for what he considered the necessaries he might fairly charge to his father.

On his first arrival in town the youthful John evidently found himself somewhat behind the times in the cut of his clothes and the fashion of his hair, for on the first page of the book we have distinct suggestions of visits to his tailor and the barber, who between them arrayed his outer man for a first entry into town life, and managed to do so at the moderate cost of 5*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* Here are the items:—

Layed out between y^e 10th of January & y^e 20th of February 169⁵.

	£	s.	d.
A paire of Gloves	00	01	02
A box & hatband	00	02	06
A pennknife	00	00	08
A Queer of paper	00	00	06
A Coppy Booke	00	00	08
A Porter & letter	00	00	06
The Barber	00	00	03
Sugar Candy	00	00	02
Damask 4 y ^{ds}	00	14	06
2 y ^{ds} $\frac{3}{4}$ of B ^d Cloth	01	13	00
5 y ^{ds} of Shalooone	00	11	00
Buttons & fustian	00	10	11
Buckrum & Canvis	00	01	03
Glaz ^d Lin:	00	00	05
The Taylors Bill	01	06	00
	05	03	06

Tailors were evidently more modest in their charges in those days. It is difficult at first to see under what pretext John could have set down twopennyworth of sugar candy under the head of 'Things layd out on my Father's charge,' but we soon find a further entry of 'Things for my cold,' and doubtless the sugar candy might also have come under that head; indeed, the London fogs seem not to have agreed with the Huntingdonshire lad, for more than once in each year we find references to colds which mostly appear to have been treated by blood-letting.

After the first month of 169 $\frac{1}{2}$ the father could have had no cause to complain of his son's extravagance, for his whole expenses for the next quarter come to seventeen shillings and fourpence, even including 'Sister Betty's fringe,' for which he paid eightpence, a tip of sixpence given to 'Y^e Maide,' and 'Close mending from Top to Toe,' which cost him four shillings and threepence! During the next year and a half he has a fair number of new clothes and makes some wonderful bargains, obtaining 'A Comb: Sisers: Blade & Buttons' for one shilling and ninepence. His barber is still an expensive item, for his 'Peruke' needs constant attention; his cold also requires 'sugar candy and other things,' but he executes a great piece of economy by having 'Wastcoate turned to Breeches' at a cost of only 2s. 1d. In 1699 his 'wigg' again proves costly; it appears to have been thoroughly done up and trimmed to the latest fashion previous

to a visit to his home, for we find two entries following each other:—

	£	s.	d.
My Wigg & its Mending	01	04	00
My place ith' Coach & charge on the Roade	01	00	00

The remaining accounts which he sends in to his father from time to time have no particular interest, being more or less repetitions of those which have gone before, but on the last page of the book he sums up the whole seven years as follows: 'Spent on father's acc^t in y^e whole 7 years of Apprenticeship, 64*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.* Spent on my own acc^t on Self and freinds, 19*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.* Spent less than I had saved before and given me after I came to towne in y^e 7 years, 3*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.*' The seven years' private accounts start as follows:—

The Money that I did bring up to town att y^e first coming up was 4*l.* 8*s.* 0*d.*

Lent me since y^t & given me by freinds:—

	£	s.	d.
By father	0	17	0
By Mother	0	13	6
By Grandmother	1	19	6
By S ^r James and my Lady	2	18	0
By Cousen Betty	0	12	0
By S ^r Stephen	0	11	0
By Brother	0	16	0
By Uncle & Aunt	0	03	0
By Sisters	0	13	6
Hog Money & old Ccate	0	06	0
By several	0	04	6
By y ^e Box Money of y ^e first $\frac{1}{2}$ of my time	0	18	6
By y ^e King's Entry	0	03	0
By Aunt Wikes	0	02	6
By father more	0	09	0
By my Lady more	0	10	0
	16	01	0

7*s.* 6*d.* I had given me more not sett down because layd out againe in Tokens.

The private accounts are only entered in detail for one half the time of his apprenticeship, and with one or two additions may be all summed up under the following heads:—'Fruit: Necessarys: Lost in wagers and other wayes: on y^e Poore: Spent with kindred and acquaintance: Tokens: & given.'

The regularity with which the accounts are kept is only equalled by the remarkable steadiness of his expenditure; the

first and third years showing an outlay of exactly 1*l.* 2*s.* each, whilst the second and fourth each run to precisely 2*l.* Perhaps it will be most interesting to examine the four years side by side.

	1 st Year.	2 nd Year.	3 rd Year.	4 th Year.
	<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>
In fruit	6 10½	8 0	7 5	7 5
Necessaries	1 1½	2 9	1 9	2 6
Lost in wagers & other ways	2 1	1 6	2 7	11
On y ^e Poore	1 6	2 6	1 7	1 2
Spent with Kindred & acquaintance	4 1½	6 8	4 6	15 0
Tokens	—	13 8	—	11 6
Given	—	1 9	4 2	0 6

The additional expenses are unnoteworthy with the exception of 'A Key to a Pen,' which certainly arouses curiosity; the price of the key was one shilling, but its size, shape, and use remain a mystery to us.

The next page or two are filled with desultory memoranda of small sums received in the form of 'tips,' and ending up with these two statements:—

This being Sept^r y^e 29th 1699 I find I have spent this first half of my time on my own charges 06*l.* 4*s.* 00*d.*

Spent on my own acc^t in y^e 7 years 19*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.*

One is tempted to speculate as to what form his greater extravagance during the second half of his time took, but on this point the book is silent.

The apprenticeship ended in the early part of 1703, but John apparently stayed on in the same business for several years afterwards at a weekly wage of 5*l.* That this did not constitute his entire income is clear from a page of his diary, which records:—

'Father rec^d of Jos. Atkins for my rent Dew at Lady Day 1701, 16*l.* 13*s.* 00*d.* taxes being Deducted;' and again, after more references to Jos. Atkins: 'Rec^d of my tenant in all 64*l.* 17*s.* being 2 years rent due att Michaelmas 1703.'

We do not find any references either in the diary or the accounts to the time when the young man began to think of taking to himself a wife, but his income at the high value of

money in those days would now be quite sufficiently large to enable him to do so, and some time within the next three years he wooed and won his bride. Of the nature of that wooing one would gladly learn a little more, for even with the help of a decided love-letter written to his mistress within six months of their marriage we cannot divine much. How this letter (probably only one amongst many of a like nature) ever fell again into the hands of its original writer, to be placed by him in the pocket of the little account-book, we are unable to say; but there it is, yellow and stained with age, and worn with much folding and refolding. It is written on the thin, rough, large square note-paper of the period, sealed with a monogram and elaborately addressed on the back:

For Mrs. Lydia Durrant att

Mr. Henry Woodgate's in

Goudhurst

Kent

By Stone Crouch Bag

The letter is so short and so quaint that I transcribe the whole.

I gladly embrace y^s first opportunity to tell you dearest M^{dm} y^t I arrived Safe in towne y^e evening with a great deal of ease both to my horse & self; The Roads I found much better than by way of Tunbridge & Weather Thanks be to God pretty favourable, My greatest trouble was to think y^e nearer I was to my journeys End, y^t I was still y^e farther from y^r Dear Self. Do me so much Justice M^{dm} as to believe y^t it is impossible for me to have any interest or concern nearer my heart then you & I am sorry so great a truth and pure cannot be expressed in other Words then such as sometimes are forced to serve y^e profane use of Complements. I wish it were any way in my power & I hope it will 'ere long, to shew y^e true affection I have for you & I value myself upon y^e opportunity I promise myself of shortly kissing y^r hand. I have not mett with father as yett but trust I shall tomorrow morning. Y^r letters to Hackney shall be delivered with care and speed. I beg M^{rs} Woodgate's acceptance of y^e oranges designed her y^s week by Caryer, I shall rejoyce to hear y^e little one is come safe to towne & Aunt in a way of recovery but above all to hear of y^r good health w^{ch} will be an infinite joy. If you did believe or could Imagine how great a refreshment a letter from you would afford me at this melancholy distance you would not faile to write by the first post, & y^e hopes I conceive you will do so support me under y^e misfortune of y^r absence. It is late so adding my humble service to Unkle's &

Mr Paris's family with a thousand thanks shall extend this no farther than y^e subscribing myself with a most sincere and hearty affection

M^{dm} y^r most humble admirer

JOHN PAYNE.

March 12th 170⁵ Fetter Lane.

'My greatest trouble was to think the nearer I was to my journeys End, that I was still the farther from your Dear Self'—that is a very prettily turned sentence, and yet with a ring about it which sounds straight from the heart. Throughout the whole letter, indeed, there is a delightful simplicity and homeliness which even the stilted phraseology of the period cannot quite spoil, and which tempts us to think that when the 'melancholy distance' (of some thirty miles) no longer kept the lovers apart, John may possibly have greeted his lady just a little more warmly than with that respectful touch of her hand which was all that epistolary conventions allowed him to propose to himself. At any rate his suit prospered, for in the middle of his pocket-book we come across two pages of diary pure and simple which show us that just five months after his letter the wished-for opportunity of showing his 'true affection' was granted by his marriage with Mistress Lydia Durrant in September of the same year. Immediately following this record of his entrance 'into y^e holy state of Matrimony, Sept. 4, 1706,' we have the beginning of his household accounts. On the credit side they run as follows:—

Rec ^d Sept. 27 th , 1706—				£	s.	d.
4 weeks money from Shop	.	.	.	20	00	0
5 weeks do. Nov. 2 ^d	.	.	.	25	0	0
Rec ^d Fa[ther] pr. Bro ^r Woodford	.	.	.	20	0	0
Rec ^d Brother Woodford more than layed out	.	.	.	2	11	0
Nov. 16. 2 weeks' money	.	.	.	10	00	0
— 23. 1 week's money	.	.	.	5	0	0
Dec. 7. 2 weeks' money	.	.	.	10	0	0
Jan. 18. 6 weeks' money	.	.	.	30	00	0
Jan. 25. 1 week's money	.	.	.	5	00	0
				127	11	0

The debit side is evidently headed by expenses in connection with the wedding, and it would appear that when John had brought his wife to town the young couple finished the furnishing of their house together.

Sept ^r 29, 1706.					£	s.	d.
P ^d for hatt					1	11	00
Other small things					0	10	00
Mantle ps. glass					2	10	00
Wife					2	10	—
Charges of journey					6	9	00
P ^d Father for house					6	15	00
P ^d for Chaires					4	8	00
2 Kill ^s Beere					0	10	00
Wife for house					2	6	00
Self for Pockett					1	00	00
Glasses 12s. 6d., Table 8s.					1	00	06
Chest of Drawers & Do.					3	16	00

Nov. 18th.

Wife for house	2	00	00
Linen	5	6	00
Shoes 9s., house 2l.	2	9	00
Knives 30s.	1	10	00
Months Rent, Board, & Serv ^{ts} wages to Mich ^{ms}	9	17	6
P ^d wife for house	2	00	00
Linen for Ditto	3	00	6
Buttr, Cheese, & Bacon	1	12	6
W. Clark, Upholster	10	12	6
W. Litchfeilds Bill	5	2	00
House 6 weeks	12	00	00
P ^d for Plate & Spoons	12	5	6
P ^d Cheesemonger, S ^t Martins	2	0	0
House 2l., Handk. & Muz. 31s.	3	11	00
106 12 00			

On the next page we have a reference to Sarah's wages, which were 2l. 3s., but as no dates are given we are unable to decide whether this represents three or six months' hire.

We now begin to notice that besides 'wife for house,' there is another entry of 'wife for self,' which occurs pretty often, 'wife' receiving from two to three pounds at once, and finally she receives five pounds for her 'occassions,' a mysterious allusion which is perhaps explained by a reference later on to 'Parson and Clark, 13s. 3d.,' and 'Cradle and Baskitt, 11s. 6d.' Turning to the 'Diary' we have the simple record of the birth, and sad to say the death, of his first child:—

My Dear first child was born y^e 23rd of June, 1707, about 10 in y^e forenoon.

Christened by y^e name of Eliz. y^e 25 of y^e same month, & dyed y^e 19th of July following about 11 at night, & lyes in y^e vault in S^t Voster's, Londⁿ.

With the birth of the child the household expenses increase, and we find in addition to 'House 2*l*.' further expenses, which are noted down as 'extraordinary,' but soon cease to be looked upon as anything but ordinary.

The household seems to have been kept up on a fairly large scale, for we have mention of a 'Kate' and a 'Betsy' who also receive wages as well as 'Sarah'; but it is evident from the other side of the page that the wife's father lived with the young people and kept his own manservant, paying them for board two sums of 47*l*. 10*s*. within the twelve months. Items for wine and beer are very common, one brewer's bill for six months being ten pounds! It is difficult to guess what became of the money allowed for 'House,' since the master paid servants' wages, and bills for wine, beer, coals, groceries, house-linen, butcher, butterman, and taxes! His wife's allowance also was very liberal, and at various times he pays for the following items besides: 'For Wife's Scarf, 2*l*. 10*s*. 0*d*.; Wife's Callico, 1*l*. 7*s*.; Wife's Silk, 6*l*. 10*s*. 00*d*.; Wife, for tippet, 4*l*. 6*s*. 00*d*.;' in fact, according to his own showing, he appears to have given his wife ample means of providing both for the house and herself, and then to have paid all her bills as well!

Under date October 1708, we come across evidence of the arrival of another child to replace the one too soon lost. This time 'Parson and Clark' head the list, receiving 13*s*. 3*d*.; 'Gossiping money' comes to 1*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*.; 'Coates for child, 1*l*. 1*s*. 6*d*.;' 'Midwife and Nurse, 3*l*. 4*s*. 6*d*.,' and the Diary says:

My second child John was born Oct^r 13th, 1708, & was baptised y^e Sabbath Day following by W. Benjⁿ. Ibbatt.

There is still another record of the birth of a daughter, who, like the first, lived but a few days.

My daughter Ann was born Nov^r y^e 12th, 1709, & Dyed y^e 19th Ditto.

After this the regular accounts stop, as does also the Diary, but from stray notes scattered through the book there would appear to have been born yet another daughter who survived infancy, but whose health must have given cause for anxiety. Thus in February 1716, we read: 'P^d Nurse Patch fifteen Pounds twelve shillings in full for nursing and boarding my

Daughter to the 20th of this Instant February.' And again, in February 1720, the child and nurse were evidently sent on a long visit to Huntingdon to Grandmother Payne: 'P^d Mother Feb^r y^e 16th, 1721^o, Thirty seaven Pounds fourteen shillings & 6d. in full for Butter, Interest, Child, and Maide's board and wages and all acc^{ts}.'

After November 1709 there are no more regular house-accounts, and the little book is used principally for jotting down moneys received and larger sums paid out to his mother and sisters. The shop also ceases to be mentioned, and we have numerous entries of rents paid by tenants in Huntingdon; indeed it would seem that soon after the death of his wife's father, which occurred in June 1709, John Payne left London and went down to manage his estates in Huntingdon, where he seems to have been in possession of about 1,000*l.* per annum in landed property, chiefly consisting of small farms let to tenants at from 20*l.* to 50*l.* per annum. Out of this property, however, he has to pay quarterly dividends to his mother and sister Anna, though their income, like that of most widows and unmarried daughters of the time, was very small and could form no great burden on the estate. At what period John Payne again left his country house to mix once more in London business life, whether he was personally connected with the bank or only lent his money and his name, or whether indeed he ever was one of the founders or left that honour to his son John, is all a matter of conjecture, yet one closes the quaint little old book with feelings of regret, and would fain follow its owner a little further. The last date is 1726, when he must still have been a comparatively young man.

ALICE POLLARD.

The Unemployed and the 'Donna' *in 1888.*

I. BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER.'

THE constant and thoughtful kindness of the readers of this Magazine has, for four years, been the means of relieving direst distress without still further pauperising those whose extreme need is thus wisely met. The old supporters of the 'Donna' will be glad to hear something of her work during the last year, and, in the hope that fresh readers of LONGMAN'S may become her friends, it may be briefly said that the 'Donna' is a truck which starts daily from the Sisters' Restaurant at 42A Dock Street, laden with excellent hot food to be sold, *to unemployed men only*, for a halfpenny a portion. Other trucks of food are sent by the same Sisters daily inside various docks (by special permission of the authorities) laden with food for the men in work, who are not allowed to leave the docks from the time their work begins until it is over, when every man is searched at the gate. I have helped in serving inside the docks, and know what an untold boon and charity it is thus to bring hot and well-cooked food within reach of men who have often begun their day's work on an empty stomach, and who would otherwise be forced to spend the hour for rest and dinner without any refreshment. But as these men are in work, no charity, so called, in money is attempted; the charge of one penny, which all pay, covering the cost of the excellent food provided for them. This could not of course be done except for the enormously large scale on which the Sisters work, feeding many thousands every day.

But the unemployed:—if they are to be fed help must be given largely by those who have never known anxiety as to their own daily bread. First one food-truck, the 'Don,' was started, and a place provided for it by the police near the docks, to sell dinners at one halfpenny each to the starving unemployed, the other half of the cost being provided by subscriptions. Then the 'Donna' was set up four years ago, and has ever since been

supported by the help sent through the Editor of this Magazine. A third truck, 'The Dark Green,' supported by Colonel Maxwell and his regiment, the Tower Hamlets Militia, has followed the 'Donna,' and takes its stand daily in Pennington Street, outside one of the dock gates; and now the Sisters are just about to open a fourth truck for the unemployed at 'The Cage,' a shelter outside the Docks, opening into Nightingale Lane, where they wait daily for work from eight to two.

It is best, in giving any account of the daily work of the 'Donna,' to do so as a personal eye-witness, and therefore last August I paid a visit to the truck, wishing to see it at work, not, as formerly, in cold weather, but during the summer. A short walk from Mansion House Station brought us to the steps close to London Bridge leading through an archway underneath to the railed-off enclosure in Lower Thames Street where the little booth is erected from which the food is sold. The 'Donna' herself, the truck which brings it, is outside the booth, in the tiny yard, under charge of a man who lifted the huge cans of smoking soup on to the counter in the booth, besides immense baskets of cake, cut up into large pieces, and quantities of lorg tin cylinders, filled with hot suet pudding.

Trade was in full swing when we arrived; I had hoped to see it slacker on this summer-day, but the crowd of pale hungry faces inside and outside the railings seemed to me as thick as ever. We could not at first make our way through them, but the men presently shouted, 'Gangway for the Sister!' and instantly a lane was formed through which we passed, led by a Sister. Certainly, when I and a friend who accompanied me had squeezed into the booth and begun our work, it was even harder than in former years—a thicker forest of arms were stretched out to us, and the various calls, 'Basin of soup,' 'Plain,' 'Currant pudding,' 'Cake,' came with more bewildering rapidity. The last was decidedly the favourite, and before long 'None left' was the sorrowful answer to many an application. This cake was excellent, and liberally filled with currants. I believe it is made from the large fragments of bread given at many houses to the Sisters; these are baked hard in the oven and then grated into powder, which is carefully stored in tins to be used as flour, both for cakes and puddings.

I was not mistaken in thinking the press of purchasers was greater: the following table gives the number of men served during three months in 1887 and 1888:—

	1887.		1888.
July . . .	6,618	July . . .	13,171
August . . .	8,530	August . . .	13,764
September . . .	11,045	September . . .	12,940

'I fervently hope,' the Sister who sends it writes, 'that the supporters of the "Donna" are not getting tired of their good work; for the demand for food seems to become greater every month, and now we are serving about 500 every day. In October the number served was 20,275; in fact, it is almost impossible to take sufficient food on the "Donna" truck to meet the needs of our customers; we are now sending from sixty to sixty-five long puddings every day. "There's no more," was the answer one day to "Ha'porth of pudding, please," seventy-three cylinders full, each containing six portions, having been cut up.

"Well, Sister, you'll have to bring a lot for Christmas," the disappointed customer replied.

"I hardly think we shall be more busy at Christmas than we are now," the Sister said.

"Then I might be buried," he answered, "I'd as soon be buried as die of starvation;" and so saying he moved away.

'One poor fellow pointed without speaking to a few fragments of pudding on the board. "Haven't you a halfpenny?" he was asked.

"No," he replied. He looked so ill that he was given a basin of soup, besides the pieces for which he had silently begged. Another man came with a large order, "Three ha'porths of plain" (pudding without currants) "cut in one piece." To oblige him the Sister measured off three portions with the gauge, and he departed, well satisfied with his great lump of pudding.

'The rush at this truck when the welcome hour of twelve strikes is tremendous; but they are wonderfully patient, too, waiting while the truck is being unloaded; even when by some accident the men were kept outside a quarter of an hour after time, not an impatient or rude word was heard. After the first rush was over one day, a poor old man shaking with palsy came up for "three ha'porths of plain;" then he fumbled in his pocket till he drew out a piece of paper, but he shook so that he was obliged to ask another man to wrap up the pudding for him. "I'll do it for you, daddy," said he. "Are you going to take it home?"

"Two lumps, please," says a lad, by which he means two pieces of pudding. The terms the men use are rather puzzling sometimes to those who are not used to them.'

A young engineers officer, who had become interested in the 'Donna' through LONGMAN's, determined to see the work for himself. He writes on October 30:—"On Saturday I was at Dock Street punctually at 11.15 to see the loading up of the "Donna." The Sister in charge showed me the kitchen where the roly-poly, plum-duff, and pea-soup were being prepared for the expedition. She did not seem to think me a fit and proper person to sell these delicacies, so I went with the cart and looked on instead. After a while we reached the little tin hut, which was unlocked and converted into a shop. Then came two Sisters who took their places behind the counter, girded on their money-bags, and were soon busy serving their eager hungry customers. The pea-soup seemed most popular; I tasted it, and it really is very good. There were sandwiches on the counter, but there was little sale for them, as the men do not think them sufficiently "filling at the price." I am very glad to have been there, it makes one feel both thoughtful and thankful to see such scenes as these.'

They cannot attempt to feed boys at 'the pudding-boat,' as the men call the 'Donna;' and it is sad to see the number of neglected little boys who loiter round the trucks, hoping for a chance bit from the men: one more starved than another said he 'had a father and mother, but they were not going to have any dinner to-day,' as if it were quite a usual thing. 'I persuaded the Sisters,' a chance visitor writes, 'to let me give a pudding to one poor little hungry fellow who was peering through the railing; I suppose he spread the news, for in five minutes about twenty hungry pairs of eyes were fixed upon me, outside the yard, trying to soften my heart. One very poor man darted in, and laid three neatly made holland bags by the Sister, saying, "For your pence, Sister," and was off before she could say "Thank you."'

'What struck me most the first time I came to help at the "Donna,"' a new friend writes, 'was, first, the business-like way in which the Sister began to chop up pudding. Then the eager hungry-eyed crowd outside the railings watching her. "That's how I like to see 'em come out," a man said, as half a yard of pudding slid easily out of its tin. "I had two helps the other day, and it *was* good." Then the sudden rush in as the gates opened; they seemed to come like a pack of wolves, terrifying me for a moment, but I was soon reassured by their very respectful behaviour to the Sister, as hungry arms were stretched wildly out tendering halfpence; to me it was mostly impossible to say what hands and arms belonged to their respective owners. I was astonished at the feat performed by each man, when served, of struggling back

through the crowd without spilling the soup or losing "plain," and was struck by the different ways in which the food was eaten; one simply devouring a lump of suet pudding, and crying out for more in good time, another eating slowly and seeming to try carefully to get the full flavour of each morsel, making all last as long as possible.'

One man looked the picture of grief, and seemed to try and shrink away from his fellows. He swallowed his soup in a half-absent, mechanical fashion, and started when asked how long he had been out of work. 'A long while, ma'am,' he answered sorrowfully.

'Then it has gone hard with you?'

'Yes, ma'am, very,' and here the tears came into his eyes. 'But one of us is better off, and won't go hungry any more. My little child died last night, and doctor said it were for want of proper nourishing.'

'Out of work, ma'am! Why, one-fourth of Lunnon is out of work, and it stands to reason that the men will come here, 'cause it's tip-top for us poor chaps,' said another.

'Now, Jack, don't shove—you won't be served sooner—easy now,' was a good-natured piece of advice occasionally given, and taken in good part. But the dejected looks of disappointed applicants when the pudding came to an end made me feel quite miserable; and when all was nearly sold there was a rush for the last portions, while a grand-looking old man stood meekly and patiently behind, knowing that he could not struggle against the younger ones; happily he was observed and cared for by the Sister. Just then there was a tremendous rush outside for a few halfpence given by a kindly passer-by; it was, alas! too late for to-day's dinner, as everything had been sold.

Another day a gentleman gave a penny each to six men, two others standing by unnoticed. The six fortunate ones agreed at once to have less, so that these two might share their dinners. And many a time we have seen a poor fellow give half his pudding to one who was watching him with hungry eyes, but could not buy. The wet, cold summer has caused the help given by the 'Donna' to be as much needed in July and August as in midwinter.

Some people try to smooth matters over by declaring that there is no distress, that there are no unemployed; but unless we go about the world with ears, eyes, and hearts shut, we must know better than to believe them.

An 'Ex-Guardian' wrote to the *Standard*, in answer to another correspondent, who 'entirely ignores the case of a man

who has to tramp from one place to another in search of work. Surely he will not deny that an honest man sometimes has to do that. When such a man has become penniless, far from his home and from all who know him, would he say that nothing but the "House" should be offered him, seeing that while in the "House" he cannot get work? I do not say that indiscriminate almsgiving is desirable; but I do say that we need something which neither the Poor Law authorities nor the Charity Organisation Societies supply. Every winter numbers of industrious men are thrown out of work from no fault of their own; and I maintain that the workhouse is an utterly unsatisfactory place for them, as they should be seeking work, and endeavouring to support their families instead of giving up, breaking up their homes, and becoming resident paupers, with their wives and children.'

The 'Ex-Guardian' is right. To watch such men tramping streets and roads in threadbare clothing and worn shoes, hurrying from one labour market to another, only to be disappointed, is a heart-breaking sight. From dockyard to railroad, from building to building, these unemployed journey till grim despair takes possession of their hearts. To do well, and yet suffer for it, is a hard discipline to the best, the most patient amongst us; but yet what do we know of the bodily suffering of wanting bread, the mental suffering of seeing our little ones hunger? Surely this would drive us to desperation. A man willing to work thinks he has a right to bread, to a roof over his head, and his wife and children are starving; to clothing, and his ill-shod, almost bare feet are bleeding on the stones.

'It's a penny if you are in work,' said the Sister to a well dressed man, who certainly looked above buying food in the street. 'I am not in work; I only wish I were,' was the reply.

Some account has been given in former years of the workroom opened by the Sisters for the wives of the unemployed, who are thus often enabled to tide their husbands over a season of enforced idleness, finding them food-pence for the 'Donna,' and to keep the children from starving. It was only mentioned incidentally, but many generous gifts were sent by readers of this Magazine to the workroom as well as to the 'Donna.' One gentleman rejoiced the Sisters' hearts, and those of many a poor woman, by sending to 42A Dock Street, four bales of splendid thick serge, containing thirty yards each. Only those who know the difficulty of providing material to keep thirty or forty poor women in employment can imagine the gratitude with which

this thoughtful and generous gift was received. They hope soon to keep fifty employed in their East End workroom.

But the more the Sisters have done for the poor unemployed the deeper has become the knowledge of their sore need. A large employer of labour in the London Docks has called attention to the state of these men and the sufferings they endure during the long days of waiting outside the dock gates, 'in rags, without food, patient, and submissive to fate.' These are their days; but what are their nights?

To meet this question in a small measure the Night Refuge in Cooper's Court was opened on December 20, 1887, by the guardians of the 'Donna,' and thither we bent our steps after our work at the truck in Thames Street was over. It is not four minutes' walk from the Workmen's Restaurant in Dock Street, at the end of a narrow entry, Cooper's Row, just opposite London Dock gates. At the top of the Row a wall stops you. A door in the wall opens and reveals a flight of steps. Mounting the steps we found ourselves on a platform of ground covered with really fresh grass, a path in the middle leading to a long, single-storied house of iron, planked inside, built originally for a temporary school. Inside we were at once struck by the bright clean interior, a huge stove standing in the middle. Right and left were canvas hammocks stretched between iron bars running round three sides of the room. A leather coverlet and pillow is allotted to each bed. An excellent room for the man in charge is partitioned off one end of the building, and at this end of the big room is a long narrow table, which is carried into a small yard at the back of the house every morning, and furnished with washing apparatus.

All through last winter this Refuge was besieged by homeless men, piteously imploring a bed, thankfully partaking of the warm food provided—pea soup and bread at nine at night, cocoa and bread at half-past six in the morning.

'It's the only place I knows on,' one man said, 'where you gets pea soup for supper; they gives you skilly' (a sort of thin gruel) 'in most places; that's not bad for an 'ungry chap, but it ain't like pea soup.' The food is provided by the Sisters' Restaurant in Dock Street, the supply being sent down after the sale for the day closes. Prayers are said three nights a week by the clergy of St. Peter's, London Docks; on others the Sisters undertake the duty. The men are not obliged to leave the Refuge until eight o'clock, a boon which they value much, for in the

casual wards they are not discharged until it is too late in the day to hope for a job, and in some Refuges they are forced to leave at five, when it is still very cold, dark, and cheerless in the streets.

Sunday is a special day at Cooper's Court; dinner is given and the men are allowed to sit in the room all the afternoon.

Forty can be taken in at present, but the Sisters earnestly hope to be able to enlarge the building, so as to receive eighty. At 6 P.M. the doors open, when a silent crowd of waiting men fill the court outside, all longing to enter. In another half-hour, some who have been on their legs all day looking for work lay themselves down on their canvas beds and draw the leathern blanket over them. This is peace if not luxury, for here is no drunkenness, evil language, noise, overcrowding, but just a little spot of comfort all their own for the night. Other poor fellows, not quite so weary, but chilled to the bone, gather round the great warm comfort-breathing stove, gazing steadily at its brightness, very silent. All applicants are asked for a reference, and on giving it are granted a bed for the night if there is room. Next day the references are looked up, and if satisfactory a free ticket is given for seven nights. To house them for longer is found to be unwise, and they have to move on at the end of a week, unless in very exceptional cases. The caretaker, having been in the police force, has a good knowledge of the vagrant class, and is not likely to allow bad characters to take up their abode here. 'He told us,' a visitor writes, 'that now was the hour for admitting more men, twenty-six being already in the room.' At six those who have tickets are let in, and at seven those who, without tickets, have come to ask for shelter: ten of these latter were now to be admitted; there was not room for more. Now was the time for seeing the caretaker in his element. He looked at the little crowd outside with an experienced eye, quietly picking out his ten without any delay or questions. They looked half frozen; their hats and shoulders were white with snow, the earlier comers made way for these ten shivering creatures to come near the fire. They gathered round so eagerly, rubbing their hands, and shaking off the wet as best they could. It was sad to hear the coughing; one man looked far gone in consumption; when asked if he had a cold, he answered in a hoarse voice that he had 'only had rheumatic fever and been in hospital, but was all right now.'

The system of requiring a reference works well, sorting out the really idle loafers; and in several cases it has led to the

re-establishment in life of the poor fellow who has sought the charity of a canvas stretcher. A man's story is listened to, and if he needs counsel it is given him; he is also helped to get work if possible, the aim being to give respectable but unfortunate men a lift in their time of trouble, not to gather in a company of tramps or worse.

In the depth of winter, when work is scarce, it is grievous to know what respectable men put in an appeal for shelter—some newly arrived from the country, disappointed of work, their money gone, their hopes depressed. Poor clerks often ask a night's lodgings; an organist, who had held a post in one of our cathedrals has been a lodger, and a gentleman's coachman out of work.

Here the Sisters have opportunity to find out the circumstances of some of the customers at the 'Donna,' which it is impossible to do during the rush for food at the truck. Sometimes it is hard to break down their natural reserve; hope has almost forsaken them; but a kind look and sympathetic tone melt the stoniest at last; and if a man find himself in a fairly quiet corner his tale comes slowly to the light.

'You have not been used to outdoor work, I fancy?' the Sister said to one poor guest.

'How do you guess that, ma'am? But it's true.'

'By your hands.' They were long, thin hands—not roughened by outdoor labour.

'I was a draper, ma'am. I had a nice little business at one time; I never thought to come to this.'

'How did you lose ground, then?'

'Well, you know, ma'am, it's all the small shops can do to hold their own nowadays at all. What with stores and bazaars and big shops selling everything all round, you have to keep at it day and night to make a living. I worked hard too, but my health went; and it's ruin to trust altogether to an assistant. So I just got lower and lower and more out of heart and out of pocket, till I had to put up the shutters altogether. When I got better I tried for work in my line, but it was no good. There were hundreds of stronger and likelier men in the field before me; no one would have me.'

He looked regretfully at his poor idle hands.

'I was in trade, too,' said the man sitting next him on the bench. 'A large boot shop I had in the Whitechapel Road, doing an excellent business.'

'And that's true, Sister,' broke in the caretaker at this moment; 'for I've been myself and bought my boots there.'

The man's eyes brightened at this evidence. He straightened himself; someone at least had known him when he was a decent member of society, with a roof-tree of his own.

'Yes,' he continued, his countenance falling again, 'but it was all my wife and I could do to manage the shop, and when she died, and I lost half the help and all the spirit, business began to go down-hill, and it's hard to pick up again then.'

A sickly-looking young fellow, asked concerning his past, told of a long illness blasting all his prospects. Friendless in London, he had been sent out of hospital to spend his convalescence in the streets. He had nowhere to go to, and was thankful to be taken in at Cooper's Court.

'Surely you ought to have laid by, for you must have had good wages,' was said to one guest who had been a servant in Scotland, and had lost his situation on the death of his mistress. 'Sister, how could I?' was the answer; 'I had to support my father, mother, and a cripple brother; I have walked from Edinburgh to try and get a job here, and now I have no boots to my feet, and no one will take me like this; I have only fivepence in the world, and can't get boots for that.' The Sisters were able to supply him with a pair for fourpence, from old boots sent to them, which brought tears to his eyes, and great expressions of gratitude.

'No one can imagine the delight that illustrated papers are to these poor fellows,' a Sister writes. 'Will not someone kindly make us nice large scrap-books filled with pictures to interest the many men who cannot read? Chess, draughtsmen, solitaire-boards, etc. would also be welcome; there are three hours before supper, and anything to cheer and distract sorrowful thought is most valuable.'

The friends of the 'Donna' will forgive our lingering a little over the records of Cooper's Court Refuge, since it is intimately connected with the work which for four years they have so generously supported, and also because there we learn the histories of some of the men who crowd round the 'Donna,' in a way that cannot be done during the serving out of the food. The Night Refuge has indeed grown out of the work of the food-truck.

'That blessed barrier between day and night' one of our poets calls sleep, and the homeless woefully need such a barrier, for in the day-time the waves of this troublesome world break all too

ruthlessly over the shattered lives of the unemployed. No greater charity has been attempted by the Sisters than this provision for giving them a few hours' comfortable sleep, and thus strengthening them to meet the inevitable ills of the morrow.

II. STATEMENT BY THE EDITOR.

ONE or two points in the fourth annual statement of accounts and statistical table seem worth a moment's attention. In the first place, the revival of trade of which we have heard so much this autumn does not seem to have reached the London Docks. On the contrary, while the customers of the 'Donna' fell off perceptibly between December 1887 and May 1888, as compared with the corresponding months of the previous year, in May there was a large increase in their numbers; and this increase has gone on till it culminated in October, during which month the enormous number of 20,275 men were served. This large increase in the autumn months has brought the total number of men served by the 'Donna' to 154,418, which is 11,000 more than last year. The pressure on the finances has been correspondingly great, and although the subscriptions last year amounted to the handsome sum of 317*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.*, yet the balance in hand has sunk from 288*l.* 13*s.* 0*d.* to 168*l.* 15*s.* 8½*d.* The Editor therefore confidently appeals for further support in carrying on this work, the value of which can be best learnt by a visit to London Bridge at midday.

STATISTICAL TABLE.

Food sold at the 'Donna' from November 1, 1887, to November 1, 1888.

Date	Stew	Pudding	S. W.	Apple Dumpling	Cake	Men served
1887						
November . .	5007	8691	835	273	—	13899
December . .	3483	6139	333	109	—	9799
1888						
January . . .	6924	7612	306	—	—	13930
February . . .	4872	7368	181	—	—	12442
March	4536	6999	150	—	—	11123
April	3996	8082	112	—	—	11432
May	2606	7924	173	53	1905	12661
June	3752	5229	87	4	—	8973
July	6104	6650	14	—	1291	13171
August	4296	6947	16	405	2100	13764
September . .	4137	7381	9	—	1903	12949
October	7329	12488	153	—	552	20275
Total	—	—	—	—	—	154418

A Dangerous Catspaw.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HENRY MURRAY.

XIII.

MR. PRICKETT, who sat in his shirt-sleeves and slippers for coolness' sake, was at breakfast next morning with a letter propped up against the teapot before him. From time to time as he worked his solid and reflective way through a substantial meal, he turned to the letter and read a line or two of it. He would not allow his appetite to be disturbed, but it was plain that the epistle puzzled him a good deal. Even when his meal was over he forgot to light his pipe when he had filled it, and seating himself in an arm-chair he read the letter through for the fifth or sixth time. It was dated from Wyncott Esden's chambers, and read thus:—

‘Gale has been here this evening according to promise, but I am sorry to tell you that my interview with him has proved wretchedly disappointing. I am afraid that Miss Pharr will not only be compelled to yield to the grieving father's exactions, but will have to communicate with him through the advertising columns of the “Standard.” Gale is quite powerless to help us. He has been to the man whom he suspected, and has discovered that the tool supplied to him is intact. He can only conclude that a fourth implement has been made from his model, and that he was deceived by its resemblance to his own handiwork. I thought at first that he might be standing out to secure terms for himself. Perhaps it would be as well for you to see him and form your own opinion upon that point, though for my own part I am pretty well convinced that he is as disappointed as I am. He told me that he had hoped to stand well with the police by reason of his behaviour in this affair, and assured me that he had solemnly sworn to himself to go straight before the jury said “Not guilty.” That

may be as it may, but it is certain that he must lose by professing ignorance, and I see no reason to doubt his *bona fides*. Unless I hear from you to the contrary I shall insert an advertisement in to-morrow's paper. "A Grieving Father.—Honour Bright.—Address, W. E., Esq., Oxford and Cambridge Club." That will be enough. If you care to see me I shall be in till noon.'

'Well, really,' said Mr. Prickett, 'I think I should care to see you; and I think I'll have a look at you at once. A pretty cool game you're playing, Mr. Wyncott Esden, and a pretty dark game it would ha' been, if I hadn't lighted on the half of Reuben's jemmy. But then I did, ye see, and that makes all the difference.'

He took his coat from the back of a chair, and walking slowly to a sideboard, laid his hand upon a clothes-brush.

'I think,' he murmured, smiling slowly and dryly to himself, 'I think I see through it. Gale is to be made to look as if he was clean outside it, but he is to get his share of the reward all the same, and Mr. Wyncott Esden, alias the Grieving Father, the other. We'll try and be in at the distribution, Joseph, which ever way it's done. They won't be such fools as to try a cheque, nor yet notes. I should fancy, and if it's gold they've either got to meet or have a go-between. I've got plenty to nail Mr. Esden on already, but I won't spoil sport. He's having a lark with you, Joseph, this smart young criminal barrister is. Now you go in, my boy, and have your lark along with him, and see who comes out uppermost.'

With that he began to brush his coat with great vigour, and having struggled into it, arranged his cuffs, collar, and neck-tie at the mirror, passed a silk handkerchief with much tenderness round his glossy silk hat, and walked leisurely Strandward, putting on his smart yellow gloves as he went. In due time he reached the Temple, and mounting smilingly the stairs which led to Esden's chambers, knocked at the door and waited, with his face suddenly grown as impassive as a wall. A middle-aged laundress answered to his summons, and Esden, hearing his voice in inquiry, called to him to enter.

Prickett obeyed, and paused with a look of concern as he saw Esden lying on the sofa with his face half swathed in linen wraps.

'Humbug!' he thought within himself. 'Bit shook at the notion of facing me. Wants to have something else to put it on to, in case I notice it.'

None the less he inquired with friendly seeming solicitude the reason of this sign of his host's indisposition.

'Toothache and neuralgia,' said Esden, drawing aside the bandage. 'Look here.' One side of his face was quite dark and swollen. 'If I am sleepless or worried the confounded thing often gets at me in this way, and sometimes makes me a spectacle for days. There's a beastly draught in my bedroom, too, which makes the thing worse than it would have been.'

He had passed a dreadful night, but the physical pain awakened—as it not infrequently is in men of nervous, sensitive organisation—by his mental troubles, had been almost welcome to him. He hailed it now, at least, for he felt his nerves so shattered that without it he would have been powerless to hold a screen between Prickett's calmly inquiring eye and his own spiritual miseries. Prickett, at the sight of the blackened and swollen jaw and temple resigned his first opinion, and decided that if this were the result of worry the cause must have needs been remarkable.

'If you ain't able to talk about this affair now, you know, Mr. Esden,' said Prickett sympathetically, 'there is no reason in the world why I should wish you. It seems as if we'd come to a standstill for a minute. I've had inquiries made the whole neighbourhood round, and can't get news of any suspicious-looking character being seen about at the time.'

'Oh!' said Esden, sitting up and propping his sore head gingerly on the palm of his hand, 'I'm quite well enough to talk. Anything that interests me drives the pain away. Gale's square, I think. You see,' he added, 'he has as strong an inducement of self-interest to be honest as he has to be dishonest. He could share the reward by telling what he knows just as well as by hiding it. Then I see no reason to doubt him when he says that he is anxious to get into your good books.'

'Well,' Prickett assented, with a look of having considered the theme all round, 'that sounds reasonable enough. He might be working on the party's fears, but then it's evident that whoever done that job hasn't got many fears to work on. It was done in daylight, and pretty bold and resolute.'

'I should say the blackguard's plucky,' Esden groaned.

It was of course Mr. Prickett's cue for the present to be to the guilty Esden absolutely what he would have been if Esden had been all he tried to seem. It would have been natural to have directed all reasonable suspicion towards Gale in the latter case, and the detective was by far too cunning to neglect it now.

'I don't say, Mr. Esden,' he remarked, with an argumentative

air, 'that Gale isn't playing the straight game this time. As a matter of fact, I think he is, but I wasn't so blooming green neither as to let him do whatever he liked last night without knowing pretty well what he was up to. I promised him I wouldn't have him shadowed, but on my way home it came into my mind that I was doing rather a foolish kind of thing. If you'll believe me, Mr. Esden, it almost turned me sick when I thought about it. There was I, leaving Reuben to work on the man as probably had the stones in his possession, giving him free leave as like as not to work up a plan for getting 'em on the market, and going halves in what they sold for, instead of merely splitting the reward.'

'By Jove, yes!' cried Esden, 'that was an oversight.'

'I should think it was an oversight,' said the duplicitous Prickett, with face, voice, and manner expressive of his self-contempt for having made it. 'A promise is a thing as I abhor to break, Mr. Esden, but last night I had to do it. I know the man as Reuben went to, and I know that neither him nor yet his set was active the day before yesterday.'

'Lucky,' thought Esden to himself, 'that Gale made that pretended call.' He shook to think on what gossamer threads his own safety seemed to hang. If Gale had come straight to him without making that astute and self-protective pretence, suspicion might have fixed on him a claw not to be loosened. Even whilst the wheel this thought set whirling in his head was still spinning, he had wit enough to know that no man but himself and Gale could tell how much he merited suspicion, but his nerves were all on edge, and his will was unstrung, and the thought was nothing less than fearful to him.

'So I conclude, you see,' pursued Prickett, 'that Reuben knew no better, and was doing his best for us. But all the same, he's a little bit more than slippery, Mr. Reuben is; and I don't want to have him any deeper in the know than I can help.'

'I suppose,' said Esden, shaking inwardly a little at his own daring, 'that you'll keep an eye upon him?'

'Lord bless your soul! What for, sir?' Prickett answered. 'He's shot his bolt. There isn't a suspected man in London, not of Reuben's standing anyway, as we don't keep an eye on more or less. I mean to go down and have a talk to him, but I don't think he's in it. The grieving father's the only lay to go on for a compromise. Of course, if we waited we should have a chance of nailing 'em when they began to move, but if the thing

is to be kept quiet, sir, I don't see anything for it but to put in that advertisement. That'll get it over pretty soon.'

Now Mr. Prickett, in pursuit of that unsleeping practice of mental photography of which he boasted, had allowed his eyes to wander with their customary inquiry over every visible inch of the apartment he sat in. His habit served him well in one case, he was sure, and he fancied that it might serve him as well in another if he could find means to employ a test for it. Point the first was simple, and was open to any casual eye or any searching and suspicious investigation. It was neither more nor less than a flat bruise on the jamb of the door which led to Esden's bedroom. The indentation was quite shallow and flat, and it had flat edges to it, as if made by the pressure of a small crowbar, finely finished. It was in fact identical with the mark upon the wooden cornice of the cupboard in Miss Pharr's bedroom.

'An experiment?' thought Prickett. 'Was he fool enough for that?' His face betrayed nothing, and his eye never once travelled back to the sign he had discovered.

Point number two was a little more complex and inventive. On the table stood a massive electro-plated writing-stand, with a great square glass inkstand in it, filled with dark violet ink. On the mantelpiece, pushed half behind a turned wooden vase of spills, was a common penny bottle marked 'Blue-black Writing Fluid,' and a pen lay beside it.

'If I might take the liberty, sir,' said Mr. Prickett, rising, 'to take one of these 'ere sheets of paper, I'd write out that advertisement and drop it at the office now.'

'Certainly,' said Esden. 'I can think of nothing better to be done, and if you approve of it, it had best be done at once.'

Prickett, with a half-sheet of paper in his hand, sauntered to the mantelpiece, took up the pen that lay there, dipped it, and formed a single initial 'A' upon the paper. The ink was pale, and had evidently been watered. Prickett, with his immovable quiet face, looked into the mirror which stood before him, and caught Esden's glance reflected there.

'Shall we spell "grieving" as the cove himself does, sir?' he asked. 'He spells it "ei," but I suppose he'll understand it if we put it right for him.'

Esden fell back upon the sofa with a groan. For one minute his nerves had been so strung that their tension was unbearable, but Prickett had evidently noticed nothing, as indeed why should he? and he was at ease again, except for the physical pang his nervous tremor had occasioned.

'Let us preserve our self-respect,' he said, trying to smile.
'Let us spell correctly.'

'All right, sir,' said Prickett, bending anew above the paper. He wrote and read out the words—'A Grieving Father.—Honour Bright.—Address, W. E., Esq., Oxford and Cambridge Club,' and having waved the paper to and fro in the air, he folded it, and bestowed it in one of the pockets of his sprigged white waistcoat. 'I'll leave that as I go down,' he said, 'and I suppose the affair will come to a finish pretty soon. It's a bit of a pity though, sir, ain't it?'

'What is a pity?' Esden asked, in a voice of impatient pain. He was really suffering, and felt a fierce gladness and relief at his own pain. Without it he would have feared at every moment lest he might betray himself.

'Why, from my point of view, sir,' Prickett urged, 'it would certainly have been a good deal prettier to nail the thieves. It would have paid me better, every way. I can't help thinking, sir, as it's weak-minded to act as we're a-doing. It's against the law, as we both know very well, though of course it's as common as daylight. But with a bit of patience, it's a hundred to one we should have had 'em. And now they get off scot-free, with a thousand pound in their pockets. It's a bit hard lines to have seen a chance like this, to have been actually put on the job, and then for it all to come to nothing. But it's the way of the world, sir. Sweets and bitters, and a lot more bitters than sweets.'

'You may be pretty sure you won't be neglected, Prickett,' Wyncott answered. 'I shall make it my business to point out to Miss Pharr that without your consent she could not have adopted the course you have taken.'

'I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure, Mr. Esden,' Prickett answered, with sardonic imperturbability. 'You'll let me know, sir, when you get an answer from this party'—tapping at his waistcoat-pocket. 'When it comes to actual negotiations and you've got to meet the folks you're dealing with, I may be able to give you a tip or two.'

'Very likely,' Esden answered, with assumed carelessness and inward thanksgiving. 'I'll write to Miss Pharr this afternoon and tell her that the advertisement will appear.'

'When the time comes, sir,' said Prickett, pursuing his confidential and unsuspecting policy the more keenly now that his last rag of doubt had vanished; 'when the time comes you'll find as the parties won't take notes for fear of being traced by 'em

afterwards. They'll want gold. Now that makes the negotiation dangerous. You can't trace a sovereign like you can a note. This grieving father dodge might be neither more nor less than a bold stroke to get a thousand pounds as well as the jewels. Don't you go unarmed, Mr. Esden. I've got a beautiful little revolver, a Tranter, no prettier thing going. I'll bring it down with me, if you will name a moment when I can call. Say to-morrow morning.'

'By all means, Prickett,' Esden answered. 'I am greatly obliged to you for the suggestion. I might never have thought of it myself. Bring it down by all means. I shall be in till midday.'

Prickett took his leave, respectfully sympathetic for the neuralgia and toothache, and walked soberly downstairs, and soberly on into Fleet Street. There he made a call at a gun-maker's shop, and was received by the man in charge with a cordiality not unmixed with worship.

'Called about the revolver, Mr. Prickett?' the shopman asked him when their greetings were over. 'You'll find it work as smooth as a watch now, sir.'

'I want a word with you in private,' Prickett answered, and the man, leading him to an inner room, closed the door and motioned him to a seat. 'I want that revolver,' pursued Prickett in an undertone cautiously measured, 'to be loaded with half a dozen cartridges that won't fire. You can either take the powder or the fulminate out of them, but I want 'em to look as good as gold.'

This particular gun-maker may have been used to curious orders. He expressed no surprise at Prickett's command, but undertook it smoothly, and shook hands with his customer as he went away.

Prickett's unmoved exterior may possibly have belied his internal sensations, but whether with ease or difficulty, he kept the look of one who is bound upon the average everyday business of his life. He dropped in gravely at the advertisement office of the 'Standard,' and there copied the inscription he carried in his waistcoat-pocket, paid the sum demanded of him, entered the amount in his pocket-book, and then walked on to Gale's shop in Holborn.

Gale was behind his counter, looking, if anything, a trifle more respectable and mild than usual, faultless in linen, and scrupulously clean shaven.

'Morning, Reuben,' said Prickett, with the manner of one who is chastened by defeat.

‘Good-morning, Mr. Prickett,’ Gale returned in a voice which was the very sympathetic echo of the other’s.

‘This is a bit of a disappointment for you, ain’t it, Reuben?’ he asked.

‘Well, I won’t say that, sir, not yet,’ Gale answered. ‘I can see as you’ve ’eard from Mr. Esden. I gave him a call last night, and told him what had happened. About them there tools, now. You know, Mr. Prickett, I can’t tell one from another. What’s to prevent this last chap from havin’ borrowed a similar tool of my make from a pal? If so be as it should have happened as he should have heard as I was a-making inquiries——’

‘Why, there’s something in that, to be sure,’ returned Mr. Prickett. It would be hard to say how much he relished every cunning shift and stratagem upon the other side. Perhaps the fountain of humorous perception tasted the sweeter to him because he did not dare to allow the escape of a solitary bubble. ‘I like to hear you talking like that, Reuben, because I must admit that that sounds square. I don’t say I shouldn’t have thought of it myself. I don’t even say I didn’t. But, all the same, I ain’t sorry to hear you own as much. But if you still think you’ve got a chance of doing anything, I’ve come to tell you as it’s got to be done to-day. I shan’t tell you why, because it’s no business o’ yours to know it, but after to-day this show’ll dry up. If you hadn’t been so greedy, Reuben, you might ha’ done something. You fixed your mind on getting all you could lay your claws on, and so you don’t get anything. Now what’s the tale you pitched to Mr. Wyncott Esden? You want to stand well with the police?’

‘Really, Mr. Prickett,’ Gale responded in a mild astonishment of self-defence, ‘I don’t see how I could ha’ done more than I have done.’

‘Don’t you?’ Prickett answered with simulated disgust. ‘Well, I’ll tell you. You might ha’ took me into confidence. “So and So and So,” you might have said, “is the three chaps I made the tools for. Now, in place of setting them colloquing together, and giving them a chance among ’em to replace that missing joint, we’ll go at ’em altogether simultaneous, so to speak, and the man as can’t produce his is the man to talk to.” The young lady as owns these jewels don’t *want* a prosecution. You and me might very well have been partners in this matter, but you was too greedy, and that’s all about it. You’re like the monkey as got his hand into the jar and tried to fetch out too much at a time. You’ve lost

yourself two or three hundred, and you've lost me two or three hundred, and that's all the good your selfishness has done you.'

'It's never been my way, Mr. Prickett,' Gale wheezed at him, 'to set your people on to anybody. It wasn't greed, Mr. Prickett, it was only because I wanted to do as I'd be done by. That's always been my motto.'

'Specially with butlers,' Prickett answered acidly.

'Now, Mr. Prickett,' cried Gale, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot 'ave that kind of talk. I was found "Not guilty" by a verdict of my countymen, and that ought to be enough for any man.'

'Perhaps it had, Reuben,' Prickett answered, 'perhaps it hadn't. Perhaps you was lucky; perhaps you got the reward of your merits. But there's no two ways about this; you've bungled the present business through being too graspin'. You've put me out of the way of making a pretty fair handful of money, and you've lost what you might have made yourself.'

Gale protested against this view of things, and urged his cause with an interior satisfaction which rivalled Prickett's own. They were a well-matched couple, and, but for Prickett's actual knowledge, neither could have gained a featherweight's advantage over the other.

'All right, Joseph,' said Gale to himself when his visitor had left him. 'You've got the needle a-stirring about already. It'll be a little sharper in the course of a day or two.'

For his part Prickett went away with an expression carefully tuned to melancholy. Even in the freedom of the streets he preserved this dejected aspect. It would never have done to run the risk of any chance gossip taking the news to Gale that Joe Prickett had left him radiant.

XIV.

For the two days which followed immediately on the theft of the jewels, life at Wootton Hill House was naturally somewhat distracted and disordered, but on the morning of the third the post brought to Miss Pharr intelligence which she found of so comfortable a nature that, for her at least, the affair of the burglary shrank into its proper episodical proportions, and no longer threatened to absorb the whole of life and thought as it had done.

'My dear Miss Pharr,' wrote Esden. 'The chase upon which Prickett and I started yesterday has resulted in nothing. Prickett

is still confident that if the thieves should attempt to dispose of their booty he would be able to trace them, and to recover at least a portion of it, but he admits that the cheapest and swiftest method will be to deal with that rascally correspondent of yours. I am decidedly of the same opinion, and, accepting the *carte blanche* you gave me, I have already sent Prickett with an advertisement intended to catch the eye of the "Grieving Father." You may be almost absolutely sure that in two days from your receipt of this letter the stones will be once more in your possession. It is a misfortune as it stands, but it might have been so much more serious that your friends may really congratulate you. The thieves will not, of course, enter into communication with the police, and you will see by the advertisement at or near the top of the "Standard's" second column that the "Grieving Father" is invited to correspond with me.'

This letter, read aloud at the breakfast table, sent everybody to the agony column, and the ladies looked at the innocent-seeming announcement with romantic thrills, thinking how much it covered. There was an advertisement just above it which stated that Jack was dying for news of his own Heart's Queen, and that the old address would find him. There was another below it requesting the golden-haired lady who alighted at Shepherd's Bush at five twenty to communicate at 231 Vigo Street with the gentleman who carried an umbrella with an agate knob.

'Even these,' cried Janet, her grey eyes widening as if to take in the whole scope of the world's possible villainies, 'may be covert assignments from burglars to their comrades.'

The ladies tressilated deliciously. The crime began to take an air of romance. The gardener slept in the basement of the house for its extra safety, and the local officer was pampered to keep a special eye upon the premises. With these precautions the feminine inmates of the house felt no more sense of danger than was just agreeable. They had fallen into a habit of peering singly into cupboards and under beds in the daytime, and they made the like perquisitions in a bevy at night before retiring to rest. Miss Pharr was the only one who suffered, and she bore her loss so bravely that the others had no heart to reproach her. For her own part she was so glad at the prospect of escaping so lightly, that to lose a thousand pounds in such a fashion as was proposed looked to her like the making of a most glorious bargain.

Wyncott's letter was not the only one which arrived for Janet that morning. There lay for awhile untouched beside her plate a

missive addressed to her in the easily-recognised characters of the 'Grieving Father.' She eyed it with distaste, and perhaps might not have opened it at all, but for a dreadful suggestion from Edith.

'The wretch may have changed his mind, my dear,' she said. 'He may write to say that the jewels are disposed of already.'

At this Janet laid reluctant fingers upon the envelope, and hastily tore it open. The writer intimated that he had looked in vain in that day's paper for an answer to his former letter. 'Please look sharpp,' he added. 'My son wil not wate longer than Fryday morning.'

'He has seen the advertisement before now,' said Arnold. 'He would probably be up at four or five o'clock in the morning to get a copy of the paper at the office. Wyncott may have a letter from him in an hour or two at the club, and will wire us the news directly.'

'Well, Janet, lass,' said the old Doctor, 'a thousand pounds is a thousand pounds; but you're not ruined by it, and ye're lightlier through the bes'ness than we might have hoped to see ye. Wyncott's right when he says that after all your friends may well congratulate ye.'

'I don't deserve to be congratulated at all,' Janet declared, stoutly adhering to her original view of the question. 'I am quite rightly served for my own silliness and vanity, and I am sure tha' I beg everybody's pardon with all my heart for the trouble I have given them.'

'In that case,' said the Doctor, 'I'll just get back to my interrupted operations, and indeed I'm bold to make confession that I've not been actually idle all the time. I'm getting auld, Janet, and I've not much time to waste, either for science or pleasure. I've been working in my own room, printing, and a beautiful light I've had for it. If you're in want of further lessons, Edith,' he continued, twinkling slyly at the old maid, 'I'll be ready for ye in my studio in half an hour.'

Edith responded to this invitation by a half-repressed smile, which looked as if it might have had a meaning in it. The Doctor withdrew to his own quarters, his sagacious grey brows twitching, and his kindly grey eyes twinkling with some hidden sense of humour. Beside his bed-chamber the old gentleman had had rigged up for himself a room in which he could carry on his beloved processes. It was cleared of furniture except for a pair of kitchen tables and a chair or two. One of the tables was covered with shallow enamelled pans full of water, and the other bore a litter of negatives

and apparatus. He pottered about here for a full half of his time, as happy in the pursuit of his favourite occupation as a child, and produced results sometimes of wonderful delicacy and beauty.

‘I should have thought,’ said Janet when he had disappeared, ‘that you, Edith, were beyond taking lessons from anybody, even from Doctor Elphinstone.’

‘Perhaps,’ the old maid answered, newly struggling to keep down that obdurate smile which would come to the surface, ‘I may be able to give him lessons, though his vanity would never allow it.’

Before the time appointed had expired she knocked at the door of Elphinstone’s work-room, and, being bidden to enter, obeyed, and closed the door somewhat mysteriously behind her. The old gentleman was in his shirt-sleeves, and had his lean brown arms bared to the elbow. His hands were dripping, and as Edith approached him he took up a towel to dry them.

‘I’ve neither chick nor child, nor kith nor kin, as I was telling ye last night when your mother broke in upon us,’ he began. ‘I’ve meant, ever sence the two lads were’s high as that table, that if the two of them should last out my time, I’d divide my worldly belongings between them. But at my time o’ life, having resisted the wiles o’ your sex for seventy years, I’m not going to fall a victim now.’

‘Now in what sense, Dr. Elphinstone,’ Edith demanded, ‘are you asked to become a victim?’

‘I’ve been a sturdy contemner and enemy of your wiles and ways my long life long,’ returned the Doctor, ‘and it’s like a wumman’s impudence to think she can turn me from my path by just wheedling her finger at me.’

‘But who wants to turn you from your path?’ she asked with a humorous desperation.

‘Miss Wyncott’s self,’ the Doctor answered. ‘Ye want to make a match-maker o’ me in my auld age—I that have fought on the side of single-blessedness, and maybe bled for the cause! I’ll not say that I haven’t been scratched for it years ago. And now I’m to turn recruiting agent for the other side.’

‘Surely,’ said Edith, ‘you don’t advocate the universal extension of our principles?’

‘T’would make but little differ if I did,’ he answered. ‘The wisest advocacy the world ever listened to would have but little effect in that direction. I’ll just tell ye what I’ll do. I’ll go so far and no farther. I’ll tell the lad what my intentions are. But mind ye, if Arnold knows it Wyncott knows it. I’ll tell the both

o' them, and acquet my conscience of the whole match-making concern. When I'm gone they'll have something like three thousand a year to divide between them, and a lad that has a profession between his fingers, and brains in his head, and fifteen hundred pounds a year to his name, can marry any woman and feel independent, though she were richer than the Queen o' Sheba. Ef Arnold wants the lass,' he went on, with a humorous snappishness, 'why doesn't he tell her so? And if she wants him, Lord, my dawty, they're a heap shyer than they used to be if she can't find a way o' shewing him.'

Edith had approached this question originally with all imaginable cunning and reserve. She had never expected or intended to do more than to drop the merest feminine hint, but the Doctor's shrewd eye had pierced to the heart of her manœuvre, and the old man had spoken straightway with a thoroughly Scottish candour and impatience of subterfuge. So they were now, he and the old maid, in full plot together in Arnold's behalf. The old medico respected the young clergyman's independence, and indeed there was an old-world story, buried and forgotten for almost everybody by this time, that Elphinstone himself had been kept single by much such another scruple. He liked Wyncott well, as most people did, but he respected the parson most highly, and was more willing to lend him a helping hand in his love affairs than he was to assist the other. He thought Wyncott little likely to stand in need of prompting. He was not a young man who would lose anything by the mere failure to ask for it.

'I'll find a chance to drop him a word,' said the Doctor, and having secured so much, Edith retired radiant with hope for her two protégés. Elphinstone found no chance until after luncheon, and then, finding Arnold on the lawn, he took his arm, and invited him to a stroll.

'I've got a little something to say to ye, lad,' he said, 'and we'll have it out afoot. We'll have a walk up to the wood together and talk by the way. It's a lovely afternoon, and none too hot for exercise.'

Arnold assenting, they set out together, but the intended friendly confidence was not to be broached that afternoon, for no sooner had they come upon the highway than they discerned the figure of Mr. Prickett, who was approaching at a business-like pace. He walked up to within a yard of them, and then pausing, touched his hat with a gloved forefinger.

'I'm glad to have met you outside, gentlemen,' he said. 'I'd

rather if possible not see the ladies just yet. I've something particularly serious to say, and I should like to say it where we can't be observed or overheard.'

They were both a little surprised by this exordium, and each was conscious of a chill something which was almost fear, though, after their different fashions, they were as courageous as most men.

'We'll be private enough,' said the Doctor, 'if we cross yon stile and get into the fields.'

They moved in silence until they had reached the middle of a thirty-acre fallow. They stood upon a little eminence there, and there was not a soul in sight.

'Gentlemen,' said Prickett, looking from one to the other, 'the object I'm supposed to come down here for is to get a cheque from Miss Pharr to pay the sum demanded by the party that stole the jewels. Now that might look as if this affair was coming to an end. As a matter of fact, it's only just beginning. I must tell you gentlemen beforehand, that what I'm going to say is going to be a heavy blow to you. I think you can both stand it, but it'll take pluck, mind you, gentlemen, and it's got to have it.'

There was something so fateful, assured, and solemn in the man's manner, that his hearers were afraid beforehand, though neither had a guess of what he feared.

'There's no good to be got by beating about the bush, sir,' Prickett continued, addressing himself to Arnold. The Doctor noticed a sort of respectful pity in his voice and manner, and wondered at it. 'The plain truth of the matter is, gentlemen both,' said Prickett, lingering with a visible reluctance before he took the plunge, and flashing a glittering eye from one pale and attentive face to the other and back again, 'the plain truth of the matter is, gentlemen, that the person signing himself a "Grieving Father" is Mr. Wyncott Esden.'

Arnold shot out both hands, and gripping Prickett by the lappels of the coat, shook him passionately to and fro without a word. Elphinstone's kindly old face had gone as white as death, but he laid a hand on each of Arnold's wrists and pulled at him persuasively.

'There's no use in that, lad,' he said, with a catch in his voice, 'no use in that.'

'No, sir,' said Prickett, quietly and sadly, 'there's no use in that. No offence on my side, sir,' he added, as Arnold dropped his hands and stood half aghast and half enraged before him.

don't wonder as you're hit by it. I was hit myself; but I'm telling you the God's truth, neither more nor less. Mr. Wyncott Esden and the "Grieving Father" are one person.'

'Arnold,' said the old man shakily, 'let me do the talking here. I've h'ard you very highly spoken of, Mr. Prickett, and I presume that you cannot have fallen into so terrible an error except upon what must look like strong evidence. Let us hear it.'

'Well, gentlemen,' said Prickett, with the same relentless pity, 'if you'll do me the honour to follow me, here's the case. To begin with, it may be known to you or it may not, that Mr. Wyncott Esden is up to his eyes in debt, and a good deal troubled by his creditors. He's got heaps of paper on the market that he can't meet. Next, gentlemen, he was one of the few people as knew about the jewels, value and whereabouts. Next, on the afternoon of the robbery, when Mr. Wyncott Esden pretended to be in town, he was in the neighbourhood at the very minute when the job was done.'

'In this neighbourhood!' cried Arnold. 'What do you mean?'

Prickett, before replying, drew a scrap of paper from his pocket and placed it in Arnold's hands.

'There's a list of the trains Mr. Wyncott Esden travelled by that afternoon, sir. He paid excess fare from Wootton Hill to Hemsleigh when he came down, and he went up with a first-class single from Sandy Park to town again.'

The two gentlemen stared at each other and at Prickett in a horror-stricken amaze.

'You can prove this?' said Elphinstone.

'Yes, sir,' said Prickett, 'I can put the station masters in the box if need be. When I showed Mr. Wyncott Esden the tool the job was done with he took it well—as well as any man could hope to take it—but it shook him dreadful. When I proposed to visit Reuben Gale, who made the tool, he offered to go with me, as you remember. He made what amounted to a bargain with Gale in my presence; as clever and bold a thing, gentlemen, as I ever knew in my experience. Gale was being watched, and after Mr. Wyncott Esden and me had left him, Mr. Esden went back alone. My man tells me that he came out again ten minutes after, looking as if he'd got the horrors. I was in his chambers yesterday morning, and I wrote that out of a common penny bottle of watered ink as stood upon his mantelpiece.' He handed his draft of the advertisement to Elphinstone. 'If you'll compare that, sir, with the

"Grieving Father's" letter, you'll find as that's the ink it's wrote in. One thing more: the tool the job was done with was tried on the sitting-room door in Mr. Esden's chambers. I saw the mark yesterday, and it corresponds exactly.'

'Great Heaven!' groaned Arnold, suddenly. 'I remember! There is some horrible conjunction of circumstances here. Wyncott will explain it all.'

'You remember?' said Elphinstone. 'What do you remember?'

'The broken door in Wyncott's room,' Arnold answered. 'The lock was shattered. He began to tell me, laughingly, of a droll souvenir from a client in connection with it, but he was interrupted twice, and never finished the story.'

'When was that, sir?' asked Prickett.

'It was the day,' said Arnold, turning upon Elphinstone, 'on which he received my aunt's invitation to spend the vacation down here.'

'Then it was the day after the trial of the man Gale,' said Elphinstone. His white face went still paler as he spoke.

'The tool was Gale's make, sir,' said Prickett, 'and it might have got into Mr. Esden's hands quite innocent that way.'

'Wyncott can explain everything,' cried Arnold, with a sick sinking at his heart which belied the courage of his words. 'There is only one thing to be done. It is intolerable that a man of honour should rest for an hour under such a suspicion as this. We will go to town and see him and hear his story.'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Prickett, 'but that won't do. There's the question of the stolen property. One of the things is to get Miss Pharr's jewels back. You must understand, gentlemen, that when Mr. Wyncott Esden went into this thing he went into it alone. He was probably tempted of a sudden, because if he'd meant to do it when he got the tool he'd be altogether too fly and clever to try it on his own door, where anybody might see the traces. It's as plain as paint as it was done for the reward, and it's as like as not, it's liker than not, that he'd have it in his mind to restore the reward, anonymous, when he'd pulled round. That's how I read the case, at least. But now, gentlemen, Reuben Gale is in the business. Reuben Gale has got the young gentleman under his thumb, and when any gentleman has been tempted into crime and finds himself matched with a confederate like Reuben Gale, he gets the seven-leagued boot on. There's no more desperate criminal in London, gentlemen, and if you'll wait this out you'll see what it means. I should bet a million to one, if I had got

the money, that Reuben means to have the jewels and stick to the reward as well. Mr. Esden isn't such a fool as to have the stolen property about him. If you get at him now you'll close his mouth, and if you'll leave it to me we'll have money and jewels both back again.'

'I won't believe this hideous story,' broke in Arnold. 'I have read of cases which looked as black, or blacker, where the accused man's innocence shone out at the end as clear as daylight.'

'That has happened, gentlemen, no doubt,' said Prickett, 'and of course it may happen here. I should be very glad to see it happen, but it'll come out by waiting, and by waiting only for a day or two. In the meantime, gentlemen, suppose it turns out as I believe, I should like to have my instructions straight and clear beforehand. Suppose it becomes my duty to arrest Mr. Wyncott Esden, what am I to do?'

'Surely,' gasped Elphinstone, 'that doesn't depend on us?' He seemed to see a gleam of hope.

'Nobody is compelled,' Prickett answered, 'to give a criminal in charge. You can take a man in the act, and let him go, if you're inclined to be merciful and want to hush the thing up. Anything short of murder can be kept quiet.'

'Then for Heaven's sake,' said Elphinstone, 'if the thing's anything more than a nightmare, keep it quiet.'

'Will you undertake, sir, to get me them instructions from Miss Pharr?'

'You know, in any case,' Elphinstone returned, 'that Miss Pharr is willing rather to pay a thousand pounds than have a prosecution. How much more willing is she likely to be if it turns out that a personal friend—a man she trusted—a gentleman—oh Lord! it's just too horrible for belief.'

'For Heaven's sake, Prickett,' Arnold besought the man in a passion of entreaty, 'don't make it necessary for us to assail Miss Pharr's ears with this terrible suspicion.'

'I was Miss Pharr's guardian,' said Elphinstone, tremulously, 'until a year ago. She has been like my own child this eighteen years. I wouldn't break her heart with such an infamy if I could save her from it by spending every penny I have in the world. Go and give the villain his cheque, and tell him the whole thing's known, and bid him fly.'

'That'd be all right, sir, if Gale wern't in it. But Gale is in it, and we can't tell where the stones have got to. We shall have to wait and nail them, sir, when we've proved complicity beyond

a doubt. I think, sir, considering all the circumstances, that I can undertake to keep it quiet if you two gentlemen give me your authority alone.'

'You speak,' said Arnold, with a manner half wrathful, half despairing, as he turned on Elphinstone, 'as if this mere chain of suspicion were as fast forged as truth could make it.'

'Ma dear lad,' said Elphinstone, 'I don't know what to think. God help us all! I'm afraid—sore, sore afraid! Everything seems to point one way. I can't forget how I saw him racing hither and thither in the moonlight. Was he searching for the lost half of that tool?'

'That's how I read it, sir,' said Prickett. 'I wouldn't go back to the house just yet awhile, gentlemen,' he added. 'You'll try to be as natural with the ladies as you can, of course. They won't get nothing out of me, I'm sure. I've got a letter from Mr. Esden asking for the cheque; he gave it me this morning. I'll go up and present it, and get back to town.'

'Is it necessary,' Arnold demanded, 'to go on with that abominable comedy?'

'That's just what it is, ain't it, sir?' Prickett answered sympathetically. 'It's got to be gone on with all the same.'

He took his leave there, and the two gentlemen stayed behind, wondering and horror-stricken. When at length they dared to make up their minds to return they were still shaken, and Elphinstone was in actual need of support for the first hundred yards or so. But he feared so much lest his broken aspect should excite comment and conjecture that his dread actually seemed to strengthen him, and by the time he had reached the gate he was almost himself again.

'Come up with me to my room, lad,' he said, 'and sit with me awhile. I've need of society, and I dare not face the others.'

They ascended the stairs and locked themselves in in the old man's disordered workroom.

'I mounted that this morning,' said the Doctor, touching with a tremulous white finger a photograph which lay beside him. 'D'ye mind it? It was taken at the very time when that sinful deed was a-doing. We little thought as we stood happy and laughing there that that poor fool, God forgive him, was handing over his soul to auld Horns.'

'I won't believe it,' said Arnold, gloomily, 'until I know. I won't permit myself even to doubt Wyncott's honour. I know him better'

His brave words were worth nothing to him, and his struggles with his own inward certainty were vain. He took the photograph mechanically in his hands, and stared at it almost without seeing it, and his soul was bitter within him. A great monocle which the old gentleman used for the critical examination of his work lay near at hand. He took it up in a miserable vacancy, and toyed with it. He looked at the photograph through it, with that interest in trifles which men feel in the supreme blind misery of a great shock. On a sudden he rose with a loud sharp cry, and Elphinstone looking up saw him swaying to and fro as if he were about to fall. The old man sprang to his feet and sustained him, and Arnold guided by the helpful hands sat down again like one dazed.

‘What is it?’ asked the Doctor, anxiously.

Arnold’s eyes had suddenly gone haggard. He turned them with an unforgettable look upon the old man, and answered in a voice of shocking unconcern,—

‘It’s all over. His face is there. Behind the rhododendrons.’

Elphinstone’s shaking hands clutched the glass and the photograph, and he half stumbled across the room to the window. For a little while he shook so that the swaying glass and trembling picture showed him nothing. But in a while he braced himself for the search, and found fixed there by a witness no less certain than the sun itself, the face of Wyncott Esden, full of stealth and guilt and fear.

He looked up, meeting Arnold’s glance, and the two stared at each other hopelessly.

XV.

The relief afforded to the Wootton Hill household by the arrival of Wyncott Esden’s letter extended its influences to the maid Grainger. Prickett, turning things over in that shrewd mind of his and reconstructing the living, breathing crime from the few dry bones of evidence in his possession, like a moral Cuvier, still had his suspicion of her as being in some sense the criminal’s accomplice. Her fellows of the household looked darkly on her, and even in her first need of service had attended her unwillingly. It was not unnatural that a set of ignorant domestics should look upon her loss of speech as a mere impudent ruse to avoid questioning. To their minds, as in the minds of more instructed people, agitation was a sign of guilt. A skilled practitioner at the keyhole carried the news of the proximate recovery

of the jewels into the domestic quarter, and the public mind there grew easier about Grainger, more lenient and less disposed to suspicion.

The girl herself felt this change in the moral atmosphere, but found no relief in that of itself. The lightening of her burthen came with the discovery that her fellow domestics had ceased to watch her. Being strong and healthy, and of a resolute character, she had sufficiently recovered from the physical shock of her fall to proffer a renewal of her duties within eight-and-forty hours. Her mistress had repulsed her offer with sufficient gentleness. Grainger evidently understood with perfect clearness everything that was spoken in her presence, but her own inability to answer cost her acute anguish, and her unavailing attempts to speak resulted often in bursts of bitter weeping. The very character of her malady might have seemed to explain these rages of grief in a woman of vivacious temperament, but Elphinstone was a good deal puzzled by them, and watched the case with interest.

She sat in the servants' room a few minutes after Prickett's departure from the house. The practitioner of the keyhole, without giving herself the pains of revealing the source of information, told her interested she-comrades how that Mr. Wyncott Esden was in correspondence with the thief, that Prickett had received a cheque for a thousand pounds to hand to him, and that the stolen property was to be brought back again. Hearing this, Grainger wrung her hands together hard and, rising, walked from the room, red-eyed and pale. She went to her own bedchamber, and kneeling there in an attitude of complete abandonment, with her arms thrown at full length across the chest which held her few belongings, cried without control, her whole figure writhing and shaking with the extremity of her mental pain. This paroxysm over she rose in a wretched quiet, washed her eyes with fair water, and stood looking out upon the peaceful country which lay stretched before her. She rested there for a considerable time, until, stung by a new access of grief, she knitted her fingers together with a groan.

'Merciful Heaven, what shall I do? What can I do?'

Had she spoken? Had her thought grown articulate again? She stood amazed and almost terror-stricken, and her own voice still seemed to linger in her ear, distinctly syllabled. She seized a summer mantle of black lace and hurriedly adjusted it about her shoulders, tied on her bonnet with fingers so tremulous that she could scarce command them, drew on her gloves, assured herself

that her meagre purse was in her pocket, and having done all this with a feverish, self-hindering haste, stole from the room with a forced air of languor, and went slowly down the stairs. She passed from the house, walked lingeringly along the skirt of the rear lawn, and rounding the line of rhododendrons slipped through that wicket gate over which Prickett had leaned at the beginning of his moonlight search. She was all on fire with impatience, and would in spite of feebleness have run as if for life, but for her terror of being seen and stayed.

The landscape lay at peace, the broad trees sleeping on their own shadow in the hot sunlight, and the road dazzling to her dazzled senses. The world seemed so silent and so wide and solitary that a fear weighed upon her like that of the waste night. She might have been a prisoner for a year, familiar spaces had grown so vast, and she felt so alone and so unaccustomed to be free.

Suddenly a burst of childish chatter greeted her ears, and round the bend in the road came half a dozen village children romping one with another. One sturdy solemn urchin of four or thereabouts walked bareheaded in the rear, intent upon a stick of liquorice, solemn and phlegmatic as an old man. The others danced out of sight, and Grainger, dropping on one knee, regardless of the dust, reached out her hands to the child with a suppressed but passionate longing in her face.

‘Come to me, darling, won’t you?’

Had she really spoken? She could not tell. The child looked at her with an Oriental gravity and made no answer.

‘Dear little boy, do come to me. Won’t you, dear? Won’t you?’

‘Noa!’ said the child, ‘I ’on’t.’

The girl sprang to her feet and clasped her hands.

‘Thank God!’ she said, ‘thank God!’

The child went on unmoved, as if she were commonplace in his experience. She dared to quicken her pace a little now, and, making for the railway station, saw far off the steam of an approaching train, slow with distance. Looking fearfully round, and seeing nobody who recognised her or was known to her, she went on with a step more and more hurried. The booking-office was open, and she stood before it in such a terror lest her recovered power should again have slipped from her that she was unable to form the words she sought for even in her mind. A rustic hustled her aside, and demanded a third-class return ticket

for London. Those were the words she wanted. She feared to lose them again, and repeated them under her breath whilst the man slowly counted his change. She asked for her ticket, and was understood and served. Then she waited on the platform till the train came up, and entered a third-class compartment in which one cleanly, apple-cheeked old countrywoman sat alone.

The local train ploughed its slow way townwards, lounging idly through open fields or flower-strewn cuttings, and pausing at every station. Again and again the girl turned to address her fellow traveller, and froze at the fear that she could but produce an inarticulate sound. At last fear itself spurred her, and she spoke timidly.

‘A beautiful day, ma’am.’

The only response was a stare, and Grainger fell back in her seat with knitted hands and terror-stricken countenance.

‘Eh?’ said the old woman.

‘A beautiful day, ma’am,’ Grainger repeated desperately, uncertain whether she really spoke the words.

‘Speak up,’ the old woman answered, ‘I’m a bit hard of hearing.’

Grainger spoke again in a louder tone, and the old woman sent a momentary chill to her heart by staring harder at her than before.

‘Beautiful day!’ said the old woman. ‘And, lawk a-mussy me! what’s that to make a fuss about?’ she muttered in her own corner after this, and cast suspicious glances at her travelling companion.

‘Please don’t be afraid of me,’ said Grainger, leaning towards her. ‘Can you hear me?’

‘Law bless us! Hear you? Yes.’

‘I had an accident,’ the girl said with outwardly subdued intensity. ‘It took my speech away. I am not certain if it is back again. I have something so important—oh, so important—to say in London, and I am afraid that I may not be able to say it.’

‘Is that it, poor dear creetur?’ said the old woman reassured, and growing motherly and sympathetic on the instant. ‘Don’t you werrit. Your speech is as plain and right as ever it needs to be. You keep quiet and you’ll be all right, my dear.’

The girl leaned back with a sudden gush of silent tears, and thence up to London she and her companion talked at intervals. Arrived at Ludgate Hill she alighted, and made her way hastily to the Temple. She mounted the long flight of stairs which led

to Wyncott Esden's chambers there, and, having knocked at the door, stood panting, with both hands above her heart.

Esden opened the door, and confronted her with a look of wonder. His left eye was still discoloured from his attack of neuralgia and toothache, and what with that and his strange look of sleeplessness, his face bore so unusual an aspect that it frightened her.

'You here!' he said gruffly, 'what brings you here?'

She stood panting for a second or two in silence, and he made a motion as if he would have closed the door, but at that she darted into the passage, and seized his arm with both hands.

'God has given me back my speech again,' she said, 'and I have come to warn you.'

'To warn me?' he answered, changing colour ever so little. 'I suppose I should be grateful for the interest that would seem to express, but, upon my soul, I don't know what you've got to warn *me* about.'

Her wild eyes scared him, and he avoided them. She slipped one hand backwards to the door and flung it to. The other hand still rested on his arm, and shook so that it communicated its own strong tremor to him.

'Wyncott,' she said in a dreadful whisper, 'I saw you leave the room.'

He fell back so swiftly that his head came into sharp contact with the wall.

'The room! What room? Are you mad?'

'Miss Pharr's room,' she answered. 'I saw you with the morocco case.'

He tried to answer, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could find neither thoughts nor words. She was clinging to him with both hands again, and her awful avowal once made, she let her face fall forward on her hands and wept. They stood so for a long time—how long neither of them could have told, and at the last he made a motion to leave the little hall. She freed him at once and followed him into the sitting-room. He sank there on to the sofa and sat with averted face, staring blindly out of the window, and, except for the girl's sobbing, there was silence. The ruin was the ruin of an empire, the stillness the stillness of a desert, and he alone survived some mad catastrophe of fate to listen to that lonely noise of mourning. Well, it was no affair of his. Frankly, he cared nothing.

She stole towards him step by step, and suddenly falling upon

her knees, she took the hand which hung nervelessly beside him.

'Wyncott,' she said brokenly, 'a gentleman—a man of honour—'

She could say no more for tears, but the words pierced him to the soul. Their sting woke him into life and consciousness, and he started wildly up and went pacing to and fro about the room like a madman. She knelt awhile where he had left her, and then rising up suddenly as he had done, confronted him anew, and clung to him with passionate beseechings.

'You will send them back—the cheque as well! You will be honest—you will be honourable! Oh, my heart, my heart! I loved you so I would have died for you! Nobody knows—nobody shall ever know, but you will send them back! You will be honest! You never meant it, dear; you were tried hard, I know you must have been! The devil tempted you!'

She held to him and fawned upon him, and smiled with a piteous beseeching. Heart-breaking little womanly wiles found their way into face and voice and gesture, and he stood silent before her with bent head, dumb with shame and overwhelmed.

'I can't,' he groaned at last, 'I can't.'

'You can, dear! To be honest!' She tried with that heart-breaking smile to catch his eye, to lure him to his own soul's safety.

'I can't,' he said again, 'I'm tied—bound hand and foot. I'm in the hands of the cursedest villain in the world.'

He broke into execrations so horrible that for a while he frightened her, cursing Gale from head to foot and from skin to soul. This mad outbreak eased him, and when it had died down to a wrathful silence, he dropped into an arm-chair. She, with recovered courage, was stealing once more towards him when he turned upon her with a forced calm and spoke.

'Sit down. You know part of it, you shall know the rest.'

He told his story, not extenuating anything, but rather taking a miserable pleasure in his shame, as in old times those would do who were supposed to be possessed. He related dryly the story of his defence of Reuben Gale, that scoundrel's gratitude, the curious souvenir he gave, his own indebtedness, J. P.'s importunities, the advent of the wealthy friend in London, that tragic missing of the friend, his chance passing by of the Wootton Hill station, his alighting at Hemsleigh, his discovery that the house was apparently empty, the sudden temptation that assailed him, his

yielding to it, his enforced visit to Gale, his bargain with him, and so on to the second theft of the jewels.

His hearer listened wide-eyed and quite silent save for a sob now and then until he came to this. Then with a little cry of fear and pity she slipped from the seat and knelt beside him, letting her forehead fall upon his knee and searching for his hand. He gave it her and went on dryly, with no sign of being moved at all, except that once or twice there was a harsh sound of ticking in his throat, as if some mechanism were obstructed there.

'Gale came that night,' he said, 'to this room, and told me that he meant to have the jewels and the reward as well, and we are to divide them both between us.'

'No,' she said, drawing his hand between her own face and his knee, and resting her hot wet cheek upon it. The voice was tired and fond, and seemed to express a surety that she had saved him, and that the projected crime was done with.

'I am to meet him,' he went on, 'in a ramshackle old house he has the key of, a condemned, deserted place, to-morrow night, pretending that I am going to pay the thief his price and to get back the jewels. I am to give the detective the address in a closed envelope, and if I do not come back in an hour, he is to look for me. He will find me tied and gagged, and the money will be gone. I am to have my clothes torn and the rest of it, and I am to say that I was set upon by three or four villains in the dark, and served in that way. 'Then,' he concluded, with no change of tone, 'if it's twenty years hence, I suppose I am to murder Reuben Gale.'

'You won't do it, Wyncott,' she said, in the same tired and tender tone, still resting her face upon his hand.

'Yes,' he answered, 'I shall do it, but I shall have the black-guard's life for it.'

'You can't do it with me there, Wyncott,' said the girl, 'and I shan't leave you unless you kill me too. I came to save you, dear, and I shall do it. God gave me back my speech on purpose. I shall have the right to love you in my way, and how could I if you were to do this thing? Think of it, dear. If you break clear of him and tell the truth, you can be happy almost in a day. Why, anybody may be tempted, darling. Bring back your self-respect again. A little shame to pay so great a shame—an hour to pay a lifetime, Wyncott.'

In the renewed eagerness of her prayers she had arisen, and

now bent above him with both arms round his neck, vainly striving to look into his face.

‘Think of it, Wyncott dear. Even if I didn’t know of it. If nobody knew. To be tied for life to such a wretch as that. Always to know that he had beaten you and frightened you.’

At that Wyncott Esden rose, slowly and strongly, and put her hands away from him.

‘Thank you, Polly,’ he said, ‘that will do. I’ll tell the truth and shame the devil, and Reuben Gale shall find that I’m a dangerous catspaw.’

(To be continued.)

At the Sign of the Ship.

SAILORS' songs appear to be the mode at present, and it is rather a pity that Miss Smith's *Music of the Waters* has not been, if one may say so, more scientifically compiled. The subject, to be sure, is arduous, especially for a lady, and a collector should have much experience in discerning traditional and truly popular songs from modern attempts and from the ditties of the music hall. Somehow or other a piece from Mr. Henley's *Book of Verses* has got into the volume, and has deceived the very elect. But Mr. Henley was aided, as he acknowledges, by a traditional refrain, and by one verse derived from tradition out of four. The result is charming, as in the song in 'Rokeby,' where Scott uses the old refrain:—

Adieu for evermore,
My dear,
Adieu for evermore.

Sir Walter says Mr. Thomas Sheridan procured for him the whole of that song, which has been attributed to Captain Ogilvie, and is now assigned to Burns. So difficult it is, often, to discover the true authorship of poetry which has won its way to the popular.

* * *

Miss Smith's book, I think, does not include the following verses, two variants of which have been taken down from the mouths of sailors in widely remote parts of the country. Something resembling a memory of the music to which they are sung may be heard in a duet 'The Merry Man and His Maid' of 'The Yeoman of the Guard,' so I am told, but in matter of music one would not offer an opinion. It is the *words* that appear so strange and ancient, containing, perhaps, a rude *memoria technica* of Catholic doctrine, or even something older than that, a reverberation from Celtic legend. One of the variants is from Cornwall, and the numbers, the mystery, 'the ferryman in the boat and one of them

a stranger,' bring to memory the vague traditional murmurs of the Welsh *Mabinogion*. Here are the verses, at all events, and any explanation of the song, or any fresh version of it, will be welcome.

I.

(Cornish.)

Come and I will sing you !
 What will ye sing me ?
 I will sing you one, oh !
 What is your one ? oh !

Repeat. Your 1 is all alone and ever must remain so.
 2 are lilywhite maids clothed all in green, oh !
 3 are the 3 bright shiners.
 4 are the Gospel makers.
 5 are the ferrymen in the boat and one of them a stranger.
 6 is the cheerful waiter.
 7 are the 7 stars in the sky.
 8 are 8 Archangels.
 9 are 9 bold rainers.
 10 are the Commandments.
 11 are 11 that went to heaven.
 12 are the 12 Apostles.

Explanation.

Supposed to be a survival of some creed taught by priests to sailors in a form easy to remember.

1 = 1 God.
 2 = Our Lord and St. John Baptist.
 3 = The Trinity.
 4 = The Evangelists.
 5 = The five wounds—one in the side.
 6 = Tearful Mater. 'Mater Dolorosa.'
 7 = 7 stars round her head.
 8 = 8 Archangels.
 9 = 9 months from Annunciation to Nativity.
 10 = 10 Commandments.
 11 = 11 Apostles without Judas.
 12 = 12 Apostles.¹

¹ Version (1886) sung by Cornish boatmen.

II.

Come and I will sing you !
 What will you sing me ?
 I will sing your one, oh !
 What is your one ? oh !

Repeat. Your 1 is all alone and ever must remain so.
 2 for the white boys clothed all in green, oh !
 3 for the 3 great Rivals.
 4 for the Gospel makers.
 5 for the symbols at your call.
 6 for the cheerful waiter.
 7 for the 7 stars in the sky.
 8 for the 8 bold rainers.
 9 for the 9 bright shiners.
 10 for the 10 Commandments.
 11 for the 11 that went to Heaven.
 12 for the 12 Apostles.¹

There is a theory that this ditty is 'a survival of some creed taught by priests to sailors in a form easy to remember.' Whatever the original meaning, much has obviously been lost, and pure nonsense of similar sound (like 'Our father hollering down the lane' in the child's version of the *Pater Noster*) has been substituted. The explanation takes 1 for the Deity, 2 for Our Lord and St. John the Baptist, which certainly does not fit the Cornish version, 3 for the Trinity, though 'The Three Great Rivals' is a most unorthodox and almost incredible expression. The Evangelists are obviously 4. It is almost impossible to take the 'ferryman in the boat and one of them a stranger,' or 'symbols at your call,' for the 'wounds of the Crucifixion,' but this theory has been hazarded. It is ingenious, but futile I think, to recognise in 6 'the cheerful waiter'—'the tearful Mater'—*Mater Dolorosa*. As for 7, it is plainly 'the planets seven ;' but are the 8 'bold rainers' (reigners ?) the Archangels ? I am baffled by 9 'bright shiners,' but the remaining three are easy, the 10 Commandments, the 11 Apostles without Judas, and the 12 Apostles after adding one to their number.

* * *

If the numerical song be mystic, that which follows is too severely practical. In an unpublished play by Mr. Henley and

¹ Milner's version, January 1888.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson, a play called *Admiral Guinea*, that veteran ruffian, Mr. Pew, of *Treasure Island*, makes his appearance. He has been a sailor of Admiral Guinea's, in the slave trade, and he haunts the evangelical and remorseful Admiral like an evil conscience, chanting snatches of the following Slaver's Song. Mr. Henley has kindly copied out the whole piece, which was published in Mr. Leland's 'Captain Jonas Fisher,' in *Temple Bar*, about fourteen years ago. Whether the ballad is traditional, and collected by Mr. Leland, or whether to himself is due the great credit of the authorship, I am not aware. Here are the words:—

TIME FOR US TO GO.

With sails let fall, and sheeted home, and clear of the ground
 were we,
 We passed the bank, stood round the light, and sailed away to
 sea;
 The wind was fair, and the coast was clear, and the brig was
 noways slow,
 For she was built in Baltimore, and 'twas time for us to go.

Time for us to go,
 Time for us to go,
 For she was built in Baltimore, and 'twas time for us to go.

A quick run to the West we had, and, when we made the Bight,
 We kept the offing all day long, and crossed the bar at night.
 Six hundred niggers in the hold and seventy we did stow,
 And when we'd clapped the hatches on, 'twas time for us to go.

We hadn't been three days at sea before we saw a sail,
 So we clapped on every stitch we'd stand, although it blew a
 gale,
 And we walked along full fourteen knots, for the barkie she
 did know,
 As well as ever a soul on board, 'twas time for us to go.

We carried away the royal yards, and the stuns'le boom was gone,
 Says the Skipper, 'They may go, or stand; I'm darned if I don't
 crack on.
 So the weather braces we'll round in, and the try's'le set also,
 And we'll keep the brig three p'int's away, for it's time for us
 to go.'

O, yardarm under she did plunge in the trough of the deep seas ;
 And her masts they thrashed about like whips, as she bowled
 before the breeze ;
 And every yard it buckled up like to a bending bow ;
 But her spars were tough as whalebone, and 'twas time for us
 to go.

We dropped the cruiser in the night, and our cargo landed we,
 And ashore we went, with our pockets full of dollars on the spree.
 And when the liquor it is out, and the locker it is low,
 Then to sea again in the ebony trade 'twill be time for us to go.

Time for us to go,

Time for us to go,

Then to sea again in the ebony trade 'twill be time for us to go.

What a jovial unscrupulous blackguard the singer is, and how little does he trouble his conscience with the 'niggers' he is exploiting and the sensations under hatches which are theirs ! This is the song Pew was singing, when it was time for *him* to go, for he dies twice, like Hesiod of Ascra.

* . *

It has nothing in the world to do with sea-songs, but I cannot help lugging in the following anecdote of a coincidence. For a purpose which, as the poet says,

Is neither here

Nor there !

I once needed a Greek character who had expired, visited Hades, and returned again. The idea was (and perhaps is) to tell in verse the stories of the Greek women whom Odysseus saw in Hades, to put their tales into their own mouths, and to have them reported by a visitor to the land of shadows. Now Hesiod wrote a lost poem on these ladies, 'The Catalogue of the Women,' so I made *him* die once, return to life, and die again. Conceive one's astonishment on finding that Hesiod actually *did* this, and that one had plagiarised from Fact ! The story is gathered from an epigram attributed to Pindar, and given in Proclus's *Life of Hesiod* :—

χαῖρε δις ἡβήσας καὶ δις τάφου ἀντιβολήσας,
 'Hsiod', ἀνθρώποις μέτρον ἔχων σοφίας.

'Hail to thee that twice wert young, twice reached the tomb,
 Hesiod . . .'

The odds against the mere modern guess having a basis in ancient legend were enormous, but they were 'brought off.' However, to return to the sea-songs.

* * *

The next sea-song came to us from the sea in an envelope with the post-mark 'Taiohae Taiti, 21 Août, '88.' The handwriting of the address appears to be that of the redoubted Viking who sailed in John Silver's crew, who winged the *Black Arrow*, and who wandered in the heather with Alan Breck. *Aut Robertus Ludovicus aut Diabolus* sent the song, I presume, but whether he really heard it sung at Rotherhithe, or whether he is the builder of the lofty rhyme, is between himself and his conscience.

* * *

THE FINE PACIFIC ISLANDS.

(Heard in a public-house at Rotherhithe.)

The jolly English Yellowboy
 Is a 'ansome coin when new,
 The Yankee Double-eagle
 Is large enough for two.
 O, these may do for seaport towns,
 For cities these may do ;
 But the dibbs that takes the Hislands
 Are the dollars of Peru :
 O, the fine Pacific Hislands,
 O, the dollars of Peru !

It's there we buy the cocoanuts
 Mast 'eaded in the blue ;
 It's there we trap the lasses
 All awaiting for the crew ;
 It's there we buy the trader's rum
 What bores a seaman through . . .
 In the fine Pacific Hislands
 With the dollars of Peru :
 In the fine Pacific Hislands
 With the dollars of Peru !

Now, messmates, when my watch is up
 And I am quite broached to,
 I'll give a tip to 'Evving
 Of the 'ansome thing to do :

Let 'em just refit this sailor-man
 And launch him off anew
 To cruise among the Hislands
 Of the dollars of Peru :
 In the fine Pacific Hislands
 With the dollars of Peru !

* * *

If there are 'vague references' to 'Twas time for us to go,' in Mr. Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*, as Mr. Henley tells me, then I suppose Mr. Leland is not the author, unless, indeed, he worked up these references into the excellent song. The collector of sea songs is also referred, by the same authority, to Marryat's *Dog Fiend*, Snarleyow, for 'Port Admiral, You be d——d,' for 'Lord Love You,' and 'Our Cap'n stood on the Carronade,' 'the best sea-ditty ever made by anybody.' A volume of them, with the music, would be more valuable than most collections, for most collections are a weariness, above all to the luckless rhymers who are continually being dunned for contributions.

* * *

These are examples of the songs which help the roughest life to 'pass more easily,' like that of the Cyclops in Theocritus. One is reminded by the following verses of his remedy for sorrow in song. 'A light thing and a sweet, this medicine, yet hard it is to win,' says Theocritus, 'but this remedy he found, and sitting on a steep cliff looking seaward would he sing.' The author of the verses 'To my Violin' has far other troubles to forget than the love-lorn giant knew ; troubles of a life in every way impeded, by narrowness of circumstances, by sickness, and by an education which those have limited. But he 'has found the remedy' that the Sicilian knew, the consolation of art and of dreams—and of nature, though there is no 'steep cliff looking seaward' in his wintry little town, where the Gala meets the Tweed, and, unluckily, does not improve, with its polluted waters, those 'glittering and resolute streams' that the old Cromwellian fisher loved.

TO MY VIOLIN.

Come thou, my loved one, here !
 List to the heart's wild beat,
 Come with thy witching tone,
 To my weary heart and lone—
 Speak with thy voice so sweet !

There is none on earth like thee
Can still my troubled breast !
Into my soul so deep
Thy mystic whispers creep,
And soothe it into rest.

Then come, O loved one, now—
Whisper thy sweetest strain !
My heart is sore opprest,
Oh soothe it into rest—
And bring to me peace again !

Softly thy tender strain
Falls o'er this soul of mine
Stealing behind the veil,
Where words to reach would fail,
But not thy voice—not thine !

Ah no ! thy voice can pierce,
Where grief and care are rife !
Where Heaven and Hell oft meet,
Down in the heart's retreat—
Thy voice can calm the strife !

Calm thou the tumult wild,
That surged within my breast ;
With thy soft witching strains—
Fled are the weary pains,
And hushed my soul to rest !

THOMAS RAE.

* * *

In the flood of new books two little ones and good may have escaped the notice of readers who will enjoy either, or both. For a railway story, to beguile the way, few things have been so good, of late, as Mr. Conan Doyle's *Study in Scarlet*.¹ It is a shilling story about a murder, unluckily, for the horrors of recent months do not dispose one to take pleasure in the romance of assassinations. However, granting the subject, this is an extremely clever narrative, rich in surprises ; indeed I never was more surprised by any story than when it came to the cabman. To say more would be 'telling,' but one may admit that the weak place in the tale, as in most of Gaboriau's, is the explanation, the part of the story which gives the 'reason why' of the mystery. How-

¹ Ward and Lock.

ever, with this deduction, Mr. Conan Doyle comes nearer to the true Hugh Conway than any writer since the regretted death of the author of *Called Back*.

* * *

My other favourite is also a little book, but in verse: *Chess, a Christmas Masque*, by Mr. Louis Taylor.¹ The pieces on the board play and sing a Christmas masque, an epitome of all our sorrows, all the 'sad pageant of man's miseries'—the cruel struggle of modern industrial society. There is very great variety of versification, skilled as a rule, though with some patent blemishes; ² there is vigour, thought, and music; but, alas, where is the *φάρμακον* which the Cyclops found? where is the remedy and the answer? Perhaps it is rather a book to waken people who have not thought about certain matters, than a book for people who think of very little else. But it is original, it is powerful, and it is very prettily printed.

A. LANG.

¹ T. Fisher Unwin.

² 'Cross' rhymes with 'horse,'—a plagiarism from 'Banbury.' But Scott made 'hoarse' rhyme to 'cross.' He was reckless as a rhymers, and as a rider!

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions. Sums received after December 7 will be entered in the February number.

L. C. 10s. A. B. 5s. Bee 10s. Anonymous (stamps) 2s. 8d. M. A. S. P. 1l. F. J. E. 1l. S. A. A. 10l. Teragram 10s. Abs 5s. Edith 25s. M. A. M. 10s. Collected by A. K. L. 25s. A parcel of clothing anonymous. Penny subscription from employes of Messrs. Spottiswoode & Co. 3l. 18s. 2d.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,

39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

ONLY GENUINE.



ORIGINAL AND

IS
THE GREAT
SPECIFIC
FOR
CHOLERA.

COUGHES,
COLDS,
ASTHMA.
BRONCHITIS.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to. —See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, on dose generally sufficient.

Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHOEA." From SYMES & Co., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Simla. Jan. 5, 1880.

To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.
DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhoea and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhoea, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power.

We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike. —We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & CO., Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in

NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1ld., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURER, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Gt. Russell-st., W.C.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

MANSSION HOUSE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1762. The Oldest Life Office on the Mutual Principle in existence.

INVESTED FUNDS, £4,250,000.

LIFE ASSURANCE CONDUCTED AT THE LOWEST COST.

1. No Commission or Agency Fees.
2. Working Expenses under 3 per cent. of Annual Income.
3. The Whole of the Profits belong to the Assured.

Immediate Payment of Claims. Interim Bonuses. Full Surrender Values.

The Directors are extending their Business without incurring the expenses of Commission. They prefer to appeal direct to the Public, and invite all Persons about to Assure their Lives to examine the splendid Bonuses (see Table) in the EQUITABLE, and effect their Policies direct without the intervention of Agents.

SPECIMENS FROM BONUS TABLE FOR 1889.

Date of Policy.	Original Sum Assured.	Sum payable, including Additions.
1829	£1,000	£2,850
1839	£1,000	£2,400
1849	£1,000	£2,105
1859	£1,000	£1,775
1869	£1,000	£1,400

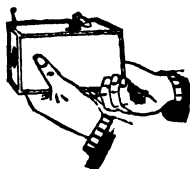
The Additions may be Surrendered for Cash or Reduction of Annual Premiums.

ARTHUR F. BURRIDGE, Actuary.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

Ask Your
GROCCER for
SAMPLE.

J. S. FRY & SONS, Bristol, London, and Sydney, N.S.W.



*The Kodak has been aptly
called a photographic Sketch Book.*

*It is a hand Camera weighing but
thirty-five ounces & makes one hundred pictures without
the necessity of dark room or Chemicals.*

*The Eastman Co. 115, Oxford Street,
W.*

VAN HOUTEN'S PURE Soluble COCOA

EASILY DIGESTED—MADE INSTANTLY.

BEST AND GOES FARTHEST.

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—'ADMIRABLE,' 'PERFECT,' and so PURE.
HEALTH.—Its PURITY is BEYOND QUESTION—ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.

C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, WEESP-HOLLAND.

Crosse & Blackwell's PREPARED SOUPS,

MOCK TURTLE, OX TAIL, HARE, GRAVY, &c.

ARE SOLD BY GROCERS IN PINT AND QUART TINS

Bearing CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S names in full on the labels.

SPOTTISWOODE & CO. PRINTERS, NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON.



No. LXXVI.]

Contents

[FEBRUARY 1889]

	PAGE
The Bell of St. Paul's. Part I: IV.—VI.	337
By WALTER BESANT	
Some Indian Fish	366
By C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.	
The Bachelor: a Study in Strained Sentiment.	377
By F. ANSTEV	
A Clandestine Correspondence	383
By FREDERICK BOYLE	
Studies of Elementary School Life (<i>concluded</i>)	401
By H. J. BARKER	
The Fairies' Cobbler	416
By GRAHAM R. TOMSON	
A Dangerous Catspaw. XVI.—XVIII. (<i>concluded</i>).	418
By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY MURRAY	
At the Sign of the Ship	439
By ANDREW LANG	

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row
and New York: 15 East 16th Street



LIGHT VERSUS DARKNESS.

'SHAKESPEARE, the Greatest Genius who has ever yet lived,' taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, of Perpetual Mercy, of Constant Patience, of Endless Peace, of Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show him!! 'I know him not!!' 'If he had appeared as a Divine, they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but God made him a Player.



'He taught that kindness is Nobler than Revenge!!'
The Rev. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The Deeds of Mercy.'

Shakspeare.

What higher aim can man attain
Than conquest over human pain?

JEOPARDY OF LIFE, THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream,
but not the Raging Torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as ENO'S FRUIT SALT, to check disease at the onset!!! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all Householders, Ship Captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' be your companion, for under any circumstances its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why, frequently without any warning you are suddenly seized with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c. &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end; it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand. The Pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is: 'I will wait and see; perhaps I shall be better to-morrow'; whereas had a supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely Death?

'I used my "FRUIT SALT" in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.'—J. C. ENO.

HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.

'During the Afghan War I verily believe Kandahar was won by us all taking up large supplies of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," and so arrived fit to overthrow half a dozen Ayub Khans.'

From 'MESS STORIES,' by G. W. Vase, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

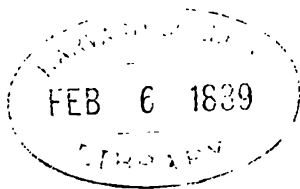
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

A CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE, SLUGGISH ACTION OF THE LIVER, SUPPRESSED GOUT, DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIOUS ATTACKS, &c.—SIMPLE AND UNIQUE.—A Gentleman writes: 'Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the "VEGETABLE MOTO," I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's "FRUIT SALT."—Yours gratefully, ONE WHO KNOWS.'

ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.



LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1889.

The Bell of St. Paul's.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART I.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ACADEMY.

ON entering the room where all these fine things were to be found, Laurence was instantly and mysteriously seized with the sense of having been in the place before. Now, seeing that he was born in Sydney and that he had never until now been in London, this was clearly impossible. Nor had he ever seen a picture or photograph of the room. Yet he had seen it before. Everybody knows, and has felt, this vague sensation; it is by some accepted as a proof of previous existence, or of the transmigration of souls. The least thing causes it; neuralgia is not more unaccountable: an unexpected word, a song, the sight of a flower, anything may bring it on. It is uncomfortable because it cannot be explained; and it is as unsatisfying as spirit-rapping, because it never leads to anything more. I mean that if one could actually remember when, how, with whom, and under what circumstances, the thing partly remembered actually happened on the previous occasion, most interesting additions to historical knowledge might be expected. As for instance—the flower which I now hold in my hand was once—we will say, five hundred years ago—given me by a Houri in the Gardens of the Old Man of the Mountain,

just half an hour before I jumped off the lofty Tower at his command and was swept up in fragments at the foot of it. How charming if one could recall the beauty of those gardens and the delights of those three days—all too short—spent in that mediæval Syrian Rosherville—the only genuine earthly Paradise ! But no : the memory refuses anything beyond the mere shred and rag of fact : it says, mysteriously, ‘This is not the first time,’ and says it with a snap—that and no more. In the case of this room, I believe that the sensation was caused by memory connecting what was before the eye with things read in books. For anyone who had read of interiors in the days of the Third George would at once perceive that here was a room which, in all but the mere perishable materials of carpet and curtain, preserved exactly the bourgeois parlour as it used to flourish under that benign sovereign. The windows were closed, though the evening was so bright and warm—windows in the days of the great George were always kept closed : there still lingered in the air—a survival of the Academy—a sense of scholarly tranquillity. The late Vicesimus Cottle himself might have been sitting in one of the two horsehair armchairs (where, indeed, he had sat every day for fifty years and more) discussing Moral Philosophy, selecting specimens, or manufacturing Maxims, for his ‘Practical Elocutionist.’ Perhaps the scholarly feeling was partly due to the presence of a large book-case filled with books. They were not, as anybody could see at a glance, the mere flimsy productions of modern writers : in fact, most of the volumes on the shelves had attained their tenth lustrum and some had achieved their century. They were bound in leather, as all books ought to be—the fragrant Russia, the serviceable Calf, or the polite Morocco. They had formed the Library of the two great scholars, father and son, who had successively conducted the Academy. Consequently they were chiefly classical works, English and the lighter literature being represented by Blair’s ‘Sermons’ and the ‘Pursuits of Literature.’ Since the decease of Mr. Vicesimus Cottle the books had remained altogether untouched. This is the strange, sad fate of books—such as escape the waste-paper man—at last to stand in rows upon the shelves, never more to be taken down, never more to be read, to do no longer good or harm, to be at last as much forgotten as their authors.

Everything in the room belonged to a Georgian, pre-æsthetic time. There was a sideboard highly polished, made of rosewood, three drawers on top, a cupboard on either side ; in the middle

was the home of the coal-scuttle—not a coal-box—and this was of copper burnished like unto fine red gold. The chairs were of the ancient kind, heavy, of polished mahogany, with slippery horsehair seats: there was a black horsehair sofa: an ancient clock ticked in one corner. On the sideboard stood a punch-bowl—yea, the very bowl in which the first Cottle, Academician, had brewed for his friends and on festive occasions many a jorum of steaming punch. Within it lay, now inactive, its silver ladle. On either hand stood candlesticks, two of silver and two brazen: and between them, in its tray of brass, the snuffers still lay, as in old time, ready for daily use. The table was spread for supper—it was a supper of bread and cheese—the plates were of the old willow pattern, and the beer was drawn in a Brown George, which made one think of country taverns, knee-breeches, and powdered hair. The two windows were furnished, besides their white blinds, with that now forgotten form of lower blind which only lingers in certain seaside places. One would expect to find it in the more ancient parts of Ramsgate, for instance. It consists of a frame set with green laths which may be turned in any direction by a kind of screw at the top. You can thus look out, yourself unseen, or you can shut out the view as you please. On the walls, which were wainscoted and painted drab, in panels, with a projecting dado, hung coloured prints in frames which had once been gilt: over the mantelshelf were samplers worked by feminine Cottles long since passed away; there were also certain works, once of the highest art, in wax, representing fruit and flowers; and in the middle hung one of those profile portraits common when the century was still young, executed with a pair of scissors in black paper, the hair, one eye, one ear (all that were visible), and the outline of the nostril indicated by fine touches of gold. The portrait represented an elderly gentleman, partially bald, with commanding features, a splendid lace shirtfront, and a double chin: a person of great dignity. It was the portrait of the first historical Cottle. Somehow, in contemplating this portrait one felt as if no mere modern photograph could possibly convey a more lifelike understanding of the man. The fireplace was of the lofty kind, with a serviceable hob and an open chimney, and before it stood a high brass fender of like date. Nothing, in short, had been changed in the room for sixty years at least: not wholly from a conservative attachment to old things, but partly from a tightness always chronic in the family which forbade any expenditure except such as was necessary to prevent the soul from leaving the body and going forth on inde-

pendent travel. The owner of the house, precise and prim, with his set lips and big nose, might have belonged to the same period and might have sat, himself, for the profile portrait taken opposite to Exeter Change. He looked, indeed, once this fancy possessed the mind, incomplete without the big lace shirt front. At one of the windows stood the two girls who had come straight down from heaven in an open boat and a cloud of glory. With them stood Oliver and another girl. Their voices, as they talked and laughed, were not out of keeping with the old fashion of the room. There were young people even when George the Third was king. Why should they not talk and laugh together? In the other window was a boy of sixteen, small for his age, and pale, who sat with his face in a book—not one from his grandfather's Library, but a novel—devouring, absorbed, not to be disturbed. A bookish boy of sixteen with a book in his hand is like a beast of prey over a carcase. Touch him—speak to him—disturb him—if you dare! Beside the empty fireplace, in one of the two horsehair armchairs, sat bolt upright, her hands crossed, an elderly lady dressed in black stuff with a widow's cap. She was so exactly like Mr. Cottle with her prim attitude, her slight figure, large head, thin lips, and goodly nose, that she was clearly his sister.

'Cornelia,' said Lucius, 'let me present to you our lodger, Mr. Laurence Waller. This, Mr. Waller, is my sister, Cornelia Sorby—a widow.' Then he whispered, behind his hand, 'In the Church.'

Laurence bowed. Bank Side grew continually more wonderful. In the Church! Was she, perhaps, the widow of a Dean, or an Archdeacon?

'I trust, young gentleman,' said the lady, severely, 'that your manners are orderly and that your hours are early. You are placed, remember, in the Best Bedroom.'

'We hesitated long,' her brother explained, 'before we put up the card in the window. We are a quiet household. Therefore we are afraid of introducing strangers to the house. We do not like things to be broken. The abuse of Hospitality, in the words of my father, is condemned even by the barbarian. The card was put up five years ago, after the death of Mr. Polter, Q.C.'—he sighed heavily—'but there are few passers-by in Bank Side, and no one has ever applied for the apartment except you. Therefore, we are naturally anxious.'

'You will find me both early and quiet.'

'Why,' Cornelia looked up sharply, 'I know that voice—surely—and I remember that face. Whose voice is it, Brother?'

'I do not know, Sister. Mr. Waller, we have another sister, Claudia—also widowed. This is her son Felix—Felix Laverock.' Laurence had not seen the young fellow who now shyly advanced from a dark corner and shook hands with him—a large-limbed lad of six feet two in height and twenty-one years of age. 'My nephew—Felix—in the City. My other sister, Claudia, is not, herself, in the Church. Yet she prophesies.' At this remarkable statement Felix Laverock blushed crimson and hung his head. 'We had a third sister,' Lucius continued, 'the eldest of the family, the unfortunate Julia. She married Mr. Norbery, of whom you may have heard.'

He spoke as if his sisters were known to all the world by their Christian names.

'And these,' he continued, 'are my children. Cassandra'—he indicated the girl who had been sitting in the stern of the boat—'is my eldest. Cassandra exercises the responsible duty of receiving the visitors at a photographer's in Cheapside. Flavia, my second, is in the Telegraph Department. My son, Sempronius, is still at the City of London School. We belong to a family of scholars, Mr. Waller, and though the Academy is closed for this generation at least, we keep up the connection by names taken from Classic sources. This young lady'—he indicated the other goddess of the sunset—'it would give me the greatest happiness to claim for a daughter. But I cannot. She is the daughter of Mr. Clement Indagine, whom you saw upon the Bank. Althea—permit me—Mr. Laurence Waller.'

The room was still full of the glowing light of the sunset, though now it was passing quickly into twilight. It seemed to the young man as if the girls had brought the glow with them from the west and that it still clung to their figures. Certainly there was sunshine in the face of Althea which seemed to lie there as if it were at home and meant to stay. 'If,' thought the young man, 'there are in Bank Side many such girls as this, it is an unknown country which deserves to be explored.'

The girl was of generous height and fair proportions, her figure rounded, her hands rather large—it would be a great artistic mistake if Nature, who, however, never makes such mistakes, and never frames her real models with any false proportions, were to give tiny hands to large, as well as to little, women: her comely head, which reached the height of five feet seven, was

crowned with light brown hair which curled about her head wherever the wind had blown it out: her ample cheek had the warm glow of health as well as the bloom of youth. Her blue eyes were soft and somewhat heavy, but not altogether of the pensive kind. She laughed as one who rejoiceth in her youth and beauty.

'Mr. Cottle,' she said, 'if you are not satisfied with Cassandra and Flavia, you are a very wicked and discontented man.'

'With all three,' Mr. Cottle replied, with the old-fashioned bow of one who pays a compliment, 'I should have been truly happy. With less than all, there is a void.'

She laughed again, put on her hat, nodded to everybody, and ran away. Oliver went with her, or after her. And Laurence observed that, at the departure of Mr. Oliver Luttrell, the other young man, Felix Laverock, assumed instantly a more cheerful air; that Cassandra, for her part, looked depressed; and that Flavia breathed a short sigh of satisfaction. These symptoms were not lost upon him. Also the show of *camaraderie* with which Oliver went off with the girl caused him a second pang, more severe than the first, of envy, hatred, and malice.

The two daughters of the house belonged to that very large class of London girls—the little woman. They were little in stature, and their shoulders were narrow: their features were little: their hands were very little. But Cassandra, the elder, was pretty as well as little. She was pretty, so to speak, all over: in the shape of her head, in the outline of her face, in her slight figure, in the curve of her chin, in the contour of her ear, and in her little well-shaped hands. She was extremely pretty. Her hair was of the commonest brown colour, but it suited her face and her comely head: her eyes were not particularly fine or unusual, but they were merry eyes: and her lips were laughing lips. Flavia, on the other hand, was also small but not in the least pretty. As is often observed in families, the sisters closely resembled each other, and yet one was pretty and one was plain. Flavia, like her father, was prim. She showed this quality, as he did, by her dress, which was neat and correct, and, as he did, by her manner and her speech. She also inherited a nose of more than usual magnitude.

'You have now seen our family,' said Mr. Cottle. 'We shall be glad of your company, for conversation, any evening before supper.'

He looked as if the Reception was concluded. In Australia, one would have been invited to supper as a matter of course. But

the custom of hospitality, in the days of George the Third, was not prevalent in the rank and station to which the Cottles belonged. Besides—which must be considered—where there is a necessity of small economies carried on to the third generation, one does not hastily ask people to eat and drink things which cost money.

‘Thank you,’ said Laurence. ‘With your permission I will go to my own room. You do not object to the smell of tobacco, I hope.’

There was a dead silence. Sempronius raised his book to hide his face. His sisters turned their heads. The widow tossed hers impatiently.

‘Permit me, Sister,’ said the Head of the Family, lifting his hand. ‘Our father, Vicesimus Cottle, would never during the whole of his life suffer the Sanctity of the Academy—he called it the Sanctity—to be profaned by the presence of tobacco. The habit of snuffing he deplored, but, he said, it was the vice of gentlemen: that of smoking he considered the vice of coal-heavers. During a hundred years this house has never known the smell of the weed except once’—he looked impressively at his son—‘once, I say, when a thoughtless boy introduced a cigarette. Before we placed the card in the window——’

‘Five years ago,’ said Cornelia. ‘After the death of Mr. Polter, Q.C.’

‘Oh! if you object to smoking——’ Laurence interposed.

Mr. Cottle again motioned with his hand ‘——we then discussed the subject in all its bearings. We agreed that if we received a lodger eligible in all other respects we would, if necessary, waive any further objections, within certain limits. It is now true that most young men take tobacco in some form. You may therefore smoke in your own room, Mr. Waller. We do not forget, also, that the Academy has now been closed for many years. Perhaps, if I may suggest, a seat near the open window—and—and—perhaps you will not be annoyed if we cough should the fumes pass through the doors of the chambers.’

Laurence laughed and retreated.

‘I remember his face and his voice,’ Cornelia repeated.

‘I like his face and I like his voice,’ said Cassandra. ‘And I hope we shall see a great deal of him.’

‘I dreamed of bees last night,’ Cornelia said thoughtfully. ‘That may mean profit. Then I dreamed of caterpillars, and that means change.’

‘He looks as if he will make a dreadful litter, and break things,’ said Flavia. ‘Father, shall we put away the punch bowl for fear?’

'I hope we have done wisely,' Mr. Cottle replied. 'He looks quiet, but, after all, he is a strange young man. And from Australia. One never knows. He may turn out to be a Drinking Digger. He may break quantities of things.'

'And we have given him the Best Bedroom,' said Cornelia, shivering.

'He cannot, my dear Sister, break the Best Bed. And after all he may be quiet. Let us hope that he is quiet. They told me in Lincoln's Inn Fields that he belongs to a most respectable family. I do hope that he will not break things. Yes, Flavia, carry the punch bowl to your own room. It is well to take precautions. He may brandish a cane. I do not think he can harm the candlesticks. And to-morrow I will lend him the "Elocutionist." We must remember, Sister, that he pays us thirty shillings a week: and at the present moment,' he sighed heavily, 'there is little doing. I should not be surprised if the screw—I mean—the Guarantee were lowered once more. One of the gentlemen in Chambers talks of going to Bombay, and another writes—actually writes—for the daily papers. Tries to carry it off with a laugh. But it is a poor pretence. It was not always thus with the Higher Branch. Not in such a spirit, Sempronius—remember—did Lord Eldon rise.'

CHAPTER V.

THE BEST BEDROOM.

THE lodger was placed, as he had been warned, in the Best Bedroom. Formerly, no family which respected itself was without a Best Bedroom. It was the National recognition of the Duty of Hospitality. But just as the tobacconist used to show outward respect for the Sunday by the single shutter, yet during that day carried on a roaring trade, so the establishment of the Best Bed acknowledged a virtue which was never practised. For no one ever occupied the Best Bedroom. Honest bourgeois folk, when, which was rarely, they did have a guest, put him in an inferior apartment. For a hundred years, ever since the opening of the Academy by the first Cottle, had this room been kept in readiness for the guest who was never expected and was never asked. It seems remarkable. Some customs linger in decay: this continued in its pristine vigour. One might have thought that a lumber room, an unused garret, even a cupboard, might have been set apart and labelled 'Best Bedroom' in deference to ancestral custom: anything would do for the phantom guest.

But no: the Law was plain: it must be carried out to the letter: and so the family were squeezed and packed together in obedience to the rule which demanded a Best Bedroom.

A vast four-poster with mahogany columns, a canopy with faded velvet fringe and heavy red curtains looped up, stood in the middle of the room. Lying in such a bed the sleeper might dream of Royal funerals and fancy himself lying in State. This conceit would naturally conduct his thoughts into a profitable field of meditation as edifying to the soul as Young's 'Night Thoughts.'

The rest of the room seemed only regarded as a case or big box for the holding of the Four Poster. There was a chest of drawers in mahogany; there were two chairs also of mahogany; a washing-stand; and on the walls hung two or three prints of an allegorical kind, such as 'Ignorance put to Flight by Resolution,' and 'Perseverance directed by Knowledge,' suggesting the severely moral atmosphere of an Academy. Laurence, in his ignorance, thought that this must have been formerly the bedroom of the late Vicesimus, and wondered how that reverend ghost would take the smell of tobacco. He was wrong: it had always been the Best Bedroom, and no one for a hundred years had ever slept in it. Between the colossal Bed and the window had been placed (by the fair hands of Flavia) a small table with a cover—only a flimsy modern thing with a common deal top, put there for the convenience of the lodger, who perhaps might wish to write letters. A pair of candles stood upon this table.

Laurence opened the window and looked out. The sunset glory had departed, and a tranquil twilight reigned. But the river was dark: there were no lights upon it or any movement: Bank Side itself, though it was not yet ten o'clock, was deserted. There came no sound of voices from the 'Watermen's Arms' close by. To outward view, a secluded spot and quiet. But cabs and carts rolled over Southwark Bridge; and engines whistled and trains rumbled continuously from the railway station beyond. Many places there are in London which have a secluded look and the appearance of a solemn calm. Bank Side on a summer evening is one. Or there is the Cathedral Close of Horselydown: or the Crescent, Minories: or the Garden Churchyard of St. George's, Ratcliff. They are quiet and undisturbed, but around them and outside them rolls the noisy River of Life which is never still.

Laurence lit the candles, sat down, and began the desecration of the Academy by the smoke of tobacco,

Presently he opened his pocket-book and drew out a letter.

'Now, my dear mother,' he said, 'we will read your letter again on the spot. It will be much more intelligible. Meantime, I have done already more than you desired. I am actually lodging with the people. My cousins, Lucius and Cornelia, little think that they are entertaining an angel.'

'My dearest Son,' the letter began. 'When you have seen the sights of London and been to all the gay places and are able to spare a little time, I wish you to find out for me what has become of certain people who at one time had a great deal to do with my life. Perhaps they are all dead; perhaps they are dispersed and lost sight of: but perhaps you will find some of them.

'Go, first of all, to a place on the south side of the river, called Bank Side. It is a poor and shabby place'—('Not at sunset, mother')—'on the river side, with factories, works, and wharves. There are, however, two or three private houses, and one of them on the west side of Southwark Bridge used to be the residence of my uncle Vicesimus Cottle, who kept a school there. I do not suppose that he is still living, because I speak of a time thirty years ago, but the house was his own, and perhaps some of his children live there still. He had one son, Lucius, and three daughters named Julia, Cornelia and Claudia——'

'Claudia, my dear mother,' said the reader, laying down the letter, 'is now in the Church. She is the widow of an Archdeacon or even a Bishop—she certainly wears an apron: Claudia is a Prophet: and Julia is the unfortunate Julia, now no more. Lucius is now in the Higher Branch of the Law—that is, a Barrister. Perhaps a Queen's Counsel, though why a Barrister should live at Bank Side—— However——'

'The eldest of my cousins was married to a certain Mr. Norbery, about whom I have to tell you a great deal. He was twenty years older than his wife. Of the three cousins Julia was my friend. The others regarded me with the affection that is generally bestowed upon poor relations, but Julia was really kind to me. Therefore, it was a great grief to me when she caught some kind of bad throat and died.

'My sister and I were the poor relations; though indeed there was not much wealth in the family. We were so poor that we had to leave school and go to work at a very early age. My sister was employed in a City shop where she made trimmings, and I presently became a daily dressmaker. That means that or a shilling a day and dinner and tea I went out to people's

houses and sewed for them. In some houses they were kind to me, I remember: but in many they tried to get as much work as they could for the smallest amount of food.'

'Mankind,' said the reader, out of his vast experience, 'are made up of beasts and humans. Mostly beasts.'

'Presently my sister heard of a good place in the country and went away. We wrote to each other for a year, and then my letters came back. And then I went away too, and so we quite lost sight of each other. And I know not what has become of my poor dear Florry, who was once so pretty and so bright. It is a hard thing, my son, to be a poor girl in England. My uncle, upon whom I called regularly on the first Sunday of every month, received me with stately condescension: my two cousins with the kind of warmth which comes from a sense of duty. How strange it is that, even now, with all our wealth and success—when I have my carriages and great houses and the people call me "my Lady," and we are far, far grander people than my cousins ever dreamed about—I still think of them as occupying a position so much higher in the world than my own. Tell me if their house on Bank Side proves overwhelming to you.' The reader looked about him and smiled. 'To me the house represented the highest possible gentility, and no one certainly could have had more dignity than my uncle Vicesimus.'

'Soon after Julia died Mr. Norbery greatly astonished me by asking if I would become his housekeeper. He said that I was no stranger to him: that I knew the ways of the house, and that he knew me for a careful girl and one who would not waste and lavish. He offered me sixteen pounds a year, with board and lodging. His offer seemed to open a door of release from my precarious way of living, and I willingly accepted it. For some unknown reason Cornelia and Claudia chose to be offended. They made me feel that they resented my taking their sister's place, though only as housekeeper: and they said so many unkind things that I left off going to the house and afterwards saw nothing more of my cousins.'

'Now, my son, please read carefully what follows, though it will not at first interest you. When you have read it you will understand what I want you to do, and why.'

'I knew very well, when I accepted Mr. Norbery's proposal, what he meant by his ways. It was no secret that his ways were niggardly. I knew that he was parsimonious in the highest degree. He would dole out the tea, weigh the bread and the meat, do the marketing: put the house on allowance of every-

thing—all this I knew very well—but at the worst he could not keep up a more thrifty way of life than I had been compelled to follow. Besides, I knew him to be a man who would not treat me with personal unkindness. Therefore, I accepted his offer and became his housekeeper.

‘My employer lived at a house in Southwark Bridge Road—I forget the number—but it was one of a row on the east side near Anchor Terrace. It was dingy, because the owner could never make up his mind to spend money in painting it. Within, the furniture was continually being changed, because he was always buying things and selling them at a profit. One day we would be sitting in the midst of the most beautiful and precious carved cabinets, tables, and chairs, and the next upon common chairs taken out of the kitchen with a deal table. And sometimes the walls would be hung with paintings, and at other times they would be quite bare.

‘There never was any man so friendless as Mr. Norbery. He had no friends: he seemed to have no acquaintances: he only knew other men by doing business with them. No one ever came to the house: he went nowhere. Some men go to taverns in the evening, for company. But Mr. Norbery sat at home every night, alone. He courted no society. Once I asked him if he had no relations. He hesitated awhile and then replied that he had none. Afterwards, however, I discovered that this was not true. He had relations, as you shall learn.

‘He was a money-lender, to begin with. That is to say, money, lending was his principal business. His house in the Southwark Bridge Road was, I suppose, a good central spot for such business. His clients were not young gentlemen of profligate habits, such as one reads of in novels, but the tradesmen of the Quarter. He knew them all and their private affairs: he knew what mortgages were on their houses or their stocks: what money they had borrowed, and who were behind them: if any of them gave a bill of sale he found it out: if one of them took to drink: if one began to haunt the tavern and the billiard room: if one began to bet upon races or to follow any kind of sport: if one had an extravagant wife, or a worthless son: if the business of one was falling off: if one was a fool and certain to cause his business to decay: he learned it, and traded to his own advantage on the knowledge.

‘He was not only a money-lender: he was always attending sales and auctions and buying things which he sold again: he was always looking out for people who had things of whose value they

were ignorant—pictures, furniture, china, plate, mirrors, books, anything. When he found such things he knew no rest until he had bought them—of course for a tenth part of their value. He had an agent, clerk, or servant, named Joseph Mayes, who was his jackal, and found out this and all other kinds of information for him—I think he got it from pot-boys, bailiffs, men in possession, marine-store dealers, and so forth, gathering it in the public-houses. He was a fellow of a jovial appearance, though as cold-hearted in reality as his master.

‘In short, as I now understand, Mr. Norbery’s whole business was to make money out of the necessities, weakness, folly, and wickedness of his fellow-men. It is not an honourable business, though men become rich by means of it. And, in the pursuit of that business, he knew no tenderness, sympathy, or compassion whatever. He exacted his bond.

‘His habits of life were uniform. In the morning he went out upon his affairs, and generally remained out until one o’clock. After dinner he sat in his office, which was the front room, until half-past eight in the evening, receiving his clients and transacting business with them. Hither came the unhappy man who hoped by the help of a loan to get clear of his difficulties: hither came the same man, later on, when he had discovered that he had tied a millstone about his neck. There was the widow who had borrowed money to pay her rent, and given a bill of sale upon her furniture for security: the tradesman who had mortgaged his stock: the clerk who wanted to renew his bill: the spendthrift who wanted to give a bill in exchange for money down:—they all came. At the opening of business nobody could be more friendly than Mr. Norbery: the thing was very simple: it could be arranged in ten minutes: terms of repayment would be easy. Later on, he became harder: he would explain quite clearly what would happen if the agreement was not carried out. I, who sat in the room behind at my work, could hear the poor creatures weeping and praying for time, or else, as sometimes happened, cursing the man who had made them sign that bond. Neither prayers nor curses moved him any more than they would have moved the rising tide.

‘After supper he had a pipe and a glass of brandy-and-water—his only extravagance—and sometimes he talked: always of his affairs and his wonderful cleverness in getting the better of somebody or other. I understand now, that in these conversations he tried to represent himself as he wished people to regard him, and

to think of him as a perfectly just man who wanted no more than the agreement entitled him to demand. I also understand, now, that he was always scheming and contriving to overreach and get the better of his neighbours.

'There was one part of his property—in fact, the most important part—of which he was continually telling me. First he would tell me how he acquired it, and this with so roundabout a story that it was easy to perceive that he was concealing some portions of his history and altering other portions. Evidently it was a story which might be told from another point of view. I also gathered that, in fact, it had been very differently told. It was property which should have belonged to a certain Sylvester Indagine——'

The reader here laid down the letter, the name naturally causing his thoughts to wander to the girl who came out of the boat. Then he remembered a certain fellow traveller. 'The Professor's name was Sylvester——' he said.

'—— Sylvester Indagine, but Mr. Norbery persuaded him into selling it. He owned that he persuaded him: but then, he explained, Sylvester Indagine was such a poor weak creature that somebody else would have persuaded him. He knew this, he admitted—that the property was bound to go up in value: the unfortunate owner did not know this. What then? He might have known: it was a matter of business: in business one buys and sells and makes profit by getting knowledge. Then, he had given a good price for the property—a much better price than some men would have offered. If Sylvester afterwards died in the Queen's Bench Prison, what had that sale to do with his death? And one evening he said a new thing. "As to what they said about my sister," he said, "that is rubbish. She was dead, and he owed me money. He owed me money." I did not then understand the words, but I remembered them—so that, as I said before, I found out that he had had relations. And this, I am certain, none of my cousins, not even his wife, ever knew.

'Another evening he told me that Sylvester Indagine's son was likely to go off in the same way as his father.

"There are two boys," he said: "Clement and Æneas. I don't know at this moment where Clement is. Æneas is in a solicitor's office. And I am afraid he has taken to billiards and drink—yes—to billiards and drink like his father."

'On several occasions he returned to this subject, so as to

show that he was watching this young man with interest. And I learned little by little that there was a small property coming to the sons of Sylvester Indagine, and that he hoped to get that property for himself. I confess that I felt a great pity for these young men, round whose feet I could see the snares were spread. But I never saw either of them.

'Now, one night, just before closing time, there was a loud and angry conversation in the office. Sitting in the back parlour with only a glass door of separation, I heard all that was said.

"What?" cried the speaker, "you thought to do for the son what you had already done for the father. You would persuade them into parting with the little property that is coming to them. You expected Æneas this very evening, and you have got the papers ready for him to sign. Well—he will not come."

"If he will not sell, Dr. Luttrell, how will he get out of his difficulties? I shall not give him any money."

"He has already got out of them. I am come to tell you that he has gone away."

"Oh! you have advised him to run away, have you, Sir? To run away!"

"At all events, he has run away. He knows now how you have bought up his debts, and why. And he has gone away out of your reach."

'Mr. Norbery said nothing.

"You!" The speaker was a certain Dr. Luttrell, who had recently settled to practise in the place. He was a young man and said to be clever. "You!"—I could feel that he was pointing his finger at Mr. Norbery—"you—to whom he should have looked for help and advice—have done your best to compass his destruction for the sake of a miserable house or two! The very stones are calling out upon you."

"I do not hear the voice of those stones. Say what you have to say, and go."

"You sent your own sister's husband—Æneas Indagine's father—to die in a Debtor's Prison—and now you are trying to rob your sister's sons!"

'He said more, but this was enough. Mr. Norbery, then, had relations. He had nephews. They were Clement and Æneas, the two sons of Sylvester Indagine, the man who had died in the Queen's Bench Prison, whose property he had acquired. And he was scheming to get from them whatever they had. There was never a harder-hearted man.'

'Dr. Luttrell'—said the reader. 'That was the man I saw to-night. And Clement Indagine was with him. Very well. If the old man is dead, it hardly looks as if he had left his wealth to his nephew.' He went on reading the letter.

'I was by this time engaged to your father: he was a boat-builder at Rotherhithe. I had not ventured to tell Mr. Norbery because I was afraid. I knew he wanted me to stay with him, and that he would be very angry. But my lover grew impatient and I had to tell him. First of all he fell into a great rage, and declared I was behaving with the grossest ingratitude. Next he fell to cajoling me, and after all sorts of flattering words he offered to double the wages if I would stay on with him. Lastly, he even offered to marry me. "There!" he said, "I will make you the richest woman in the Borough, and I hope that will satisfy you." He seemed amazed that any woman should refuse such an offer. When he understood that nothing could bribe me to give up my sweetheart, he became quite calm, and said in his driest manner—I remember the words as if it was yesterday—"Then, cousin Lucy"—he always called me cousin—"you leave my house in an hour. And now, listen. Six months ago I made my will. I must leave my money to someone, and I left it to you—all of it"—he groaned dismally—"the whole of it; all my beautiful houses and shops and my shares and investments. Backler the lawyer drew the will: Mayes witnessed it: and it is kept in my box at Backler's. Very good. Now I shan't alter that will. I won't leave a sixpence to—to the sons of Sylvester Indagine, and I won't leave a sixpence to Julia's relations. But I will punish you another way. I am going to live for thirty years yet—why not for forty? You shall spend all those years in poverty: your husband shall be a bankrupt: you shall be ruined: and I will not help you. Not until you are an old woman, and have passed your life in misery, will you succeed to your fortune. Meantime, no one will know that it is to be yours, and you will not be able to raise a penny on your expectations. Your husband, I say, shall be a pauper and your children beggars. Now, you can go."

'An hour afterwards I left the house, taking my things with me, and I have never seen him since.

'But his words were partly prophetic, because in two or three months after our wedding my husband was made a bankrupt. I do not understand exactly how the thing was managed, but it was Mr. Norbery who did it by means of some mortgage that he had acquired. The mortgage was of long standing and troubled my

husband no more than if it had been rent; but the value of the Yard had gone down, so that when the mortgage was foreclosed it was not possible to raise another to pay it off with.

'At first it really seemed as if the rest of his words were to come true, because my husband found it difficult to get work, to say nothing of recovering his position. At last we resolved upon trying a new country where Mr. Norbery could no longer pursue us, and in a happy day we came here.

'I am quite certain, my dear boy, that he spoke the truth: I mean, that he really had made that Will and that he was resolved not to make another.

'Go then: find out, first, if he still lives. If he does, tell him who you are, and say, for me, that I do not want any of his fortune, however great it may be, but that it belongs to his nephews, to whom he ought to leave it. If, on the other hand, he is dead, which is more than likely, ascertain what has been done about that will, and put the matter into proper hands so that the property may be restored to his two nephews or their children.

'As regards my cousins, I do not know whether they will receive you in a friendly spirit. But make their acquaintance, unless they are scattered and have left their old house on Bank Side. It may be, perhaps, that some of them are poor and want assistance. Let us help them for the sake of Julia, who was always my very loving friend and cousin.

'As for my sister Florry, I know not where you can look for or how you may find her, or if she still lives. Perhaps, if anyone can tell you about her, it would be Cornelia. Be happy, my dear son, and come back soon to your loving mother, LUCY WALLER.'

No one, in the old days, was supposed to require more than an inch and a half of candle in his bedroom. It was on this limited scale that Flavia had furnished the lodger's candlesticks. Therefore, at this point, just as the letter was finished both candles began simultaneously to flicker in their sockets. Laurence extinguished them and sat awhile pondering, in the twilight.

'Things,' he said, 'coincide in a truly wonderful fashion. I am haunted by Indagines. The Professor was on board the steamer—his Christian name was Sylvester, too. He was coming to England in order to remedy a great wrong, he told me. What great wrong? Did the ghost of the first Sylvester lug off to a debtor's prison the ghost of old Norbery, and is he kept there

still? And on my very first night on Bank Side I meet Clement Indagine himself—what relation can he be to the Professor, I wonder? And he is a poet—I have heard of Swinburne and Browning and Locker and Dobson, but I never heard of Indagine. Perhaps he is Swinburne in disguise. Can any wrong have been done to Althea? . . . Althea——’ he repeated the name softly. ‘She came out of the sunset. She descended from heaven. Is she the one who is wronged? In that case I should like to take my coat off. And is the Property big, or was it big only in my mother’s imagination? Perhaps it consists of half a dozen houses in a Bank Side slum. Hang it! I hope Althea will get it all. She should buy a velvet dress—she would look splendid in crimson velvet. Althea—the beautiful Althea. She came straight out of the clouds—with an attendant Nymph.’ Here he yawned, being sleepy. ‘I am in the house of my ancestors. Vicesimus—wonder why my mother never told me about the “Practical Elocutionist”—was my great uncle: my grandmother was a Cottle: the original Academician was my great-grandfather. Lucius—of the Higher Branch—is my cousin: Cornelia—in the Church—how the Devil can she be in the Church?—is also my cousin. So is Claudia, who is a Prophet—a Minor Prophet: it would be presumptuous to expect higher rank: and pretty little Cassandra and Flavia the Prim and Sempronius and Felix—they are all—all—all—my cousins. I have got an armful of cousins.’

He looked out of the window again. The broad river flowed, black and silent, at his feet: beyond the river the great Cathedral loomed, high above the warehouses, vast and majestic, solemn in the dim twilight. Across the waters came the boom of the bell striking a half-hour. Then this young man’s heart was filled with a strange emotion. He forgot, for the first time in his life, the Sydney home: he forgot the Australian thoughts: his mind went back to the old time, thirty years ago, before ever he was born, when his mother went from house to house earning a shilling a day and her humble food—his mother, now so sweet and gracious a lady—and meekly called once a month at the house of her genteel relations to receive the condescension of the learned Vicesimus and the chilly kindness of Cornelia: and tramped about the mean streets of Southwark with her sister, as poor as herself—the sister who made trimmings in a shop and took a country situation and disappeared. What became of that sister? Whither had she voyaged? Why did she leave off writing? Where was she now?

He now understood for the first time—he had read the letter a dozen times on his voyage home, but with little comprehension—his mother's old life. As he had stood that night to watch the sunset upon the river, so might she have stood a hundred times—with her sisters—with Florry, lost and vanished. Behind her the respectability of the Academy: before her the river and the great Cathedral beyond: her present, a life, hard, ill-paid, uncertain: and for her future nothing but the hope that always lives and mostly dies with youth.

He was among his own people, unknown to them, perhaps bringing gifts from foreign lands. Among his own people. One cannot choose cousins: they are served out: one is helped to cousins: it is good manners to receive without a murmur whatever cousins are helped. These were, at least, interesting, though not wealthy, cousins. And they were his own people. To a Colonial this may mean more than to a home-born Englishman.

While he sat pondering these things, the clock struck twelve: slowly, every stroke of the bell ringing and circling in the air. It was midnight: even the railway station was quiet at last: the night was very still and calm. And then Laurence saw things ghostly. He clearly saw, standing at the river side, the figures of two poor girls catching each other by the hand. He could see them quite plainly, and he could hear them talking; and one was saying 'Florry, we are alone in the world—let us never lose each other.' The voice came up to him with the dying echoes of the bell. It was the voice of his mother.

As he stretched his legs between the sheets he heard a little stifled cough which made him sit up and look round, for it seemed to come from the bottom of the bed.

'That's Vicesimus,' he murmured. 'I thought he wouldn't stand it. The Sanctity of the Academy is profaned at last.'

CHAPTER VI.

SUCCESSOR TO S. NORBERY.

THE name of Joseph Mayes may be read upon a zinc plate on the doorpost of No. 483 Southwark Bridge Road. The plate is of zinc because those of brass are often stolen and may be sold, whereas he who steals a zinc plate finds himself in possession of a property which he cannot sell. He might as well steal Honduras

Stock. The house, a narrow three-cornered structure, has been of a deplorable dinginess for a long time. The door, however, stands hospitably open all day without even a Saturday half-holiday. In the window is a large printed bill announcing to the world that Joseph Mayes, Successor to S. Norbery, can be consulted from ten in the morning until nine in the evening. Many of his clients, in fact, prefer calling upon him under cover of the night. The bill also informs the passer-by that this useful and accomplished person undertakes many and varied offices. He will advance you, he says, on your own personal security, without fees, promptly, with secrecy, and on most moderate terms, from £5 to £5,000; he will attend auctions for you: he will value your furniture, library, pictures, and plate: he will negotiate the sale and transfer of your stock, good will, and connection: he will receive your rents, dividends, and interest: he will collect your rents: he will estimate your dilapidations: he will make you an inventory of goods: he will sell or let your house; he will find you a partner: or he will act as your General Agent.

On the morning after his arrival Laurence sallied forth with the vague idea of looking about him: one always learns something by looking about. He found himself in the Southwark Bridge Road, and as he strolled along looking about him with the interest belonging to a new place, his eye fell upon this bill in the window and he stopped to read it. 'Successor to S. Norbery.' Then Mr. Norbery had retired from business or had been called aloft. 'Joseph Mayes.' It was the name of Mr. Norbery's jackal. Well, if he wanted any information about Mr. Norbery, he would probably get it here. He hesitated, read the bill again carefully, and then knocked at the door inscribed 'Office.'

The room was furnished with a high railed desk, such as one sees provided for cashiers in shops. Behind the desk, in the corner, stood a safe, and beside it was a large table. Two chairs were placed in front of the table ready for clients, and one behind it in readiness for Mr. Mayes himself, but at this moment it was occupied by his clerk. A bundle of papers lay on the table before him, and he was apparently reading them and making notes of each. He looked up as Laurence entered. It was none other than the distinguished Hungarian patriot. Laurence felt ashamed of the old country, which could suffer so great a man to become clerk to a money-lender. Australia, he thought, would have given him something better. The Chevalier, however, made no sign of recognition, but went on with his work.

At the desk stood a man, pen in hand, over a great volume of accounts. By the way in which his finger assisted his eye; by his method of holding the pen; by the sprawling big handwriting; and by the ill-shaped figures, was clearly betrayed the lack of education. That he belonged to the baser sort was also proclaimed aloud by his appearance, his voice, and his manners. He was now advanced in years: his white hair made a simple coronet or glory round his red bald head: his face was red and his cheeks full: he was fat: he looked the kind of man who feels really happy only when he sits in a bar parlour with a glass of something hot, and a few congenial companions: one of those who laugh like ten men over the choice quips and delicate stories and deftly turned epigrams with which the evening would be enlivened: one who would be popular with these tavern friends: and whose popularity would be in no way lessened by the knowledge that he spent his business hours in overreaching his clients, besting his friends, grinding the noses of the poor, and exacting the letter of his bond. For to these thinkers, of such are the truly admirable among business men.

Mr. Mayes laid his broad forefinger on the book to mark the place.

‘Well, Sir,’ he said, ‘what may be your business?’

‘May I have a few words with you?’

‘On business? Certainly. On private business, I presume. Certainly. Principals only dealt with. Chevalier, get out.’ The Patriot rose meekly and retired through a glass door to an inner room, carrying with him his papers. ‘Chevalier’—Mr. Mayes ran after him—‘go round to the Bank and get my book. Buy a shilling’s worth of postage-stamps. And on your way, call at the butcher’s and get two chops—pick out the biggest and the leanest. And four pounds of potatoes—I won’t give more than three farthings a pound. You can have the cold pork for dinner. Look sharp about it. Now, Sir.’ Mr. Mayes closed the door and took his own armchair, assuming a paternal and benignant softness of voice, with a sympathetic smile, while he stuck his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes and stretched out his legs. This is an attitude which invites confidence. ‘Now, young gentleman, if you are in trouble and your creditors are pressing you: or if you’ve got to square somebody—young men will be foolish: I’ve been young myself—and perhaps foolish’—he smiled very sweetly and broadly:—‘or if you want to raise money on reversionary interests, furniture, or note of hand: or if you’ve got anything to

sell—this is the right shop. Speak out.—Don't be afraid. My clerk is gone, and there is no one to listen. I have been called the Young Man's Best Friend.'

'I do not want to borrow money at all,' said Laurence, abashed at his own solvency.

'Oh!' Mr. Mayes showed a certain amount of disappointment. Not much, but perceptibly some. The smile in his eyes and on his lips slowly faded away. He was no longer one who knew and could sympathise with the follies of youth: he was again the man of business.

'I fear I shall only waste your time.'

'Not much of it, you won't.' Mr. Mayes rose, leaving the chair of benevolence, and assumed an attitude of mastery, standing with his back to the fire and his hands in his pockets. 'Not much, young man. Therefore, so as to waste as little as possible, go on quick!'

'You are, I believe, the successor of Mr. Norbery?'

'I am. Formerly his confidential—ahem—partner.'

'Can you give me his present address?'

'His present address?—Why—Ho! Ho!' he laughed aloud. 'It's a permanent address. You can't miss him. He's occupied the same quarters for five years. It's—Ho! Ho! Ho!—it's Nunhead Cemetery.'

'Mr. Norbery is dead then?'

'Dead as a doornail. Young gentleman, if you didn't know that Mr. Norbery is dead, where have you been for the last five years? If your hair was shorter I should think you'd been enjoying a spell at one of the Queen's Hotels.'

'Mr. Norbery is dead, is he? Excuse my ignorance. I have just come from Australia.'

'Oh! From Australia. Well—the papers were full of it. But I suppose you've got no papers in Australia. What might you be wanting of Mr. Norbery now?'

'I believe that Mr. Norbery left a little Property behind him.'

'A little? Ho! Ho! Ho! A little Property was it?'

'How should I know whether it was little or big?'

'Come now, Mister. I don't, as a general rule, give away information, because I find that it keeps well and sometimes gets to be worth money. But I'll give you this, because there isn't a man, woman, or child in Southwark who couldn't tell you as much. Mr. Norbery died five years ago, in this very house. He left a hundred and forty thousand pounds—a hundred and forty

thousand pounds—think of that—a hundred and forty thousand pounds! Come now. Call that a little Property?’

‘Indeed, no.’

‘Well—but that wasn’t all. There was houses and shops—whole rows of houses and shops. I thought I knew most of his Property; but I didn’t—not the quarter. To be sure, he always collected his rents himself.’

‘A great Property, truly. And what became of it?’

‘What became of it? Ah!’ Mr. Mayes rubbed his chin and shook his head. ‘What became of it? If Mr. Norbery only knew what did become of it, he would come to life again. He would, indeed. There was no Will found among his papers, and there were no heirs to claim the Estate.’

‘No heirs?’ Laurence thought of the Poet. ‘No Will? No heirs to claim the Estate?’

‘No heirs. And so the Treasury—actually the Treasury—seized it for the Crown. The Queen got it. Think of that—the Queen! They scooped up all that money and gave it to the Queen. To think that Mr. Norbery should have saved and scraped all his life—only to make the Queen richer!’

‘No Will?’ Laurence repeated.

‘There was no Will. Everything was in order: all his investments were found entered in his private books—not a paper out of its place. But no Will. There was a box—one of those very boxes’—he pointed to the rows of tin boxes—‘in Lawyer Backler’s office, with Mr. Norbery’s name upon it. But the papers in it were old and worthless. No Will.’

No Will! Mr. Norbery dead! The Estates claimed for the Crown! And no heirs. Then as to Clement Indagine—what was he about?

Nothing ever happens as we expect—this was one of the first discoveries made in philosophy—but this turn of events was more than unexpected. It changed the whole position. If the rightful heirs did not choose to claim the property—and such a property—they must have known the relationship: what was there left to be done? No Will; then his mother had nothing to do with the business, nor he either.

‘His late wife’s relations,’ Mr. Mayes went on, ‘sent a petition to the Treasury. But they got nothing because they couldn’t show that they had any call to expect anything. Why, they had no more right to the money than I had. Not so much, because I helped the old man to make it.’

'This is very wonderful,' said Laurence.

'Perhaps you're another of 'em,' said Mr. Mayes.

'Perhaps I am. No doubt I must be another of 'em. Who are they?'

'Relations. They've turned up by hundreds. No one could have believed there were so many Norberys in the world. They've heard of it in America and crossed the ocean to prove their claim. But they couldn't. They could prove that their name was Norbery, and they couldn't get no further. P'raps your name is Norbery too. Yet you didn't so much as know that he was dead. As for where he come from nobody knows. Nobody ever heard. They found half a dozen certificates of baptism, any one of which might have been the old man's, but they couldn't prove it.'

'But he had a sister——' Laurence stopped short.

'How d'ye know that? A sister? Well, I was once told a cock and a bull story about a sister and the old Queen's Bench Prison. A sister?'

'Perhaps I was misinformed,' said Laurence.

'I wonder if it's true. A sister. How do you know, and who are you, Mister?'

'Come, Mr. Mayes, let us be business men. That is my concern.'

'You can't be one of the sister's sons—or grandsons. Yet you may be—why not? There's a something in your face that I seem to recollect. Look here, young gentleman.' Mr. Mayes resumed his seat, and with it his aspect of smiling benevolence, with his thumbs in their former position. 'If you can prove that you are a cousin or a nephew or anything, this great fortune is yours—it is yours. Think of that. A hundred and forty thousand pounds; not to speak of the house property! All your own. And you only about five-and-twenty. Why, you might more than double it by the time you were fifty. You might make it a million before you died. A million! Look here, young gentleman. Confide your case to me. I know all about Mr. Norbery. I'll carry it through for you, and when it is finished I will take, for my own trouble, just a little ten per cent. on all I have made for you. Is that fair? Ten per cent. for me, and ninety—ninety per cent. on a hundred and forty thousand pounds—for you. Why there's no proportion in it.'

'Nothing could be fairer, Mr. Mayes. Unfortunately, however, I am not a cousin or any relation.'

'Ah! that's a pity now.' Once more he abandoned benevo-

lence. 'Well,' he said in an altered voice, 'if that is all you came to know, you've had as much information as you are going to get. Anything else, you'll be charged for. Time's money here, young man, whatever it may be in Australia.'

'There was a Will,' said Laurence.

Mr. Mayes looked up sharply.

'How do you know that? What do you know?'

'There was a Will. I know so much. I know too, where it was signed and witnessed.'

'Where was it signed and witnessed?'

'At the office of a lawyer named Backler.'

'He is dead. He died two months after Mr. Norbery. But he'd gone silly with too much rum-and-water, and he couldn't answer any questions. Go on.'

'The Will was drawn by that man: it was signed and witnessed in his office, thirty years ago. And you yourself were one of the witnesses.'

Mr. Mayes opened the door of the inner room, but it was empty. The Chevalier was still absent in quest of the potatoes.

'I don't know who you are, young gentleman, but'—here his voice fell to a whisper—'so far, your information is correct. I was one of the witnesses. There was a Will.'

'What became of that Will?'

'I don't know. I am still looking for it. Mr. Norbery may have destroyed it, but I don't think he did. If he had he would have made another. What? Let all his money go to the Crown? No, Sir. As for the contents of that Will, I suppose if you know so much you know a little more.'

'Well,' said Laurence cautiously, 'when the Will is found you will know as much as I.'

'And pray, Sir,' asked Mr. Mayes, with as much an approach to a bullying tone as the superior appearance of this young man would permit—'pray, Sir, who are you?'

'That concerns myself.'

'You are not a claimant: you know there was a Will: you pretend to know the provisions of the Will.'

'No,' said Laurence, 'I make no pretences. Never mind me, Mr. Mayes. Go on searching for that Will. If you find it, we will talk about the next step. You go on looking for it. How are you looking for it? Where are you looking?'

'That's my business.'

'So it is—so it is.'

'If I do find it, them that benefit by it will have to benefit me first.'

'Find it first. Find it first, Mr. Mayes.'

'As for me'—Mr. Mayes continued to follow the same line of thought—'I do myself well whenever I can. And I don't look after my friends till I am done well.'

'Praiseworthy indeed,' Laurence murmured.

'Therefore, if you want me to search, you will have to pay me for my time and trouble.'

'Oh, no! No, Mr. Mayes.' Laurence laughed pleasantly. 'Find it first. Search for it or not, just as you like. I will look in now and then perhaps, just to inquire, you know, if the property is left to me.'

Mr. Mayes betrayed in his face rising wrath. But he remembered that his visitor might know, perhaps, more than he himself knew about the Will, and he resisted the temptation to use swear words.

'Well,' he said, 'it's your own look-out. You know best. Whatever I find I shan't give it away. Don't expect it. Everybody knows me. There's nothing to hide, with me. I buy cheap and I sell dear. That's my motto. I make a bargain and I stick to it.'

'Quite right, Mr. Mayes. Quite right. You are, indeed, the successor of Mr. Norbery.'

Five minutes afterwards, the Chevalier came back, bearing in a basket the potatoes and the chops.

'Chevalier,' his master called, 'put down the things and come here. Do you remember going through the papers I bought out of Lawyer Backler's office, when he died five years ago?'

The Chevalier shook his head.

'You forget everything. I believe you've got a softening. If you took the interest in your work that you ought, considering what you cost, you would remember.'

'How can I remember what happened before I came here? Five years ago I had not the honour of serving you.'

'Humph! Come upstairs.'

Mr. Mayes led the way to the first floor. He unlocked the door of the back room. There was no furniture in it at all, but the floor was piled with old letters and papers, tied with red tape and covered with dust. They were lying just as they had been thrown out of the sacks when Mr. Mayes bought them.

'I got them cheap, Chevalier. Mr. Norbery began the collec-

tion. He showed me how to buy up old papers and to learn the secrets. When he died I bought all his. After the Treasury people had gone through them in search of a Will, they sent them off to be destroyed. But I stopped the man. Just in time, I was. Said his orders were to take 'em to the Mills. Orders be blown! Let 'em stay where they are, I says, giving him a peep at half-a-crown. Oh! I got the bundle cheap. And then old Backler died and I got his papers too, much in the same way. Some day, I thought, I would sit down and read the lot. Look! There's the row of old Norbery's books. Every transaction he ever had in his life is in these books. Thousands of secrets there! Thousands of pounds to be made out of them. Think of the family secrets! Think of the forgeries and embezzlements that have been bought off and squared—no one any the wiser! Think of the respectable men—churchwardens and deacons and elders—they believe the old story is dead and gone and forgotten! And think of going down with the proofs in your pocket. What will you give for this little bundle of papers, says you? Eh? Eh? There's thousands in it. But I'm too busy. Besides, I don't like reading papers. Chevalier, if I could only trust you to do it for me!

Replied the Chevalier in his soft and gentle voice:

'I have never learned to say to a gentleman—Give me money or I will tell your secret.'

'No; you never learned anything half so useful in your dam fool of a country,' said his employer, who, it will be remarked, had acquired the elements of sarcasm. 'You're a Blockhead and an Ass,' he went on, falling back upon more familiar and more readily handled weapons.

'Very likely. I must be both or I should not be here. Shall I go below to prepare the potatoes for the pot?'

'I tell you what you shall do.'

'I am in your service. Command me.'

'Get a chair and a table and bring them here. Pile all these papers on one side and read every one. Whenever you come to one that's got the name of Norbery in it, lay it apart. Then go through these, and if you find anything about his sister, or if you find his Will, or if you find anything that's important—but you won't—you're such a confounded fool, Chevalier. However, try—Mr. Norbery's sister, you know.'

'I quite understand. Mr. Norbery's sister. You wish to find a secret concerning Mr. Norbery's sister. Or you wish to find a Will.

'You are to do nothing else, Chevalier. Lord! It's worth trying for. He had a sister, that young swell said. Some of 'em used to say so twenty years ago. You'll do nothing else all day long, Chevalier, do you hear?'

'I suppose that I may stop the search in order to fry the chops, and boil the potatoes, and fetch the beer.'

'Nobleman! we must eat.' Mr. Mayes conceded this point gracefully. 'Slack off for meals.'

In this office the word clerk included the word cook. It is not usual. But why not? Both words begin and end with the same letter. The Chevalier was engaged as clerk, a word which might, like the word doctor in a merchant ship, have two meanings. That clerk is doubly valuable who can dish up a toothsome meal in a house where no servant is kept and only an old woman comes in morning and evening, like a laundress of Gray's Inn, to remove the husks and shells and shucks, and to wash the plates. He is very valuable if you get him so cheap as Mr. Mayes got the Chevalier: hours from eight to eight in return for bed and board and—no, one cannot—must not—reveal the whole truth. There are some things—the marketable value of a first novel: the price received for a first picture: and the salary given to such exiles as the Chevalier—which must not be told.

'I wonder,' said Mr. Mayes in conclusion, 'how the old man did leave his money. I'm certain he never destroyed that Will, and I'm certain he never made another. If he had, he would have made me witness it. As for leaving any to his oldest friend—meaning me—he wasn't made that way. Keep your eyes open over them papers, Chevalier.'

His clerk inclined his head gravely.

'And I wonder who the young swell was. Wouldn't leave his name and address. Said he came from Australia. Ah! From Australia he said. Who can there be in Australia belonging to Mr. Norbery? I never heard him mention Australia. I don't believe he knew that there was such a place. He talked pretty free towards the end, when his wits began to wander, but I never heard him talk about Australia. But he had a sister. That young fellow knows more than he would own to. I'm sure he knows about the sister. Perhaps he's a lawyer's clerk sent over to find out. Why should they send a man over? There's lots of lawyer's clerks here. Perhaps he's a friend. Perhaps he's come to make up a story. As for his not knowing about the Crown and the Estate and the rest of it, that's his artfulness, Chevalier.

Mind that. And now let's find out what we can. I wonder who the fellow is.'

The Chevalier, who had begun to turn over some of the dusty papers, made no reply at all. Perhaps he had forgotten the fact that he knew the name of the young gentleman : perhaps he was a silent Chevalier, who only answered when he was questioned. Perhaps he thought that his duty was simply to obey orders. Perhaps he was not listening. This is possible, because the dust of the papers at this moment caused him to sneeze with enthusiasm.

(To be continued.)

Some Indian Fish.

IT would be difficult to describe the melancholy and monotonous appearance of Lower Bengal during the annual inundations, when almost the whole country goes under water for several weeks. Sometimes, when the River Thames is in very high flood, the flat country between Staines and Chertsey and Shepperton presents a faint resemblance of it, but only on a very tiny scale. The annual rise of the Nile, sending its fertilising streams over the low-lying lands of Egypt, is similar in its causes and effects to the floods of the Ganges and the other large rivers which overflow the Bengal delta. But few people visit Egypt during the time of High Nile, and the Nile floods are as nothing in comparison with the Gangetic inundations. Many years ago, when the Eastern Bengal railway only reached the Ganges at Kooshtea, it was my fate to have to journey eastward, to Dacca, in a small native boat with six oars. We went swiftly down the main stream of the great river by daylight, but when it began to grow dark, and we wanted to stop for the night, we had to row for a long distance inland till we reached the site of a village, where a large tree enabled us to secure the boat safely for the night.

In such a world of waters it is only natural that the fish have a fine time of it. And on the other hand the inhabitants of the country have a fine time of it with the fish. The people are nearly all ichthyophagists, and many of them take great delight in catching fish. There are certain castes or families who are fishermen by birth and inheritance. These persons make their living solely by catching and selling fish. But there are times when the whole village community, rich and poor, old and young, and more especially the young, turn out *en masse* to catch the fish which have been left in some accessible pool or hollow as the flood waters retire; and there ensues a scene of mudlarking and wild enjoyment which almost baffles description. When the water has been gradually but rapidly drained off so as to leave the fish flopping

about on a muddy surface, the excitement becomes tremendous. All sense of caste distinction and rank, and even of propriety and decency, seems to be forgotten, whilst the tumultuous group of semi-naked men and women precipitate themselves on their spoil, plunging recklessly into the mud to capture as many of the slippery fishes as they can manage to seize in the *mêlée*.

When the swollen rivers have retired within their proper banks, and the main body of the fish have retreated with them, there is no cessation of the sport to those anglers who live in the villages situated near the rivers. Day after day the sides of the river are dotted with patient individuals armed with rod and line, or more frequently with only a line, who hope sooner or later to catch a fish. It is a form of sport which suits the people, as it requires very little exertion. The would-be Sybarite can shelter himself under his umbrella from the rays of the sun. He can from time to time refresh himself with a smoke from his hubble-bubble. He can, if he pleases, discuss village politics with his neighbours, or they may entertain one another with tales of their previous good or bad luck in fishing. If any sportsman gets a bite, the news gives a thrill of expectation to all his competitors. If he succeeds in landing a fish, however small, his friends quickly crowd round him to envy or admire his success.

At the country houses of well-to-do people there are usually one or more ponds or tanks in the gardens and grounds which are regularly stocked with fish, chiefly of the carp tribe, from year to year. Some of these fishes grow to a very large size, a carp of ten to twenty pounds being not uncommon. There is, however, a difficulty in preserving them to maturity. In the height of the inundation the floods sometimes overtop the banks of these fish-ponds, and then the big fish take advantage of their liberty and set off on a voyage from which they seldom return to the home which they deserted. Some of them may escape into the large rivers, and may begin an entirely new life. But most of them make a very poor and fatal use of their liberty. They get into some ditch or *cul-de-sac* of shallow water, where they very soon attract attention and invite capture. In former days, when the Calcutta *maidam* was very ill-drained, it happened that after a day's heavy rain large carp might be seen that had escaped out of the tank opposite the Bengal Club in Chowringhee, only to be ignominiously captured in the open drains and ditches which ran along the sides of the adjacent streets. One day one of my own domestics armed himself with a common tin foot-tub, and used it

as a landing-net to secure a carp that was more than ten pounds in weight.

I had the pleasure of knowing some native gentlemen who owned a very large tank, one hundred yards square, which was fully stocked with fish. The water was kept perfectly clear from weeds, and only the members of the family performed their daily ablutions and devotions at the flights of marble steps which led down to the water on each side of the square. It was a very great favour to be allowed to fish in the tank; and sometimes, when friends who were fond of fishing came to stay with me, I used to ask for leave to take them to it. A day's notice had to be given, so that particular spots might be well baited to attract the fish. Independently of the ground-bait thrown in, some long thin bamboos were prepared, to be fixed upright in the water; and at about a foot from the bottom, a bag or bundle of worms in moss was fastened to the bamboo so as to attract the fish and make them try to knock the worms out of the bag. When we went forth with our rods, the lines were already plumbed, and the floats adjusted, so that the hook with the bait on it would hang at the same depth as the bag of worms attached to the bamboo. We could see the top of the bamboo above the water violently shaken as a big fish worked his nose against the bag of worms. Then, gently dropping our baited hook close to the bamboo, it hung almost parallel to the bag of worms on the bamboo. There was seldom much time to wait. The fish, seeing a worm which he supposed that he had dislodged from the bag by his own efforts, came at it and swallowed it, and the disappearance of the float quickly showed that he was making off for deep water. It was expedient to let him get away with some line, so that when we began to play him he might not disturb the other fish that were collected round the baited place. Sometimes a big fish gave no time for any such delicate treatment, and he would go right off on feeling the touch of the hook, so that both line and rod had to be let go after him. Then we used to get into a small native boat, and chevy the fish all about the tank wherever the rod came like a buoy to the surface, until at last he became exhausted by his unwonted struggles, and finally allowed himself to be brought near the boat and secured in the landing-net. This was the most royal road to fishing that I ever knew. It was almost a certainty that a big fish would bite within a minute. If two or three of us began simultaneously on different sides of the tank, we were almost sure each of us to hook a fish immediately. And

when one big fish had been caught and landed, and peace and quiet had been restored, it was possible to go back to the bamboo rod with its bag of worms, and to drop the line in again and catch another big fish. I have caught as many as seven large fish in one afternoon at the same bamboo. But alas! the good times of that tank are past and gone. Family quarrels arose, and the tank was despoiled by an enemy, and nearly all the fish were stolen, and then the weeds were allowed to grow unchecked, until they became such a tangled mass that it was almost impossible to land a fish even if it were hooked in some clear spot.

Fish that are kept in tanks have an enemy in the crocodile, who will make his way through any old fence, and even over a low mud wall, to get at his favourite food. Generally speaking the crocodiles live and breed near the large rivers, having their hiding-places and nests for their eggs in the high river banks. But a crocodile, guided by its instinct, will make a long journey, sometimes of more than a mile overland, to get at some tank stocked with fine fat fish. Presumably he finds it easier to catch a fish within the limited area of a tank or pond than in the broad open river; and in all probability the tank-fish is terrified out of its senses at the appearance of the strange monster, and is too dazed to get away. The poor foolish fish also suffer in a somewhat similar way when a flock of pelicans alight on their tank. If I had not seen it I should have hesitated to tell the tale. But one day, from our house on the top of a little hill at Chittagong, I and Major Graham saw a flock of grey pelicans alight on a large tank at the foot of our hill. We thought that the pelicans seemed very busy, apparently feeding, and with the help of our glasses we could see them devouring the fish as rapidly as they could put their bills into the water. The natives say that the pelican has a certain perfume or scent in its feathers or skin which is irresistibly attractive to the fish. However this may be, so far as we could see the fish came spontaneously to the pelicans, and were gobbled up unresistingly.

There is a form of fishing much practised by the natives of Bengal, for which I envied them, though I was unable to imitate them. They are most dexterous in the use of the casting-net. The passenger on the railway, as he travels through the inundated country on either side of the line, may see many a tiny boat, made of the hollow trunk of a palm-tree, with two men in it. One of them sits in the stern, and with his paddle quietly propels the boat. The other stands erect in the bow, with his casting-net

ready for a cast the moment that his quick eye detects the motion of a good fish or of a shoal of little ones. It is hardly necessary to say that he is very scantily clad, and the muscles stand out over his well-knit frame in a shape which a sculptor might gladly copy. If the educated natives ever take to sculpture, they could hardly find a more picturesque model than the fisherman with his casting-net. Our best fishermen in England might envy the skill and precision with which the net is cast. Nor is it wonderful that the natives attain such skill in casting. They have been trained to it from their youth up, and scarcely a day passes that they do not spend several hours in practice. Perhaps the most astonishing thing is how they preserve their balance, and do not upset the boat when casting the net, for the boat is merely the round trunk of a palm-tree without any sort of keel; and many an Englishman who has tried a venture in one of these dug-outs, as they are called, has found the treacherous bark turn round and upset him into the water. After a long apprenticeship I obtained some skill in paddling myself along in a dug-out, and I have fired many a shot from one sitting down; but it was never within my power to stand up and attempt to fire a gun or to throw a casting-net from them.

In addition to the ordinary methods of fishing with nets and with rod and line, an extensive machinery in the way of fish-traps is employed throughout the country. Many of these traps and baskets were exhibited at the Fisheries Exhibition in London, but a mere round or oblong box or basket made of split bamboos is not very suggestive of its practical purposes. When the inundations begin to subside in Bengal, the water naturally runs off at certain points in a stream or current which draws to itself most of the fish whose instinct prompts them to seek for safer quarters. The native fishermen take advantage of this propensity of the fish, and whilst they put up delicate screens of bamboo-work to help to guide the fish into the current, there comes a point where the stream is narrow and more rapid, and the fish are helplessly drawn into a trap from which they find it impossible to extricate themselves. The traps are something on the same principle as the eelpots of English rivers, or, if we may compare small things with great, the humble devices of the Bengali are similar to the salmon-traps at Ballyshannon in Ireland. But the Bengali spares no fish, however small they may be. It is true that some of the tiny fry are carefully kept alive, and put into the tanks to renew the stock; but the great majority of the small fishes are cooked

and eaten by the multitude. I am free to confess that when I was at Dacca a dish of these tiny fry were cooked like whitebait, and served up for my breakfast two or three times a week at the proper season. The mention of whitebait reminds me that the small bummelow (the bummelow is an almost gelatinous sea-fish from which the Bombay ducks are made) can be cooked so as to make the best whitebait imaginable. Many of my friends have agreed that the Chittagong bummelow whitebait was as good as, if not better than, the Greenwich whitebait. There was never a bone or anything bitter in them, and there was no chance admixture of shrimps or sticklebacks.

If our superior civilisation has now taught us to eat fish with special knives and forks, in supersession of the fork and bit of bread with which in former days we chased the evasive morsels on our plate, it must be admitted that, after all, nature's implements, our fingers and thumbs, are the best suited for eating bony fish. It has often been my fate to watch my native boatmen eating their meals of rice and fish, and it was wonderful to see how deftly they picked out the bones, or, as they call them in their own language, 'the thorns.' Many fish have a superabundance of bones, as we well know to our cost, but the delicate fingers of a native seem to be sensitive to the touch of the almost invisible little points or spines. I will here venture to tell a rather curious caste story as regards Hindoo boatmen and fish-eating. One morning, soon after daylight, I was being towed along in my houseboat, and was looking out of window from the berth in my cabin, when the boat rounded a rather sharp bend in the river bank. As the trackers turned the point they came upon a fish-eagle, which was just beginning to devour a large fish that he had caught. The eagle attempted to fly off with his prey, but in his hurry he dropped it, and the boatmen picked it up. They had a brief consultation, apparently to satisfy themselves whether I, or any of my servants, could have seen what had happened; and thinking that it was all safe, they put the fish on board the boat, and it was presently prepared for their morning meal. I said nothing at the time, and told nobody; but some days afterwards, when one of the boatmen was making some fuss about his caste, I inquired, sarcastically, what was the caste of a fish-eagle. The boatmen said nothing more about their caste on that journey. I should, perhaps, explain that it is not permissible by the rules of Hindoo caste, in the matter of eating and drinking, to touch a fish that has been killed and torn by a bird of prey.

In all the large Indian rivers porpoises are very numerous, and they are the terror of the fishermen, whose nets they break and destroy. A well-grown porpoise six feet in length is a powerful monster, and will dash through any ordinary cordage used for fish-nets. Occasionally, some small-sized ones, two or three feet long, are caught alive, and Dr. Anderson, of the Indian Museum in Calcutta, kept one for some weeks in a large tub, so that it seemed to have become quite tame, and came to hand to eat the small fish offered to it. The skin was exquisitely soft to the touch, and it was curious to see the creature breathing through the fissure in the top of its head. But like most pets in captivity it died, and so did several others which were brought to me at different times. At one time I had to make an official report on the porpoises of the Bengal rivers. I believe it was some foreign savant who asked the Secretary of State for India for information as to the natural history of the porpoise. The Secretary of State applied to the Viceroy of India, and as the Viceroy knew nothing about it, he called on the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal for a report. There being no old record or bundle about porpoises available in the secretariat pigeon-holes, the Lieutenant-Governor called on me, as a Commissioner of a Division abounding in porpoises, to supply a report. As Commissioner of a Division I had six districts, or counties, under me, and I in my turn called upon the officers of these six districts to tell me what they knew about porpoises. I do not know, or need not tell, how much deeper in the official scale the district officers pushed their inquiries through their deputies and the police and other ministerial subordinates. It is the man at the bottom who must eventually say something, and his official superiors try to improve upon his story and dress it up so as to make it presentable. At last the reports of the six district officers were forwarded to me, and, in proper red-tape fashion, a clerk in my office made what he called an abstract of the six reports and laid it before me with the papers. I very soon found from the abstract that on the showing of my six subordinates there were at least six different kinds of porpoise in my dominions, and in the ordinary course of routine I might have submitted a beautified copy of the office abstract to the Lieutenant-Governor, and left it to him and his secretaries to select the porpoise whose description pleased them best. But I adopted a different course. Mr. Edgar, the Deputy-Commissioner of Cachar, had caught a porpoise, and it had been photographed for him by Mr. Davey of the Survey, and it had been anatomised by the civil surgeon, Dr. Barker. His account

of the porpoise was therefore plain, and natural, and consistent. I believe that some of the other officers had, like German philosophers, conjured up an ideal porpoise from the depths of their own imagination. So I quietly ignored the other five reports, and dished up Mr. Edgar's report with its photograph and bones, and submitted it to the Lieutenant-Governor, saying that I had consulted the six district officers, and that this was the result. The Lieutenant-Governor expressed his high approval of the report, and returned his thanks to me and to all the six district officers as a reward for our trouble. I, however, rather unkindly referred the Lieutenant-Governor to a paper on the porpoise published in the Asiatic Society's Journal, A.D. 1807, with a drawing of the animal, which was very like the photograph that I had sent up, though there was no photography in those days, and I respectfully suggested that the porpoise of 1877 did not appear to have changed in appearance or habits from what had been known of it in 1807. It is to be hoped that the foreign savant received his information in due course—but men of science who want to be accurate should be careful before they accept any items of natural history which are procured for them by a benevolent and impartial Indian Government.

Let me now try to describe some of the indigenous fishermen of Eastern Bengal, with the boats and nets which they use in their vocation. Anyone seeing them for the first time might imagine that he had fallen in with a set of those cannibals and savages who are pictured in books of travel among the islands of the Pacific Archipelago. Their boats are huge canoes, about 100 feet long and four or five feet broad. A long carved prow projects for several feet, whilst the stern rises up into a high platform on which the captain or steersman stands erect, with the large steering-oar in his hands. He is usually a very big man, tall and muscular, and with the voice of a Stentor. His long unkempt hair and shaggy beard give him the wildest appearance, whilst his back and chest are usually covered with thick bristling hairs from exposure to the weather. As a rule his statuesque body is clad with very scant drapery. He is really terrible to look at, as he shouts and yells to the fifty or sixty rowers, all of them as wild and savage as himself, who in a double bank propel the long boat with their paddles at a pace with which a river steamer can hardly compete. At Dacca the wealthy natives used to get up boat-races with these boats, and some few rich men kept their own boats and crews for racing and other purposes. But I must confine

myself now to the use of them as fishing-boats. When a suitable time had arrived, and the water in the river was favourable, the fishermen used to meet, with some fifteen or twenty of these boats, and their large strong nets, of great length and depth, with which they could sweep the whole breadth of the river Dulaiserry, where it was nearly half a mile in width. All the boats worked in unison and under the command of the oldest and most experienced captain. They dragged the river against the stream for several miles, their object being to drive all the fish towards a very deep hole in the river, at the point of its junction with another stream called the Bunsu, where the eddies of the two rivers had worked and burrowed into the soil, so that the water was said to be nearly a hundred feet deep in some places. The largest fishes all seemed to make for this deep water as a place of safety, and they stopped when they got there. The boatmen then surrounded them on all sides with their nets, and the fun became fast and furious. Great fish dashed about in all directions. Porpoises burst through the nets, or jumped right over the boats. There was occasionally a sawfish to be seen, whose curious sharp-toothed beak was greatly feared by the boatmen. There were shoals of large fish of many sorts, which must be nameless, because I do not remember their names. The uproar was tremendous. The boatmen have loud voices, and their shouts and yells, coming from nearly a thousand excited men, to say nothing of the villagers crowded on the river banks, made a perfect pandemonium. In every boat the large fish were rapidly collected, some being taken from the nets, others being speared with pronged spears, with which the natives are great adepts, and some being simply ladled out of the water with big landing-nets. But all things must have an end, and at last the captain of the chase would order all his men to cease fishing and to haul in their nets, and to bring their spoil on shore to the place appointed for collecting and counting the fish. I will not pretend to say with any accuracy what the result of a day's fishing might be on a good day. With fair success twenty boats, with fifty men to each boat, would make an average of nearly half a ton of fish apiece. If this quantity seems extravagant. I can only say that the natives themselves would set the amount much higher, and when I have seen the huge heaps of fish all collected together, their estimate does not seem to me incredible. Much more incredible was the speed with which the piles of fish disappeared when a distribution of them had been made according to shares. Each boat promptly

set off as fast as it could go for the village from which it had come, and there found a ready market among the purchasers from the surrounding villages, who had assembled in expectation of a great feast of fish.

Very different from these wild scenes was my own method of catching fish when an opportunity offered at any station where I was located. On receiving an invitation from a native friend to try my luck in his reputedly well-stocked tank, I set forth equipped not only with fishing-tackle, but with a novel, an umbrella, an armchair, my binocular glasses, a cigar-case, and a supply of brandy and soda-water and ice. Official duties would prevent me from going forth until past four o'clock, and even then the heat was often oppressive; and though the sun was hastening to the west, its rays were still warm and dazzling. Having established my rod and line at one of the places which had been prepared with ground-bait, I left one of the native attendants in charge of them and retired into the shadiest spot with my armchair and book. If the native in charge of the rod made signals that there was a bite, I satisfied myself of the fact through my binoculars, and then proceeded leisurely to play and land the fish. I regret to say that blank days were more numerous than successful days, and it frequently happened that I slumbered over my novel or smoked more cigars than was quite advisable. Towards dark the native gentleman, in whose tank I had been fishing, would come forth either to congratulate me on my success, or to condole with me on my want of sport, for which he would usually find as many excuses as a Thames fisherman does for a blank day. Nevertheless, it was an amusement to go fishing if it was not very great sport. In the East, amusement—at least out-of-door amusement—is not easily procurable, and it needed no great exertion to fish in this style, whilst it gave me a little fresh air and variety.

Whilst writing these lines I have been struck by a curious point of resemblance between the Irish and the people of Bengal, in their mutual neglect of some of the best uses of the bounteous supply of fish which nature has brought to their doors. In Ireland it is a frequent ground of complaint that many tons of fish are wasted because the people will not adopt any reasonable system for curing and preserving the large quantity of fine fish, for which there is no local market, when they are fresh and newly caught. And so it is in Bengal. The people have no system of their own for curing and salting fish. They sometimes split the fish and hang it to dry in the blazing sun, and the stench which

arises from this natural process is something alarming. And I am sorry to say that people of the higher classes are in the habit of eating this stinking fish as a condiment, so that their breath is by no means scented when an official is brought into contact with them, or has to sit in a hot and crowded office or court with the members of the bar, and their attendant solicitors who have breakfasted on this unfragrant substance. It is needless to say that it is very unwholesome; and in a country where cholera is almost always present, many deaths from that disease are referable to the use of this dangerous food. Several benevolent attempts have been made under the auspices of Government to teach the people to salt and smoke their fish properly. It used to be said that the high price of salt prevented them from using it to preserve their fish. So the Government provided the fish-curers with cheap salt, free from any tax; and they also built for them sheds and warehouses, wherein they might carry on their business. But the experiments have never prospered. The fish were admirably salted, but when they were brought to market there was no demand for them among the native community. From the times of Manu, their lawgiver, the Hindoos had eaten stinking, sun-dried fish, and liked it. It was not for them to try experiments on their stomachs with salted or pickled fish, which were recommended to them by their English masters. And so both in Ireland and in Bengal, to this day, tons upon tons of the finest fish continue to be wasted in deference to the national prejudices and hereditary habits of the two nations.

C. T. BUCKLAND.

The Bachelor.

A STUDY IN STRAINED SENTIMENT.

PART THE FIRST.

BESIDE his fire the Bachelor sat,
A friendless man in a furnished flat ;

The light of youth from his eyes had fled,
The hair was sparse on the top of his head ;

Angular, cynical, bilious, grim—
Was there one in the world to care for him ?

Thus he mused—as often he'd mused before—
When, the hammer sounded at his front door.

And he rose, impelled by repeated knocks,
To find on his threshold—a boy with a box.

A plain deal box of a medium size,
Which the Bachelor took in blank surprise.

He had made no purchase of late—then, swift,
The inference followed—it must be a gift !

From some former friend he had long forgot :
So he fetched his scissors, and severed the knot.

And in eager haste he lifted the lid,
All unsuspecting of what it hid.

Then—his fury broke in a frantic curse,
Too vigorous to repeat in verse !

What unknown hand had dealt this stroke ?
What fiend conceived so cruel a joke

As to send—ah, smile at it those who can!—
A dainty doll to a childless man?

He flung it from him—it fell on a chair,
And smiled, through its fleece of golden hair,

Straight up in his face—till it made him start,
And a sudden compunction smote his heart:

For the eyes, and the amber tresses above,
Resembled those of his early Love,

Whose eyes were as round and devoid of guile,
Who had just that placid persistent smile,

Ere maternal monitions she obeyed
And married a man in the timber trade!

So he stooped and touched the doll's limp hand—
And she seemed in some way to understand,

When he raised her gently—for, wondrous thing!
As though his fingers had found a spring

Which set in motion some secret gear,
She spoke in silver-toned accents clear:

‘I’s e oor dolly—’oo must be
Always velly tind to me:
Yike me best of all oor toys,
Hide me thafe fom naughty boys,
Never yeave me near ze fiah,
In ze wain, or in ze miah,
And I’ll ’peak when ’poken to,
’Oo yove me—an’ I’ll yove ’oo!’

It thrilled his pulse to a faster throb;
He was fain to swallow a rising sob:

For his flinty bosom he could not steel
’Gainst the innocent guile of that appeal;

And his furrowed face grew strangely mild
As he nursed the doll, like a little child.

Through the long night she softly slept
In the drawer where his clean shirts were kept:

While he his eyelids closed in vain,
For there rang in his ears that naïve refrain.

Ah, well ! it came from a phonograph—
Yet I doubt if many will dare to laugh.

And malice itself might feel some shame
To see how its shaft had missed its aim.

PART THE SECOND.

All through the next succeeding day,
From the time his breakfast was cleared away,

Till after he had taken tea,
He nursed the doll on his elderly knee.

He had it still upon his lap—
When, once again, he heard a rap :

And, thrusting the doll with a guilty air
Between the cushions that lined his chair,

He sat up, stiffer than before,
And grimly eyed his opening door :

Then he felt his brains in confusion whirl—
For his visitor was a little girl !

A small patrician in plush and fur,
With little trace of the child in her.

And he caught his breath with a gasping choke—
Well he guessed her object or ever she spoke !

She sat down, preening her parasol,
Then—‘ I’ve come to ask if you’ve seen my doll.

‘ I ordered it yesterday afternoon,
And they promised me they would send it soon :

‘ But they never did ! and—such silly mistakes
A shopkeeper person so often makes—

‘(There’s a perfect idiot who keeps that shop !)
That, though we’re at the bottom and you at the top,

‘I thought I’d step up and inquire,’ she said,
‘If they happened to send it to you instead.

‘So boring to lose one’s doll, you know !’
And he answered, ‘I should imagine so.’

Though he wreathed his face in a ghastly grin,
A bitter struggle went on within !

This child came armed with the legal claim—
But, oh ! it was cruel, all the same !

For how could he now, without disgrace,
Produce that doll from its hiding-place ?

Then, gripping his chair in convulsive clutch,
‘Do you love,’ he faltered, ‘your doll so much ?’

‘Oh, I liked her rather,’ she drawled, ‘before,
But I’ve thought of something I’d like still more ;

‘So, as soon as she comes, I shall try to arrange
With the man at the shop to let me exchange.’

Then—he might regain her ? But he was shy—
A doll was a thing that he dared not buy !

And still, as the child went chattering on,
He suppressed what he was sitting upon.

‘Dolls,’ she declared, ‘were going out,
One scarcely ever saw any about.

‘And though hers was one of the very few
That could make a speech, which was something new,

‘In time that speech would be sure to pall.’
And the Bachelor basely agreed with it all !

Though his soul was seething in revolt,
Like a cistern struck by a thunderbolt.

What ! yield his idol and all her charms
To alien unsympathetic arms ?

To be lost for ever? Not so—not so!
He could not—he *would* not let her go!

‘Then—you haven’t seen her?’ she asked, (Ah! why
Is it always easy to tell a lie

Upon any sudden emergency?)
‘I am sorry to say . . . I have—not,’ said he.

Then he bowed her out with a courtly air,
And sank with a sigh in his easy chair.

What recked he, now that the deed was done,
If fairly or foully the prize was won?

And under the cushions he hastily sought
For the hidden treasure so dearly bought.

He found her soon—and his hot tears gushed,
For her innocent nose was completely crushed!

In grief as fruitless he indulged,
When he saw that one of her eyes had bulged!

Then next, with nerves unstrung, he tried
The spring of the cylinder inside.

She spoke—but, horror! the sounds he heard
Were now discordant, and harsh, and blurred!

And beneath the jumble of words and jerks,
The click and stammer of damaged works,

His ear detected—unless he dreamt—
An undercurrent of keen contempt!

‘Yeave me! Thafer I must be.
‘Oo’s so—click!—untind to me.
Best I yike a naughty boy—
Tick-tack!—I’s a boken toy.
Hide fom me, ‘oo dwedful liah!
An-an-i-as an’ Zafiah!
Never ‘gain I’ll ‘peak, it’s too!
Dolly dud—dud—don’t yove ‘oo!’

She ceased, and he knew he had sinned in vain !
He could never endure that voice again,

Nor meet unmoved the mild blue eye
That gazed reproachfully, all awry.

For the broken accent that clicked and jerked
Was the voice of Conscience he would have burked !

So, pale and panting, he poked the fire,
Then placed her on her funeral pyre,

Hiding his haggard eyes—for he felt
It would madden him if he watched her melt.

And he staggered forth with a stifled groan,
Once more—for ever—unloved, alone !

F. ANSTEY.

A Clandestine Correspondence.

‘**W**HY, Kate, we’ve been fancying you as happy as the day is long! I verily believe there isn’t another governess in the kingdom so comfortably placed in all respects; and you know you are only an amateur, without certificates or diplomas, or anything of that sort. I’m sure Mrs. Bulstrode spoke to us just now as if you were her daughter and I was her daughter’s friend. What can you possibly find to complain of?’

‘Complain? You quite misunderstood me! It would be not only ungrateful but idiotic besides. What I meant to say was, that in spite of everybody’s kindness—on that account perhaps—life is rather dull. Mrs. Bulstrode has such a lot of friends, and she’s always so busy, so interested, that it makes one feel lonely—I can’t express what I mean; but the result is that I would give anything to have some concerns of my own to occupy me.’

‘Well, but, my dear,’ said Lydia, glancing round and laughing, ‘isn’t it possible that you may find some such occupation shortly? Captain Bulstrode seems to be as pleasant as he is handsome.’

‘Oh, you can’t imagine what a funny idea that is! Captain Bulstrode is certainly pleasant, what I have seen of him; but he appears to think that the only conversation possible with a young lady is an exchange of smiles. So far as they go, his remarks are most agreeable, for he has very nice teeth; and I respond as prettily as I can. But in three days we have already exhausted our store of topics—at least I have, for Captain Bulstrode never recollects that he offered the same observation—that is, the same smile—half a minute ago. It’s like saying, “How d’ye do?” all day long, and I feel the approaches of grinning imbecility.’

The schoolroom maid entered, and while she was laying the tea-table Kate Shafto talked merrily with her cousin of old times. Then, laughing and colouring, she produced a slip of newspaper.

‘Captain Bulstrode could never give me an interest in life, even if he wished, and if I let him try, which are both utterly out of the question. But here is an opening with a vengeance, Lydia, as Tom used to say! You recollect how I crossed the Channel alone after poor papa’s death, and how kind a boy was to me? See what appears in all the newspapers this morning!’ Lydia read:—

“If this should meet the eye of the young lady who crossed from Boulogne to Folkestone one night of January 1883, the young man who lent her a rug and overcoat begs permission—which he will regard as an honour—to correspond with her. He will not ask her name, nor seek to ascertain it without her consent. Address, Loyalty, care of Messrs. Jordan, Austin Friars.”

Oh, Kate dear! what fun! It must be you! Shall you answer?’

‘What do you think?’

‘I wouldn’t hesitate a moment—that is, if Messrs. Jordan are respectable people, of which I have no doubt. Admiral Bulstrode or anyone could find that out for you.’

‘Yes, but they would find out a good deal more in the process! There was a regular debate at breakfast over this advertisement—which was lucky, for it prepared me, so that I kept my countenance when Mrs. Bulstrode gave it me to read. The Admiral declares it is a cryptogram. Everything that appears in the second column of the newspapers is inserted by Nihilists, or Dynamitards, or Swellmobsmen in a secret language. This advertisement may be an exchange of suggestions for blowing up the House of Commons, my dear; or, at best, it’s a hint for a burglary! The police read these ciphers like a book. It’s so easy that the Admiral himself undertakes to interpret it, with the assistance of a friend at the Senior. Oh, your notion wouldn’t do at all! But you might ask somebody at Richmond to ascertain who the Messrs. Jordan are.’

‘I’ll ask Mr. Williams, and let you know at once!’

‘Thank you, dear. And if his report is favourable you would really send an answer?’

‘Indeed I would. It’s delightfully romantic; and where’s the harm?’

‘Well, but there’s the question of address. You will take in Loyalty’s replies?’

‘Kate! I could not hear of such a thing! Mamma regards second-column advertisements quite as Admiral Bulstrode does. She would never allow me, even if I were willing; and really I

must say downright that I can take no share in such an indecorous proceeding.'

'Think of the romance, dear! I have often told you what a manly, courteous, high-bred boy it was. We can rely upon his word, I'm quite sure. Nothing will come of it besides amusement.'

'Oh, but five years ago you were a thin little chit of fourteen, and now you are a well-grown young woman! Your manly boy has become a real man in the same time. If you pay any attention to my advice, you will not dream of pursuing the matter.'

'It's too absurd, Lydia! Just now you would not hesitate a moment—you would ask Mr. Williams, and let me know at once, and so forth! But I won't demand too much. Will you take a note to old Hannah asking her to receive the letters and explaining all the circumstances? I'm quite sure she will consent, if you put it properly.'

Lydia was not unwilling to accept this compromise, upon conditions which Kate was very willing to grant. She wanted only the excitement, an interest of her own in that bustling, cheerful household where everybody except the children had a packet of letters every morning, and news of some sort to divert them—even Captain Bulstrode. So it was covenanted with all solemnity that Kate should give no hint of her name, should not seek to learn 'the boy's,' and, emphatically, should not grant him a meeting without the permission of Mrs. Cantley, her aunt. This arranged, Lydia became enthusiastic once more, and undertook to persuade old Hannah. So she went away.

Certainly Nature had not designed Kate Shafto for a governess. The worst disadvantage, truly, had been spared her, for she was not pretty in a style which the first glance recognises. In fact, the perception of her beauty came as a surprise, after some acquaintance, even to those qualified to see it; and most people remained unconscious to the last. This was owing, perhaps, to the ivory-white complexion, which prejudiced observers so far that they did not look beyond. But persons of taste remarked in good time that the skin was exquisitely clear and soft, the features perfect, the dark eyes full of life and shrewdness and character. The discovery once made, appreciation grew warm, in general, with singular rapidity, and reached the point of enthusiasm. For some weeks Mrs. Bulstrode thought her governess plain, then suddenly perceived that she was interesting, and twenty-four hours afterwards declared her lovely.

Kate was happy in obtaining such a situation at the outset. Nothing there roused the impatient scorn of meanness, the quick pride, or the biting ridicule which prudence would never have restrained had they been challenged. Her mistress was a charming woman in the best sense of that term—so thoroughly good-hearted that she never thought of dismissing the girl for her prettiness. ‘It’s not the poor child’s fault!’ said she to her husband. ‘We must hope that Jack doesn’t admire that style!’ And Admiral Bulstrode agreed the more heartily because he was one of those who could not see where Miss Shafto’s beauty lay.

But it would certainly be annoying if Jack did admire that style—much worse than annoying if he carried admiration beyond the abstract point. Though still young, Mrs. Bulstrode no longer hoped to give an heir to her husband’s ancient name. Jack would represent the family at his death, and would succeed to the estates which had known a Bulstrode as master from immemorial time. The Admiral found some solace for his disappointment in this fact, since he regarded his nephew with pride and a very warm affection. It was a painful reflection with the old sailor—suspected by none, but constantly haunting him—that in thirty years’ service he had never found an opportunity to distinguish himself. Almost all his contemporaries had the K.C.B. at least, but his name would be recorded in the annals of the family with no testimonial of merit. Jack would retrieve its glories! At twenty-six years of age he had won his brevet-captaincy upon the field, and had been mentioned twice in General Orders. Furthermore, he was the best and noblest young fellow in England!

Therefore Jack ought to marry—should marry—must marry—to ensure the permanence of the stock. For two years past the Admiral had been urging the obligation by every mail, whilst his wife had been diligently seeking a bride. This pursuit gave to Mrs. Bulstrode’s hospitalities, friendships, and correspondence the air of bustling interest which made Kate feel lonely, as she has explained. At length Jack was persuaded, or rather convinced—for he could not bring himself to an inclination. Three days before the advertisement appeared, he reached the Castle, and forthwith a defile of maidens was arranged.

Mr. Williams reported that Messrs. Jordan were solicitors of the highest standing, and Hannah Penrhyn, Kate’s old nurse, consented to act. She despatched her reply:—

‘Loyalty’s advertisement has met the eye of the young lady to whom it was addressed, and she is glad to find an opportunity

of expressing her gratitude for his kindness long ago. That she failed to do so at the time caused her much distress—she looked for him everywhere on arrival at Folkestone. His rug has been preserved with pious care, and it will be forwarded to Messrs. Jordan immediately.

‘The young lady takes note of Loyalty’s promise to make no inquiry about her, and, that both parties may bear it constantly in mind, she assumes a name derived, like his, from the motto of a king—K. E. P. F. Troth—for short, Miss Troth.

‘And she awaits Loyalty’s explanation of his object in seeking her out after five years.

‘Reply frankly, please, to the care of Mrs. Penrhyn, 41 Deep Street, Richmond.’

The answer came as speedily as cross posts would allow.

‘My dear Miss Troth,—I would rather not have told you at the beginning why I wish to renew our acquaintance, lest the information itself should defeat my object. Utterly ignorant of the circumstances around you, I cannot guess how you will be affected. But since you make the demand—and certainly it is reasonable—I must run the risk.

‘My friends have been urging me to marry, for a long time past, by arguments which cannot be resisted; but my personal feelings do not support them. I have never seen the lady whose charms tempted me to think that the grave responsibilities of marriage would be compensated by the happiness of her society through life. Pray do not misunderstand. I have not looked for such a lady, and I have been very little in the way of finding her by accident up to this.

‘But it is my plain duty to take a wife, in so far as that duty is not counterbalanced by another which forbids a man to marry unless he love with all his heart and believe himself loved in return. Subject to these conditions, I acknowledge the reasoning of my friends, and therefore it is right to give myself, or to make myself, the opportunity of discovering a person who must exist, if we can rely upon tradition—the helpmate who is destined for me, for whom I am destined.

‘Now, my dear Miss Troth, in thinking of this matter continually for many months past, with equal persistence my thoughts have turned to the little girl who sat with her head upon my shoulder through a long, wet, miserable night on the deck of a

Channel steamer. I scarcely could see her face, but I think she was not pretty, and I have never asked myself whether she may be pretty now. But her eyes and her sweet voice under sufferings of mind and body have never faded from my memory. The impression grows stronger indeed, for I was only twenty-one, and a boy of that age takes little notice of a girl in short frocks. You could not have been more than fourteen?

‘These premisses I feel bound to state at your demand; but are you able to leave them there, as mere statements, without drawing a conclusion? I have heard that your sex ignores and despises logic; but again, from my very limited means of observation, I have myself remarked that it works a straightforward syllogism with unfailing accuracy. It would be agreeable at this moment, and in this case, to believe the former proposition if I could. But however it be, I entreat you to forget an explanation which is offered most unwillingly, since various reasons and motives may induce you to break off our correspondence at this early stage, after learning my position. They may be such as I could not gainsay. But if not—if they are mere objections of conventionality—I beg you most earnestly to resist them. Let us talk together frankly, honestly, without thought of consequences. It was in the belief that the little girl who dwells in my recollection could sustain such converse without need of personal topics to eke it out that I searched for her again—and Miss Troth’s letter strongly confirms that belief. I shall wait for her reply with anxiety.

‘P.S.—I also was very sorry to miss bidding you good-bye at Folkestone. When you went down below, in sight of harbour, I paid a visit to a friend, a Queen’s Messenger, on board, and fell asleep in his cabin. He did not rouse me till too late. As for the rug, I shall treasure it with “pious care” henceforward.’

Loyalty had to wait with such patience as he could muster. Very seldom does a girl receive a communication so embarrassing. Kate Shafto’s brain was singularly clear. However it be with other women, few males had a keener grasp of logic; even the mechanics of that art she understood well enough to know all the meaning of a syllogism. The whole process of her correspondent’s argument lay open before her, as before himself. But no objection which he could not gainsay arose; and as for the conventionalities, they were already cast aside. Moreover,

her inclination to trust the handsome, gallant boy was greatly strengthened by the conduct of the man so far.

The propriety of answering, therefore, caused her not a moment's hesitation. But how the answer should be framed, how certain grave probabilities should be guarded against at the outset, occupied her thoughts for two days, and even, in a measure, for two nights; that is to say, until she went to sleep at the usual hour, and again until she rose. It was fun of the best class, brimming with interest and possibilities, but distinctly not the kind of thing to make a reasonable girl turn on her pillow.

The outcome of these cogitations is shown in her reply.

'My dear Mr. Loyalty,—I also regret the demand for motives which you so honourably meet, since they cannot be quite forgotten henceforth; but I believe myself able to act in the sense which you suggest. Referring to your explanation for the last time, it appears to me that we must fix a date when our correspondence shall cease. I think you will perceive the reason, or one of several. The search to which your relations have engaged will prove successful, doubtless, and, at an earlier date, your attention will be too much distracted to find pleasure in writing to a stranger. I will not run the risk that my letters may become a bore. Regarding the question thoughtfully, I have resolved that two months is the very longest time that can be fixed with safety. This is the 24th of February; on the 24th of April I shall write good-bye—with hearty friendship and respect, I feel sure. If the circumstances I contemplate should arise before that period, I lay it on your honour to inform me at once. You will ratify this understanding, please, without comment or discussion in your next letter.

'Now, what are we going to talk about? In the division of labour it will be your duty to find topics and to expatiate upon them; my amusement, to criticise your views about *everything*. That is the approved system in these matters. A clever man creates, a dunce passes judgment on his work, and the people accept the opinion of the dunce. If you expect a young-ladylike assent to every proposition, it is ungrateful to disappoint you. But really the part of Echo is very dull, and, besides, I am not qualified to play it. You will not talk commonplace, I feel sure—partly from recollection, partly from the wording of your advertisement. A dull person would have said instinctively, "If the young lady, &c. still survive,"

or something superfluous to that effect. Commonplace irritates me as nothing else does, I think. "But?" Now does Mr. Loyalty grasp that bold figure of speech? Oh, by the bye, I must put another clause into our agreement. I reserve the power of closing this correspondence at any time, without regard to the limit of two months. It seems a rude stipulation, but constitutional lawyers hold, I believe, that the right of self-defence cannot be annulled by any contract or covenant.

'And so I leave you to the exercise of your ingenuity. We are to make no allusion to private matters, excepting, if you like, such as came to our mutual knowledge in the very broken discourse we held that night. You have forgotten what they were? Of course you have, but I will give you a hint. It is already known to me that you are a soldier, or were, and that the grand desire of your heart at one time was to visit India. That may be a starting-point for our excursions. I am inclined to finish with the exclamation which sophists of old were wont to use when they invited the audience to give them a theme for eloquence. You would thus be convinced that it is no light responsibility you have undertaken. But I forbear.

'P.S.—I am ashamed of myself! That last observation will give you the idea that I understand Greek, and I dare not protest that it was undesigned! Remorse is consuming me! *Peccavi*, O Mr. Loyalty! I can't even read the alphabet!'

'My dear Miss Troth,—Without comment or debate I subscribe to your conditions, but if you knew what I feel!

'Nevertheless, when one contracting party is so precise, the other may seize any vantage-ground unoccupied. You do not fix the number of our letters per week, and therefore I exact two at least. You do not say that I must submit when you bid me farewell, and therefore I reserve full liberty of action.

'Since we are not to mention private affairs, I suppose that compliments are most strictly forbidden. I confine myself, therefore, to the simplest matter of fact in declaring your first communication a little masterpiece. Within a very few lines it warns me, as you say, what a grave charge I have assumed; it suggests the line, if not the subjects, of our correspondence, and it shows a disposition in every word that interests and challenges me. You think I do not recollect the topics we discussed that night? Perhaps not. But my advertisement is proof that I keep a very strong general idea of your powers. And—you will allow

me to flatter *myself* at least?—the evidence displays that my judgment was sound.

‘Commonplace irritates you so terribly? Then I venture to conclude that my guess was correct—you were fourteen years old five years ago. Nineteen is the age, I should think, when a clever girl who has read much—so much that she can cite the “*Proballette*” of the sophists in a casual way—feels moved to resent the style of conversation which is offered her in general. Before that time of life she does not notice perhaps, too much occupied with the delights of freedom; shortly after she grows accustomed. Remark, please, how bravely I take up your challenge, theorising forthwith upon young ladies’ sentiments of which my ignorance is utter! But with that tremendous subject of Commonplace I am very well acquainted, and I beg you to believe that it is an excellent, a blessed thing, and indispensable. You see that I also decline to play Echo. May I say—without reference to our situation of course—that it is a feminine *rôle*? Your impatience of commonplace talk betrays an instinctive consciousness of that, for it means that people give you a note to which you cannot reply—or rather you scorn to reply. I hope to avoid that case. But, my dear Miss Troth, it does not follow at all that a person who talks commonplace at a given moment is thinking commonplace. He may well have discovered that the range of ideas in which an ordinary mortal can give him the *réplique* is desperately narrow, and he prudently keeps within them. For the alternative is a brilliant monologue which human nature will not stand.

‘There! Have I not given you a topic at the outset which you can not only criticise but dilate upon? I fancy that the next epistle I receive will be dashed off at white heat of indignation. What! I dare to suggest that you will ever regard with patience the dull talk of dull people? I venture to predict that you will, as your personal interests grow stronger. General conversation becomes more or less of a perfunctory business when a man or a woman has something to think of. I pause for the reply.

‘Yes, I am a soldier, and I have fulfilled my wish. Very shortly after that introduction which is bearing its fruit now, I was ordered to India, and I have taken but one furlough since. When we fall short of matter for conversation, if that could ever be, we will talk of India. But I distrust myself upon that theme. It tends to raving and incoherency. If I declared in

public my views, there would be danger of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*.'

I must make an end of these quotations. It would be a pleasure to transcribe the whole correspondence, but no pleasure, I suspect, for the majority to read it. The samples are enough to show how easily these young people mastered the difficulties of their extraordinary situation. The credit was due to the lady, of course. Kate's first letter struck a keynote which summoned Loyalty to respond. Had he failed to do so, the romance would have ended then and there. On the contrary, his success was complete. She recognised a man worth talking to, and forthwith began to chatter—brightly, humorously, with familiar frankness; for it must be borne in mind that Kate did not regard her anonymous correspondent as a stranger. The familiarity, however, was intellectual. As her interest grew she felt more and more disinclined to encourage the hope of a personal intercourse. That would destroy the charm. Unconsciously she admitted that some time, by some abnormal means, they would be brought face to face, but not with her sanction. And Loyalty was harmonious all through. He wrote as gaily, brilliantly, and familiarly as herself, but gave no hint of a wish to meet. It is true that one month only had elapsed when I resume the story. He had no need to hurry the action yet.

Meantime, Bulstrode Castle became a rendezvous for young ladies such as the chatelaine thought likely to fascinate Jack. None of them had succeeded, apparently. In truth, things seemed to be going the other way. Kate overheard more than one remark that Captain Bulstrode was like a knight of chivalry, and an impulsive young person declared him outright a 'dear.' He had that gentle and amiable calm which specially becomes a distinguished young soldier, and is specially appreciated by the sex. His air was thoughtful, but nothing funny escaped him, and his low, quiet laugh showed keener enjoyment than the roar of boisterous souls. Conspicuously handsome, graceful in all he said and did, heir to an ancient name and large estates, Captain Bulstrode realised, in serious truth, the popular notion of a hero.

Kate admired him warmly, as a picture, and liked very much what she saw of him—in the same sense. But this inroad of guests confined her to the schoolroom. Though Mrs. Bulstrode had dismissed her vague alarms after observing Jack, she was too shrewd to tempt the Fates by thrusting a lovely governess

upon the notice of any young man. So it came to pass that Kate only saw him at a distance, and never spoke. She had ample leisure for the correspondence in those long solitary evenings. Even her little pupils were less ignorant of the events preparing. She did not know that Captain Bulstrode was the Admiral's heir; much more, that this array of damsels was paraded for his choice. The Castle had been lively with young people more or less since she resided there. It was natural that a larger gathering should be made to celebrate the return of a favourite nephew. But one day, about a month after the date of those letters cited, enlightenment came with a rush. Her eldest pupil, a charming little mad-cap, suddenly exclaimed:—

‘Oh, Miss Shafto, they say that Cousin Jack is going to marry Lady Norah! You don't believe it, do you? Say you don't if you do.’

‘I know nothing at all about it, Mary. Who says so?’

‘I heard Nurse——’

‘I have told you several times, my dear, that it is unladylike to listen to the servants.’

‘Oh, yes, when they're gossiping—that's what you said, Miss Shafto. But Cousin Jack's marriage isn't gossip. It's a landmark in history.’

The child's droll emphasis and gesticulation made Kate laugh. Before she could interpose the hint was given.

‘Nurse said to Wilkins, the new housemaid, that all papa's estate goes to Cousin Jack. I know that's true. And papa and mamma have been trying to persuade him to marry for years—and he wouldn't until now—and mamma got all these young ladies here to choose from, and he's chosen Lady Norah. Oh, I wish it had been any of the others: don't you? I shall speak to Cousin Jack—it's an outrage.’

‘You mustn't do anything of the kind.’ That was all Kate could say.

‘Oh, but excuse me, dear Miss Shafto, this is a family matter. I must act in the interests of the family.’ And she ran off.

Kate's mind was very quick. It followed the chain of reasoning at a glance, and estimated the probabilities. Another soldier might be found in this great country whose relations had been urging him to take a wife; another, perhaps, who could write those clever charming letters. But the coincidences were too many to be thus explained. Mr. Loyalty was Captain Bulstrode!

A painful shattering—not of hopes, most assuredly, but of

ideals. Kate felt so angry that she paused, in sudden consternation, to ask herself what Loyalty had done to justify this temper. Why, of course! He had violated a solemn condition—he had failed to warn her of his growing love for one of the beautiful girls around him. Forthwith Kate ran to her desk, and set herself to prepare the indictment which was to be Miss Troth's farewell. It proved to be mighty difficult, as the reader will understand if he reviews the circumstances. Half an hour afterwards Mary found her still obstinately wrestling with a task as desperate as a composition well could be.

'Oh, Miss Shafto!' she cried from the door. 'I have questioned Cousin Jack seriously, and he gives me his word of honour as a gentleman that there is not a syllable of truth in it.'

Kate accepted the assurance implicitly, and her indignation vanished; but the letters must cease. Reason endeavoured to convince her that if there was no harm in corresponding with an anonymous gentleman, the chance discovery of his name and address could not make it improper. Through her simple life hitherto, the instincts of womanhood had never been opposed to the dictates of common-sense, and in one of her bright discussions with Loyalty she had maintained with warmth that they never could be. The logic of circumstances refuted her now. Reason might urge arguments unanswerable, but instinct declined to hear them. She wrote at once:—

'My dear Mr. Loyalty,—I am compelled to forego an amusement which I have learned to cherish, before the date we fixed. I must not write again, and I send this brief note only to assure you that my resolve is unconnected with any action of yours. It is bare truth to say that your letters have given me a broader and clearer view of the world. There is food for thought in every line, even those that have made me laugh so often. I feel myself wiser; and that knowledge, I think, will gratify you. It is my very earnest hope that we may meet at some time, but pardon me if I recall your undertaking to make no inquiry about me.' And in a few regretful words she bade him good-bye.

A little incident occurred before the answer reached her, but I transcribe it in this place—so much as bears upon the story.

'My dear Miss Troth,—It is no exaggeration to say that your sudden resolve distresses me. If our correspondence was a cherished amusement to you, to me it was a grave matter from

the beginning, which has grown continually more serious as I studied your disposition. But I have made up my mind to give no hint upon this subject until the day appointed, and I shall keep to that resolution.

‘For, again, your terms leave an opening, of which I take advantage. Circumstances do not compel me to cease writing—quite the contrary—and inclination urges me furiously to continue. Therefore I shall go on until the end of the two months, and then, in what may be a farewell letter, I shall write very seriously.

‘There is, however, a most weighty consideration. You insisted that I should warn you the moment I became conscious of certain feelings, and much more is it your duty to warn me in like case. If such be the motive of Miss Troth’s wish to break off our pleasant relations, I am sure she will contrive to make Loyalty understand.

‘And now I shall scribble away as if nothing had happened—only it will be a monologue in future . . .’

The effect which this letter would have had was entirely changed by the incident I have referred to. Captain Bulstrode, like all who have served in India, rose at daylight—not such a very early hour in the month of March. Kate saw him not infrequently whipping the stream as she sallied forth with her charges for the walk before breakfast which Admiral Bulstrode exacted, wet or fine. Then the little girls raced away to Cousin Jack, and Mary performed a reckless fantasia with his fly-rod. But he had never happened to be near the path.

Cousin Jack was not visible on the morning when Loyalty’s reply might be expected, but they found his rod upon the bridge. Mary seized it, of course, and galloped down to the water’s edge; and Miss Shafto, of course, remonstrated up above. Her perfunctory appeals ended in a sharp cry of pain: the fly had pierced her ear through and through.

Pitiful arose the wailing of the little girls; desperate were her efforts to extract the hook. Captain Bulstrode, who had gone to seek a light for his cheroot, burst on the scene. Kate was not so distracted that she failed to observe his running—like a Greek athlete, she said to herself.

With that kind smile which she had ridiculed to Lydia, though admiring it all the while, he examined the mischief. I have said that Kate Shafto’s face did not strike at a glance, and

Captain Bulstrode had never happened to regard her with attention. He could not have avoided doing so now, and certainly she looked her very best—red with embarrassment, hair loose, eyes and lips protesting, yet diverted with the humour of a situation which she only grasped. So startled was he that he paused, saying: ‘This is Miss Shafto?’—but found an excuse upon the instant—‘Er—you are in great pain, I fear?’ With that he snapped the hook, and drew it gently out.

Kate foresaw what would happen. If there are girls who cannot read the look of overpowering admiration in honest, manly eyes, she was not one of them. But it would have been far more indecorous to walk with her hair dishevelled than to return home under escort of a young man, and she submitted to Fate very willingly since it must be so. Captain Bulstrode had wound up his tackle before she was ready, and they started.

The Castle was not a mile away, and the little girls demanded Cousin Jack’s attention without ceasing; but he found means to draw the governess out—at least, to assure himself that she was well worth the trouble. Kate understood perfectly. Several times she marked his cautious survey of her face, and read therein, with pardonable vanity, an expression of astonishment which grew rather than subsided. How could I possibly have overlooked this girl? it said. She did not feel called upon to mislead him by the affectation of a character, good or bad, which was not her own. And shyness would have been a gross affectation; besides, she could not help regarding Captain Bulstrode as an old and intimate acquaintance.

So they talked merrily and frankly through the children, who played a very useful part as conductors. When the letter came Kate felt that it was ancient history. She saw him no more that day; but next morning, of course, he was at the brook, and very near the path. The rod was entrusted to Mary, and until she broke it in a triumphant flourish, they strolled to and fro. Naturally, then, Captain Bulstrode might have accompanied them on their walk, but he was too sagacious. Next day, however, they met him again, and the next. The fun was over now; matters grew serious. On the fourth morning Kate took another direction, to the great disgust of her pupils; but on their return Cousin Jack joined them. She felt, without pretending irritation to herself, that her shrewdness was no match for his. There was no escape, for the Admiral insisted that his girls should take exercise regardless of the weather. At a glimpse of their

favourite the children galloped to him, and he contrived it so that they always seemed to bring him to the governess. Kate was perplexed, amused, and began to be troubled. Then the next letter arrived.

‘My dear Miss Troth,—It is not four days since I took refuge in chicanery to evade the plain meaning of your injunctions, and to sustain a correspondence which interested me very deeply. I did wrong, and I knew it, but you are avenged. It is painful to eat one’s words—doubly so in this case, for I have to beg what I refused when it was offered—a kindly farewell. Explanation is unnecessary, I think, under the circumstances, and it would be most embarrassing. You have proved yourself wise and prudent all through—let that suffice! With the warmest respect and admiration I reciprocate your expressions of good-will, and I subscribe myself for the last time,

‘LOYALTY.’

If Kate was perplexed and somewhat troubled before, this communication dumfounded her. She could scarcely find a smile for the extraordinary situation which a correspondence, begun in sport, had developed. It was awfully funny, doubtless, but grave enough for those concerned, and most complicated for herself. Explanation was unnecessary, indeed. Loyalty broke off his relations with Miss Troth because Captain Bulstrode had fallen in love with Miss Shafto! Kate thrilled in reading the confession, but it was dreadful.

Since he had thus declared himself, unconsciously, she owned her love, she gloried in it. But the mere knowledge of that fact forbade her, a dependent, to allow meetings, under the Admiral’s roof, which had been harmless if disconcerting before. It did not occur to Kate, even as a possibility, that she might misunderstand the motive of Loyalty’s withdrawal. Captain Bulstrode’s eyes were too expressive for that.

But how to check him? She had no grounds for giving a hint, nor was he in the least likely to supply her. The children must go out, their governess must accompany them; and Kate owned herself no match in strategy with this young soldier. She thought of feigning illness, but he was a man who could wait. The only means of escape was resignation, and that would be disastrous. A girl is not called upon to sacrifice her livelihood, perhaps all her future, to avoid an honourable suit from her employer’s heir. Heroines of story do that kind of thing, but Kate Shafto was a

'human girl,' no more and no less. She resolved at length to take holiday—that would give a pause—and wrote Mrs. Cantley forthwith to ask whether she could be received. The good old dame consented with warmth by return of post.

The same morning Mrs. Bulstrode summoned the governess to an interview; she seemed flurried and nervous, and she spoke less kindly than usual.

'My dear, we are starting for the Continent to-morrow. You will accompany us?'

Kate was amazed. 'I was just going to beg a short holiday, madam,' she said.

'This will be a twelvemonth's holiday. I should not ask you to give the children regular lessons. We go to Italy, thence north, and we winter in Rome. The Admiral will be with us much of the time.'

Kate could not inquire whether Captain Bulstrode would be of the party. She answered:

'I should like to spend a few days with my friends before leaving them for so long, madam.'

'You can't do that!' said Mrs. Bulstrode shortly; and Kate's spirit rose at her tone.

'Relying on your constant kindness, madam, I begged my aunt to receive me, and she has made arrangements.'

The lady looked in her face, which had grown stubborn, thought an instant, and spoke frankly, with a total change of manner.

'I honestly think, Miss Shafto, as I hope, that you have been comfortable with us. We have not tried to be kind, for it was no effort; and you, I believe, found it no effort to be grateful. I speak for the Admiral also in declaring that your character and disposition made it a pleasure to have you in the house.'

'Indeed, madam, you have treated me as a daughter!' Kate exclaimed, her eyes full.

Mrs. Bulstrode stretched out her hands, and drew the girl to her bosom. 'Heaven knows, dear, that I wished to do so! I feel certain we can rely on your honour!' And then she told how Jack had sought an interview the night before, and solemnly announced that he would marry Miss Shafto or no one. Good and simple by nature, ignorant of the relations between the two, Mrs. Bulstrode felt very little embarrassment in making her appeal. 'We put all our hopes in you, my dear!' she concluded tearfully. 'You will not inflict this dreadful disappointment on us?'

Kate laughed while she cried, but the prayer touched her warm heart. Happily, Mrs. Bulstrode did not think of asking that she should never accept Jack; her single idea was to keep them apart. Kate agreed to travel for a year, after a week's holiday at Richmond. Captain Bulstrode, they thought, might learn where she was, but Mrs. Cantley's address he could not find by any means he would use.

The same evening she arrived. Lydia's interest and her questions may be imagined. To avoid them Kate paid a visit to her old nurse next day—found that dame yet more inquisitive about the letters she had forwarded, and fled again. On the very doorstep she encountered Captain Bulstrode, whose face lit up. Her mind at the instant was full of 'Loyalty' and 'Miss Troth,' after the nurse's chatter—so full that she mixed up the anonymous with the real personages inextricably, and addressed him with hot indignation.

'So, sir, in defiance of your solemn promise, you are trying to find me?'

'My promise?' he repeated, in blank astonishment.

Kate saw her error and turned sharply away. He looked at the number of the house thoughtfully, and overtook her at a stride.

'Observing the name of this street, I turned into it from mere curiosity. It is quite true that I was seeking Miss Shafto. Can it possibly be that I have found Miss Troth?'

She hurried on, confused, longing to deny, to dismiss him, but unable to find words. It was too certain that Jack's quick brain would carry him to further discoveries. In a moment more her fears were realised.

'And you accused me?' he exclaimed abruptly. 'Miss Shafto is not only acquainted with Loyalty's promise to Miss Troth, but she also charges Captain Bulstrode with breaking it! Then—then, this is the reason you broke off our correspondence? I have only to tell you why I acquiesced.'

'I don't wish to hear! I won't hear!'

'I have done nothing to sacrifice such treatment as an honourable man deserves, Miss Shafto. You must hear me!'

'Oh, don't!' she cried, at her wits' end. 'I have promised Mrs. Bulstrode!'

'Is that it?' he laughed. 'For how long have you promised?'

'For twelve months!'

'That's an awful time, but we shall see. Now, since I have

spoken—at least, since you understand—the twelve months shall begin an hour hence. Then I will go away and weave plots against my well-meaning relations. Let us turn into the Park.'

She obeyed helplessly.

Long before the year was out, Mrs. Bulstrode submitted in a cheerful spirit. They were married at Florence. The Admiral gave Kate away. Lydia and the little girls were bridesmaids. Cousin Jack gave them locketts, with 'K. E. P. E. Troth' in diamonds. Acting as governess for the very last time, Kate explained that it was the motto of King Edward I. But the application has never been set forth till now.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

Studies of Elementary School Life.

II.

THE next papers in my collection are two essays by Tom —, one on 'Our Street,' and the other on 'A Visit to the Zoological Gardens.'

A certain event took place at school in connection with the lad's mother which forced the fact to come to my knowledge that little Tom's father had died on the scaffold. None but myself and a divisional member of the Board became aware of it, and I need not say that we never allowed the news to transpire. From that time I 'kept an eye' on the poor child, and did all I could to render his school days happy.

He was a good lad in the highest sense of the term; for, in spite of the vicious surroundings of the low, poverty-stricken locality in which he lived, his little heart—thanks to a mother's training—was as pure as the sunlight, and his lips would have scorned a lie.

I see that in one of his compositions he has mentioned his own christian name, and I think it judicious to make a substitution. Accordingly, I give it you as *Tom*. A little girl's name, too, which occurs in one of the essays, I shall likewise disguise. With these exceptions, I shall transcribe the lad's exercises word for word as they are before me. He was always dreadful at spelling, and these two pieces, I am not surprised to find, fairly teem with orthographical errors.

Tom is now a journeyman plumber, and rents a neat little honeysuckled cottage some miles out of town. His mother lives with him, and on each Saturday afternoon he hands over to her pretty well every farthing he earns. He was a rigid abstainer when last I saw him some two years ago; but, as he said, he never forced his opinions upon his mates. His mother, he told me, had earnestly desired him to live without intoxicants, and

that was *his* reason for being a teetotaler. No other reason he had, and no other he wanted. Tom is not married; but, if I were writing a romance, I should doubtless make him engaged to a certain interesting little personage whom he speaks of in one of his exercises as Liza Ann. But alas, reader, I am bound down to facts, and so I can give you no grounds for such an assumption. Still, it *may* be so, and thus I will leave it.

First I give you Tom's exercise on 'Our Street.'

'Our street is a long lane betwixt two big streets. Our street is not so clean as the big streets, coz yer mothers throw the slops and things in the gutter, and chucks bits of Lloyds and cabbage leaves in the middle of the road. That's why there's allus a funny smell down our street, speshilly when its hot. I like to sit with some more boys and girls in the dark passige wot is by the side of our house, and tell tails about where you've been. We often sit there waiting while our fathers or mothers cum home from work. I've seed more far away places than some of them, and the girls are allus a arsking me to tell them wot I nose. The boys sit on one side of the passige with their backs to the wall, and the girls sit on the other side with their arms around one another's bodies, and they all listen. I dont no why girls are so fond of cuddlin one another. Then when we hear a man or anybody cumin up the passige, we drawr our legs in and we say, "Will yer please mind our feet, sir?" and the men nearly allus says, "All right, littluns; keep sat still, and we'll walk through the middle on yer." But when a man is drunk, we allus stan up, coz drunken men have lost their senses. Liza Ann, the little girl wot lives up the next passige but cums to our passige to join in, she says she likes drunken men better than drunken women. She says that, coz drunken men are sometimes very kind and turn their trousers pockets inside out so as all their money can fall out amongst the childern. But drunken women allus look savage and want to scratch the big poleeceman as pushes them on, and then they want to fight the women as is stannin at the doors just a lookin on.

'Our home is on the second floor, but it is in the front. We have one big room with two winders, and a little sort of room without a winder. There's only my mother and me, so we have plenty of room, but I sometimes feel frightened when the floor givs a crak coz of the boards amoving. My mother says my father is a soldyer, but she doesnt no where he is, and she thinks he died way in Afrika. I only just remember him. It seems as

if when I used to see him he was allus a wobblin about, and Liza Ann says she thinks that praps its coz he was allus drunk, but mother says its all my fancy. There is not many shops in our street, only greenstuff shops, and fried fish shops. Some of the boys and girls in our street don't have boots and stockings, not even in winter, but my mother allus lets me have boots and stockings. When hers and mine want mendin together and she has not got much money, she allus lets me tak mine to be mended first. The sun don't seem to shine so nicetly down our street as in the big streets, and flowers and grass won't grow neether back nor front. There is some people wot lives on the same floor as us, only they are porer than us and that's why they have the back of our floor. The man he goes about sellin fish, mostly herrins, and they are a allus having herrins to their dinners and suppers, and it makes our room smell so nasty that mother sneezes and cant sleep sometimes. They throw the baduns through the winder into the bin, and the dogs and cats wot live in our street find out the bin and cum and eat the bestuns. The reason why the houses in our street is so black both inside and out, is coz the smoke from the chimbly doesn't go right up outside and then into the clouds same as in niced streets, but it cums down the chimbly agen and puffs into the room and gets away out of the winder. This is all I no for once about our street.'

The next essay is dated seven months later, and the subject is 'A Visit to the Zoological Gardens.' No doubt I permitted the boys to choose their own subject; and I likewise have no doubt that I spelt the word *Zoological* for the little essayist, since I observe that he has got it down quite correctly. In fact, it is a common thing for boys to ask the teacher to write their title on the blackboard, the reason being, I surmise, that in the first place they get a word or two ready spelt for them, and in the second, they receive from it some kind of inspiration to commence their task.

The following, then, is little Tom's effusion on his visit:—

'*A Visit to the Zoological Gardens.*—Of all the animals in this world, the Zoological Gardens is the most. You go in by a gate, and when you have got a bit way down, there they are all round you. Ameriky cant be nothin to it. They cant run about and hurt you, coz there's a kage dropped over them all. They look so vexed coz you can see all they do and can have a good stare all round at them; and they keep lookin in the corners to see if they can't find some bushes and things to hide

behint. The lion, which is the king of all the animals wot ever lived, was so little that I shouldn't have noen it was him, only I have seen picters, and my mother said "Look, Tom, now you can say as you've seen a lion." Why he isn't quarter as big as a eliphent, and he hasn't got no trunk. I think the eliphent could master him if he liked; but the big silly won't try, coz he's so kind and doesn't want to be king. The lion is yellor, but not so yellor as in the picter book wot the Board gev me. He looks at yer through the bars like as wot he was saying "You think as you can fight, don't yer, little boy, just coz you no I can't get out, all coz of this bloomin kage. If I could only skweez through, I'd swallow you and yer mother too." I said to my mother "I should like to hear the lion aroaring." Then she said "Why that was aroaring just now when the keeper looked in at him." Then I nearly cried, I was so wild; why, it wasnt like thunder and lightnin at all. It just opened its mouth wide, like as yev seed men sittin at their doors and a gaping on Sunday afternoons, and it yoped no louder than a apple cart man does. When we got to the giraffs, I did like them. They are just the same as the picters, only alive and walking about. They have little tails, but the giraffs is so big, that you'd say as they couldn't wag 'em. But they can, just as easy as a little dog can, whether yer bleeve it or dont. They look at yer so nicet, just like carves. The hippopotimus is like a little mashed eliphent with its trunk sawed off. Its skin is so thick that it can stay in its pond all day without the water soakin through. It makes yer shiver when its eyes look up at yer. Its eyes are like bits of hard bright mud with no white, and bleedin red skin all round. Kangeroos are so nicet that you can look a long time at them without feelin tired. Their back legs are about four times longer than the front ones, and they are a lot too big behint. They sit up just like dogs abegging, and they have a bag right in front for their babies to roll about in. They run so silly, just as if they was tryin to dance at the same time as they are runnin. The fox, wot I thought was as big as carves, isnt worth a looking at acoz of its size. Its not a bit of good it bein sly where it is now, coz there's no farmers nor huntin men allowed in the kages. It looks as if it wanted to be sly but cant. When I said to my mother how it smelt, she said "Come along to the uther animals, thats its slyness." I like the eliphent more than all the uthers, and my mother let me have a ride. You feel as if you was in a balloon. My mother walked by the side and kept a looking up.

and arsking me how I liked it, but I couldnt tell her till I came down, coz I was rather frightened of talking fear I should slip off. The eliphent wot I rode on is called Jumbo, and it is the nicetist quadrerped as ever was seed. It looks as if it couldnt all of it die, it is so big. I held a bit of bread out to it, but it wouldnt take it, coz there was a lady with a fine dressed little girl who was agivin it sugar buns. I kem away cryin, coz I should have liked to have told the boys as I had fed Jumbo. But I didnt, so I cant say it. My mother and me then sat down and eat our bread and meat, and drank some milk she had brought in a gingerbeer bottle. My mother seemed to love me a deal that day, coz when we sometimes got to a quiet place, she would stoop down and kiss me a minit, and once she arskt me if I would allus love her and be a good boy. Why in course I should, I dont love nobody else like her. My mother didnt seem as if she wanted to go back in the bus to our street, for she kept sayin to me "Dont you think the grass and trees is nicet, Tommy?" and then I allus said "Yes, mother," and looked at them coz she wanted me. I sat on her nee all the way in the bus, and went to sleep.'

An essay on 'Politeness,' by William Martin, which now lies before me, calls up some pleasant memories of the lad's school-days.

Martin's father was a working engineer of superior ability, and his wages were good and regular. Other than this I know nothing of the family. I am likewise unacquainted with William's career, for directly after his leaving school the family removed to a distant locality and I lost sight of them altogether.

When William wrote this exercise on 'Politeness' he was in the first class of the school, and was turned thirteen years of age. I find that there are certain touches in his piece which are very characteristic of the lad's disposition. He was so unselfish, so noble and generous, that he commanded affection and admiration on all sides. It was only cowardly and currish spirits that feared or envied William Martin—all others loved and honoured him. I never saw that grand text 'It is more blessed to give than to receive' better exemplified than in him; and I believe this could only have been the result of the most careful domestic training. Beyond a doubt the parents had brought their son up to believe and to feel that he had to live not only for himself, but for the comfort of others; and this healthy home influence, seconded by day or Sunday school teaching, had had its fullest effect upon this

dear lad. He was the champion of the weaklings and the companion of the strong. His highest pleasure, I am sure, consisted in rendering others happy. Of course Martin had his faults, but his kind thoughtfulness and his generosity were such as I have described.

I now give Martin's exercise on 'Politeness,' copying it exactly from the lad's own writing.

'Politeness is a rather difficult thing, especially when you are making a start. It means having the sense to sometimes think of others as well as of yourselves. Many people have not got it. I dont know why, unless its the start.

'It is not polite to fight little boys; except they throw stones at you. Then you can run after them, and when you've caught them, just do a little bit at them, that's all. Remember that all little boys are simpletons, or they wouldnt do it. It is not the thing to make fun of a little chap because he is poorer than you. Let him alone if you dont want to play with him, for he is as good as you except the clothes. When you are in school and a boy throws a bit of bread or anything at you over the desks, it is not polite to put your tongue out at him or to twiddle your fingers in front of your nose. Just wait till after school, and then warn him what you'll do next time; or if you find you are bound to hit him, be pretty easy with him. Some boys are very rude over their meals. Dont keep on eating after you are tightning, and you will be far happier. Never eat quickly or you might get bones in your throat. My father knows of a boy who got killed over his Sunday dinner. The greedy boy was picking a rabbit's head in a hurry, and swallowed one jaw of it, and my father says he was choked to death there and then. Be very polite over your meals then, especially when its rabbits. Since my father told me that, I have always felt rather queer over a rabbit dinner. I dont talk much, and I dont ask for any more. It is not polite to leave vituals on your plate, especially anything you dont like. If you dont like turnips, it is better to eat well into your turnips first while you are hungry, and you'll eat the meat and potatoes easy enough after. This is much better than being impolite and leaving a lot of turnip on the edge. It is not polite to tell tales of boys. When a boy tells a tale always call him "Tell tale tit, Your tongue shall be split, All the dogs in the town shall have a little bit." You'll see how red he will turn, and cant look you and the other boys in the face.

'Boys should always be polite to the girls, however vexing

they may be. When anybody is giving anything away, always let the girls have their turn first. They like it. Girls are not so strong as boys, their hair is long, and their faces are prettier; so you should be gentle with them. If a girl scratches your cheek or spits in your face, don't punch her, and don't tell her mother. That would be mean. Just hold her tight behind by her arms for a minute or two, till she feels you could give it her if you had a mind to. Then say to her kindly, "Don't you do it again, for it is wrong," give her a shake or two, and let her go. This is far better than being unkind to her, and she will thank you for your politeness if she's anything of a girl.'

A mistress has sent me a clerical effort by one of her little pupils, and I feel sure that those amongst my readers who are mothers or 'grown-up sisters' will peruse it with especial pleasure. However, as a rule the exercises of girls are not nearly so piquant as those by boys. Girls' exercises are more frequently characterised by earnestness, by a pleasing halo of sympathy, and by plain matter-of-fact perspicacity; and these features are observable to a greater or less extent whatever be the age or standing of the little essayists.

'The Life of Noah.—When the gentlman called Noah lived, all the people in the world was so full of sins and marrying; that the land smelt of wickidness and uncleanness. It was so bad that the breath of the smell went up towards Heaven; and behold, God smelt it. Noah used to actilly stand on heaps of stones to preach to the people, and he told them that if they would not be rightyess, God would send such a heavy shower of rain as would drownd them all and wash away the smell. But they only laught at him, and pushed him off the stones, and hussled the poor man about, just like I've seen people go on at the Salvation Army when they are talkin good things to us under the big blue flag. The people used to stand at the doors of their tents and boo and hoot at Noah, the same as the Army men and women is laught and whissled at by gentlmen standing at their doors and winders. My father says he is shamed to be called an Inglishman when he sees how the Salvation is knocked about and prosecuted. He says people will hold a drunken man up, but will knock a Salvation down. Mother says the polece is as bad as the uthers, cause they pitend not to see anythink of it.

'Noah was bilding a ark when he wasnt preaching, and at last it was finished ready for floatin. God then drove annimals of every sort into the ark, and he told Noah to take Shem, Ham, and Jafit

into it, and some ladies as well. What a big thing it must have been, when it took a hundred and twenty years to bild it. I have never seen a real ship, but I know the ark was not like our ships, cause it was more like a monster dog kennel with rockers under, but no hole. While Noah was makin it, people used to take days' outings from all parts to see it, like as people go now to big London. But those wickid people used to go only to make fun of it, and to eat and drink and get married. They actilly had outings to it on the very day as Noah said he was a going in. I wunder whether they felt kweer when they saw him climbing up the high high ladder, and get in the door at the top. I wunder whether they felt kweer when they heard the door bang, and saw the ladder pulled up. But those poor sinful people who used to laugh at Noah and hussle him about and try to get uther people not to bleeve him, they hadnt time to think now. They hadnt time to laugh agen at him. It started rainin in torruntts as hard as it could, directly the door shut. It was too late to be sorry now, and nearly too late to cry. O too late. All they could do was to run away, and see what to do not to get drowned by the porin rain. It soon got deeper and deeper, and those would be drownded quickest who couldnt get planks and things. Then when the night came, I shouldnt think those on planks would live long. In a week or two I am certain there wouldnt be a single one left alive. Dear me, how dredful that great high box-looking thing must have seemed floatin about on the water. I think as even the ladies inside must have felt frightened sometimes, speshully when it jerked; but then they knew that God was with them all the time, and its wonderful what that will do for people the Salvation says. When Noah thought the water might have gone down, he sent a raven out; but it kept away, so the gentlman was as wise as ever. Then he let a dear little dove fly out, and the little thing soon came back with a leaf or two in its mouth. But when he sent it out agen a week after, it didnt come back to the ark agen. So then Noah knew it was safe for the ladies to get out. How funny must that Ararat Mounting have looked with that big cradle thing on the top, and Noah and his family sittin at the door, and all the animals skampering away down the hill-side, or flying in bunches through the air.

'Noah lived to be 950 years old. How nice. I dont know whether l dies lived as long as gentlmen, but I should think that they did nearly. What a long time to be married. I should like to think that my granmother would live on like that; but its no use, spite

of how much I love her. Dear granny. O God, you are kind, the teacher and the Salvation says, kinder than our fathers and mothers, so do let me see dear granny up in Heaven agen after she is burried. She's quiet as good as those ladies who went into the ark, she is; so you must save my granny. The lesson, I think, we ought to learn from these things is to take care that we are living as we know God wishes, and not to jossle and prosecute the Salvation army, just cause they wont get drunk, and they like to tell about God at all chantises.'

Another mistress, whose school is situate in one of the lowest parts of the metropolis, sends me a very pleasing description of a scene in her school on 'Inspection Day.'

Her Majesty's Inspector was examining the first class in reading. On each little girl finishing her prescribed paragraph, the Inspector further tested her intelligence by putting a question on the meaning of some word or phrase which occurred in the piece the child had read. The mistress informs me that the Inspector had such a pleasant, chatty manner that she really believes her girls looked forward to and enjoyed his visit. If any child failed to answer a question put by this gentleman, it was not because she was timorous or nervous, but (frankly admits the mistress) because of incapacity, or on account of faultiness or weakness in tuition.

A dear child called Mary Cooper had read her allotted piece with such appropriate emphasis and such sympathy of expression, that the Inspector said to her in his kind sincere manner, 'That was really beautiful, my child! And now,' he added, 'if you can tell me the meaning of that word "turf," I shall give you my very best mark.'

Meanings of words are mountains of difficulty to some children, and the tears almost started to Mary's eyes because she realised that the Inspector had chanced to drop on a word whose meaning she had not lately studied. Poor child! I wonder how often she had frolicked and tripped over Nature's emerald carpeting! Possibly never. But Mary had plenty of determination; she felt that her very life almost depended on giving an answer; and she lost no time in exercising her little brain to the utmost for some kind of definition: and just as the Inspector was saying 'Well, never mind, child, I will pass on,' she eagerly exclaimed, 'Turf, sir, is grass and clean dirt stuck together by God.' 'A most excellent definition,' said the Inspector; 'in fact, the answer I looked for was not nearly so precise as that. You have gained my highest mark.'

The next paper is one by William Kempson, and its subject is 'Seamen and the Sea.'

'Seamen are what we call sailors, and captins, and training ship boys. The sailors you see in the streets are nice little fat men, with red and brown faces. They ware boys' coats and hats, and their trousers are too tite for them up above and too wide for them down below. It makes them feel very riled. Sailors dont ware collers, becose their necks are so thick; and they allways have their boots blacked for fear the captin might see them round a corner. They dont carry their best close in boxes, but they ty them up in big red and blue handkerchers just like Christmas puddens. Sailors are very fond of their mothers and sisters, and you neerly allways see them taking them out for a walk. The reason why sailors like to get drunk is becose it makes them roll about like as if they was on the ocheant.

'You think as the sea is bigger than what it looks. I have seed it once and I wouldnt beleeve it was the ocheant, till the teacher told me that it was. It was when our school went from Waterloo to Portsmouth, and nothing to pay only a shilling. Just afore I started from home that morning, my mother said to me while she was brushin me up niced, "Billy, you'll see the waves jump mountains high, if it only blows a bit." Then I said to her, "Have you ever seed it give a jump, mother?" and she said "No, Billy, I've never seed the sea, nor never shall; but I've heerd on it, Billy." So when the teacher told me that flat piece of green water was the ocheant, I felt as if I'd just come all for nothin. I looked at it till I was neerly sick, and I should have set down and done a good cry, only I had to keep follerin of the teacher, so I hadnt got time. At last I felt so riled that I went up and cote hold of the Teacher's coat, and I said "Please, sir, can you make it jump a bit?" But he only laught, and told me what a funny boy I was. I do beleeve he thought I was a kiddin him. But I wasnt a kiddin him at all. I only wanted to see the ocheant a carryin on same as my mother told me it did.

'A lot of the boys got some of the ocheant up in their hands, and drunk it. You should have seed them spit it out like lightnin. I wouldnt touch none of the ocheant, I was so riled.

'The ships are very niced to look at, but them with sails on scarsely go at all. Why they didnt go half as quick as my boat goes down the street when its been a raining. I think they build them a lot too hevvy. Them paddlin steamers is the ones

for goin. They just begin to puff a bit first, then the paddles go splashin round like mad, and off they start as if they was goin all round the world. I just tell you strait, if it hadnt of been for them steamers, I shouldnt have injoyed myself a bit, barrin the meat tea. Them steamers without paddles go quick too, but they dont make half such a loud noise.

'The teacher took all the boys on a big steamer that was going to start the next week to cross the sea. There was some nasty dirty men doin all sorts of queer things. Some was having a game throwing buckets of water all over the ship. Others of them kept a popping down a dark hole, and then theyd come up agen laughin. Some was flinging ropes about as if they was silly, and two of them was a walking about here and theer with a paint pot, and kept touching one place and then another, but they couldnt make up their mind to stop for long anywheres. So I askt the teacher what all those funny mucky men was; and he said "Why, they're sailors, William, reeal sailors; and very hard at work the poor fellers are." Well, I'm sure as teacher wouldnt go and tell a story, but if anybody else had have told me that, I wouldnt have beleaved it. It made me reglar riled, it did. Theres a nasty smell about ships, something like what our school smells on a hot day when all the boys are standin together in one room singing, only its a bit funnier. You feel as if you want to be ill, but it wont let you. The teacher said it once let him be ill, and then he felt better. Sailors never get ill when they are on the occheant, becose they know how to put their legs when they are a walking.

'My mother doesnt want me to be a sailor. She says that if ever I go for a sailor, she'll die while I'm away. I cant make out why it is that yer mothers never want you to go for sailors. It does rile me so. I do beleeve I should go if it wasnt for her. I know a boy that got to be a sailor, all from stealin some black pudden. Insted of sending him to prison, they put him on a training ship, and now he dresses in niced sailors close, and is a lot fatter than me. I'd go and steal some black pudden if it wasnt a sin. It's no good of stealin bits of sugar and little things like that, becose they only box yer ears for it, and never think of making you sailors. It does rile me so. Sugar is just as good as black pudden, so why cant they send you to the training ship for stealin of it?

'I sometimes draw ships and then colour them yellor and blue with my penny box of paints. I can draw steamers best becose

you havnt to draw no sails, but only two black lines for funnills, and its so niced and easy to draw the smoke a comin out. You just twerl yer pencil round and round, and its done right. Before I seed the ocheant I used to make fishes swimming all round the steamer; but I dont now, because I never seed one single fish swimming round them steamers at Portsmouth, much less chivvin one another. It makes me riled to have to leave them out, but what's the good of putting them in if theyre not theer. The lesson what you learn is, allways to be kind to sailore, and not to say as the sea can jump as high as the clouds, when it can only just shift about like shavins.'

One of the most interesting lads that ever passed through my school was little Johnny Slinn. I disguise the name in this case, as Slinn is now a rising young comedian on the London boards.

Johnny's powers of mimicry, even as a schoolboy, were indeed wonderful.

A favourite pastime with him was to gather a semicircle of boys round him, and then defy them to 'hold their faces without laughing' whilst he contorted his features into all kinds of grotesque expressions and shapes.

The little band of subjects would endeavour to fortify themselves against the embryo actor's cajoleries by pursing up their features, biting their lips till they almost bled, or essaying to fix their thoughts on extraneous things. But it was all of no avail. Before Johnny had subjected them for one short minute to his facial pantomime, they would all be compelled, one after the other, to relax their features and break into uncontrollable laughter.

Johnny generally commenced operations with his victims by grinning savagely at them all for a second or two, and then suddenly bursting into a most comical giggle. This preliminary farce itself ordinarily cleared off about half of them, and these were instantly pulled out of the row by Johnny's 'manager,' or 'bully,' and put by themselves against the wall. Johnny would then resume his attack upon the others by projecting out his lower jaw bulldog fashion, rolling his eyes like a ghoul, making his nose play up and down like a nibbling rabbit, causing his forehead to twitch like automatic parchment, and all the time giving vent to the most mirth-provoking sounds. One or other of these appeals proved irresistible to the risibility of his on-lookers, and in quick succession they were summarily summoned

by Johnny's manager to fall back, till the whole semicircle had vanished.

I once caught Johnny entertaining pretty well a whole class by imitating myself.

It so happened that just as the lads were about being dismissed after the morning lessons, I was called away for a moment or two to attend to a visitor. But this was time enough for Johnny to go through a little performance; for on my suddenly returning by another entrance, there was the little imp with my silk hat on his head, an eye-glass (one of his own) stuck above his cheek, and my walking-stick under his arm, whilst he was perambulating round the room with the exact gait peculiar to myself, and now and again pretending to gingerly remove bits of orange peel out of his path by a whisk of the stick. As soon as he gathered, from the sudden cessation of laughter, that I had returned to the room, the young rascal instantly whipped my hat off his head, slipped the glass into his mouth, and demurely walked up to me saying, 'Please, sir, I was a holding them for you while you came back.'

A year or two after Johnny Slinn left school there was a 'windfall' in the family. Johnny's uncle on the mother's side returned from Australia a fairly wealthy man, and he generously transferred a part of his fortune to his sister and her husband.

Young Slinn was placed in a city merchant's office. However, although he was thoroughly steady and attentive to business, he still entertained a strong desire to go upon the stage. He joined an amateur theatrical society, and soon became its choicest low comedian. Before he was eighteen he got an engagement in Scotland with a good touring company, and after two or three years' provincial work he succeeded in getting a footing on London boards. At the present moment, I can safely say, I know of no low comedy actor of Slinn's age who is such a favourite with the London theatre-going public, and I venture to prophesy that he is destined to step into the very front rank of comedians. As regards means, he is quite independent of his profession, for, at his uncle's death, he came into a little fortune of seven thousand pounds.

And now I transcribe Johnny Slinn's school effusion. Here and there I have modified the punctuation, but, apart from that, I give the essay exactly as I find it.

'Bank Holiday.'—They call this happy day Bank holiday, becose the Banks shut up shop, so as people cant put their money

in, but has to spend it. People begin talking about Bank holiday a long time afore it comes, but they dont begin to spree about much till the night afore. Bank holidays are the happiest days of all your life, becose you can do nearly what you like, and the perlice dont take no notice of you. You can go into fields, and make your horses and donkeys go quick, and shout all about as hard as you like, and larf at people, and dress up in all different colours with guys on your faces, and you can do everythink but steal and brake winders. Never steal or brake winders, for it is written in the Bible. Theres only one thing as spoils Bank holiday, and that is not being fine and hot. When its wet, all the gentlemen get savage, and fight one another, and pull their sweetarts and missises about. I'm very sorry for them all round, becose it is a shame for to see. But when its fine and hot, the gentlemen all larf and are kind, and the women dance about and drink beer like the gentlemen. Everybody's right, and boys dont get skittled round.

'Last Bank holiday was a regular good one. The man called Mr. Binn as lives four doors from us has a little horse and barrow cart, becose he goes about selling green stuff. My father, who is a shoemender, did all their childern's boots just for nothin at all the week afore, so Mr. Binn told my father that him and mother and baby and me could all go with him in his carriage to Box Hill on the Monday. My father said the green stuff man got the best of the bargain, becose he soled the childern's boots very thick, besides putting some new lastiks in the missis's. When the cart came round, besides Mr. and Mrs. Binn and the childern, there was that young man and his sweetart as both works at the blackin factory. They call him Currunts, I dont know why; just same as they call my father Tachinends. Mr. Binn is a big strong man with a ruff voice, so they daresnt call him anythink, but they call his pony Beens. Mr. Binn called out from the carriage "Now, Tachinends, sharp's the word." Then we all walked out, and got in. We had to sit all very close together, and there wasnt room for one more. Mr. Binn then said "Are you all right behind?" and Currunts answered "Right you are, guvnor, no more for Box Hill this time!" and then Mr. Binn let the pony go its fastest over the stones. Currunts kept lifting his hat and yellin to different folks in the street as he knowd, but our baby begun crying as loud as it could becose of the bumping up and down. At last we got to parts of London

where Currunts didnt know people; the roads got yellarer, and the houses werent so black and high.

‘It was such a nice ride after that. There was big trees on both sides of the road nearly all the way, and beautiful fields right away wherever you looked. The houses was just nowhere. But when we got nearly to Box Hill I never seed anythink like it. It seemed as if the road was sinking down in the middle of the fields, and the fields seemed as if they was a rising up to the clouds. You never seed anythink so pretty in all your life. Box Hill is the prettyest of all, and it was just at the bottom of it that Mr. Binn said “Wo, Beens! All change for Box Hill,” and the pony stopped and we all got out.

‘After a bit we had our dinner sitting on the grass. Dinners taste nicer at Box Hill than they do at home. We just had as much as we liked to eat, and then there was plenty left for tea and supper. Baby never cried at all, but tumbled about on the grass, and looked at the white ducks and hens, and listened to the roundabout orgins. Father wanted to go to the top of the Hill, but Mr. Binn said “Not me; its good enuff here;” so we didnt go. Currunts and his sweetart went walking away by theirselves, and he had his arm round her neck and she had hers round his cote tails. Lots of people kept coming all day till it was regular jolly. After tea the yung gentlemen and their sweetarts played at kissin in the ring. I never seed so many kisses in my life.

‘When it got late, my mother and Mrs. Binn and the childern got in the cart, and sat talking while the gentlemen went inside the house and drank beer. At last we all started home, and it felt so nice and queer riding in the dark. There was a beautiful big moon right before us, and I could see Mr. Binn’s head keep bobbin in the middle of it while he was driving. Mother told me after that I went to sleep at a place called Letherhead, and never woke up till we was home. Next morning I was so sorry it was over, you dont know.’

HENRY J. BARKER.

The Fairies' Cobbler.

I SAT at work 'neath the lintel low,
 And the white-walled street was still,
 Save for the sound of my neighbour's loom,
 'Plik-a-plek-plek;' through the twilight gloom,
 And a curlew crying shrill.

The curlew cried, and I raised my head,
 For I felt the good folk near;
 Slim little shapes in the fading light,
 Dusk and dim, but their eyes gleamed bright,
 And they hailed me thin and clear.

In they swept with a rustling sound,
 Like dead leaves blown together;
 Bade me fashion their dainty shoon,
 'O the morrow's e'en is the Feast o' the Moon,
 And we dance on the wan white heather.'

So I took their gay stuffs, woven well,
 As never a mortal weaves;
 Fashioned daintily, fashioned fair,
 Little red shoon that the Pixies wear,
 Of the blood-red autumn leaves.

They stood at my knee, they crowded near,
 And shrilled a piping tune,
 Their great eyes glowed, and they whispered 'Quick!'
 And my work went merrily, 'tic-tac-tic,'
 By the light of the yellow moon.

'Thanks and thanks for thy labour done,
And aye when the summer's o'er,
And reapers carry the last brown sheaf,
We'll send our sign of a yellow leaf,
A leaf blown in at the door.

'So shall ye know that the time hath come,
And merry at heart shall rise,
Rise and go where we flit and fleet,
Follow the track of our twinkling feet
And the glow of our golden eyes.'

They reeled away through the starlight air
And cried, 'On our crystal shore,
O Friend, you shall 'scape the winter's grief :
Follow the sign of the yellow leaf,
The leaf blown in at the door !'

So shall I know when the time hath come,
And merry at heart shall rise,
Rise and go where they flit and fleet,
The little red shoon on the twinkling feet
And the glow of the golden eyes.

Winter will come with snow-stilled skies,
And the neighbours' hearths aglow ;
But the owls will drowse on my cold hearth-stone,
For I shall be gone where the birds are flown
And the great moon-daisies blow.

I sit at work 'neath the lintel low,
And the white-walled street is still ;
The twilight deepens dim and grey,
To-morrow it may be—not to-day—
And I wait the Pixies' will.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

A Dangerous Catspaw.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HENRY MURRAY.

XVI.

IF Esden's crime and his repentance alike seemed sudden to himself, there were in each case influences at work upon which he had not counted. No honest man turns rogue upon a sudden, and no honest man grown rogue returns to honesty by a simple impulse. One might say pretty truly that the two races of honest and dishonest do not mix at all, but there is no need to speak with scientific accuracy. A thousand shifts and dodges, lies, supplenesses, and evasions had prepared him for his fall, and had worked in him without his knowledge. And since the committal of his crime a thousand shocks of shame and pride had acted on his spirit. Perhaps if his master and tempter had even been a gentleman, Esden would have experienced a repulsion less active and profound. As it was, his sense of breeding had been more tender than his conscience. He might gloze the matter over to himself as best he could, and he had really come to the conviction that he was no more than a borrower. But the loan had been contracted under conditions so eccentric that it needed but little to transform it into theft. Anybody's detection of the act would have done for him as much as this, and Gale's knowledge served as well as another's. In Gale's eyes he was a thief. He had admitted to himself that this insane complexion would be put upon his act by any creature who became aware of it. It was only he who knew the final purity of his own motives. It was only he who could tell on what a basis of honour his abstraction of the jewels was devised. It is curious, and will continue curious to the end of the chapter, to see how a man not absolutely a fool can fool himself; can accept at his own hands a paradox so mad that he would feel his intelligence insulted if another offered it; can lie

to the one creature in the world who best knows the truth, and can have the lie believed.

Gale's knowledge made a thief of him not only theoretically or by the force of an ignorant opinion, but to his own apprehension, and, however he might have struggled against it, to his own intent. There are many sorts of pride, and Wyncott Esden was not an atom less sensitive about his own good opinion because he had a load of meanly acquired debt, or because he had entrapped a feeble friend into a dangerous service. His enforced companionship with Gale grated horribly against every fibre of his soul and body. It stabbed his personal sense of dignity to the heart, and slew it outright a thousand times a day. But, as when, according to Milton, the steel passed through the vitals of the celestial warriors brought only the mortal anguish, and not the mortal release, his self-respect stood there to suffer death, and suffered it, and yet was there to suffer it again, and so on countless times, throughout the loathsome tragi-comedy of the last three days.

At first the thought of another's knowledge had seemed the supreme possible punishment, but his partnership with Gale had taught him otherwise. Of two evils, says philosophy, choose the less. This is a piece of obvious wisdom, but it was perhaps easier to see it and to say it even for the first time than it often is to put it into practice. It is as unnecessary a piece of vocalised wisdom as any in the world, and as unhelpful. A wayfaring man, though a fool, would not err therein if he could help it, but the plaguey part of the business is to discover which of the two evils is the less. To go without a hundred and sixty pounds or to entrap the poor J.P., for instance? To let J.P. suffer, or to turn borrower on those eccentric lines? To take his share of shame and be quit of Gale by a word of repentance, or to plunge deeper into the morass of crime in the hope of finding a hiding-place? The poor mortal, let him be never so erring by nature, will choose what seems the lesser evil. Nobody wants to suffer beyond the necessary.

Flogged backward by shame and conscience, and flogged onward by fear and need, Esden had had but a sorrowful time of it. Shame and conscience were already gaining ground when the girl he had once tried to fool came to their aid, and put an end, if not to the fight itself, at least to the uncertainty in which its issues were involved.

But there was more gall for him to drink. He must make his

confession either by letter or by word of mouth, and must make it speedily. Then came the question—To whom to make it? To Miss Pharr, directly? Intolerable and impossible. To his aunt? To Edith? Equally or almost equally intolerable. To Elphinstone or Arnold? Could pride, however humiliated, stoop so low? To picture himself as he was, even at his least harmful intent, imaged truly in the mind of any one of them, was in itself a punishment which he felt to be more than equal to his deserts. The horror with which its bare contemplation inspired him seemed at times, even when the fight was virtually over, to drive him back to his criminal companionship with Gale.

No philosopher has yet dug down so deep into human nature as to come upon the ultimate springs of will. It happens, far oftener than not, that the final and irrevocable decision is taken without the actual knowledge of the actor; and it is in those moments when will seems dormant that the crucial and pregnant acts of life are performed. When Esden had grown so tired of all this fighting and buffeting to and fro that he felt incapable of action, he did in utter lassitude what he could not do by force of resolution.

Prickett, for his own purposes, had handed to him the cheque which had been entrusted to him by Miss Pharr. Esden had already driven to the bank, and had transmuted the strip of paper into solid gold. If he had never let fall in his flight that fatal bit of evidence which Prickett had found in the railway cutting, all might have gone so well and smoothly with him. The money had actually lain under his hand when Grainger had arrived with the news of her participation in his secret. He took the gold half mechanically now from the drawer in which he had placed it, and laid it in its two neat firmly packed canvas bags upon the table. He opened one of them, and counted out a hundred and sixty pounds from it. He had fallen from his own esteem mainly for that, and would have that at any price, whether he could repay it or no. He even felt a glow of spurious heroism in thinking that he would save his feeble friend at his own proper cost. He refastened the bag and made up the one hundred and sixty pounds into a compact brown-paper parcel, which he sealed and surrounded with a pencilled note. Then he enfolded the package with a sheet of brief-paper, resealed it and addressed it, and for extra security tied about it a piece of red tape. Then he put the remainder of the gold into a small black handbag, and, tossing his hat on negligently, went out and down the stairs. As he walked towards

Fleet Street he met a commissionnaire, and, entrusting the packet to him, bade him carry it to its address and await an answer. He gave the man a half-crown for his trouble, and told him that the response might be left in the letter-box of his chambers. Then he went gloomily on into the street, hailed a hansom, and demanded to be driven to Prickett's private lodgings.

The detective was at home and alone, in high good humour, when Eaden's name was taken in to him.

'Show the gentleman up, my dear,' said Mr. Prickett to his housemaid, smilingly. 'What's the new game?' he asked himself. 'Ain't there enough dust in your eyes already, Joseph?'

He laid down his pipe, and advancing to the door of the room stood there in readiness to receive his visitor. The visitor strode past him without uncovering, and dropped upon the table a black bag, which fell as solidly there as if it had contained a pair of dumb-bells.

'Shut the door,' he said; 'I have something to say to you. There are eight hundred and forty pounds in gold in that bag. I hand that over to your care, and'—he clenched his teeth hard for a moment, and rocked to and fro ever so little as he stood with his hand grasping the back of a chair, and facing Prickett without looking at him—'I give myself in charge.'

At this, for once the unsurprisable stood surprised, and for all his readiness a second or two went by before he could find a word.

'Well, sir,' he answered, when he had gathered his wits together, 'that's the best way out of it, beyond a doubt.'

He was as cool again as if he had expected this *dénouement* from the first.

'Sit down, Mr. Esden,' he said quietly, placing a chair. Esden obeyed, very much after the fashion of a mechanical figure whose springs are set in motion. 'I got my orders this afternoon,' Prickett said, seating himself on the opposite side of the table, 'and they was to the effect that when things came to a head there was to be no taking in charge at all.'

Wyncott lifted his eyes and stared at him. The upper and under lids were of a leadenish brown. The rims were red with two or three nights of sleepless misery, and the eyes themselves had gone almost colourless.

'You knew?' he asked, in a leaden, uninterested way, as if it had mattered less to him than to anybody in the world.

'Why, yes, Mr. Esden,' Prickett answered, with a respectfu

commiseration in his voice. 'I had the case so far clear that I went down to Wootton Hill to-day to know what I was to do when the pinch came. If you'll excuse me for saying so, sir, I'm very glad and very much relieved indeed, for your own sake, as you've seen fit to take this course. I don't want to take any liberties, Mr. Esden, because of the position you've happened to put yourself into; but I've always took a respectful and a friendly interest in you, if you'll allow the word to pass, since I first set eyes upon you. Feelings can't be allowed to interfere with business, sir; but I was very sorry to have to track you down, and I'm very glad that the job's took off my hands. You're free to go, sir, and I shall have great pleasure in reporting what has happened. Of course, we shall expect you to serve our turn to the utmost of your ability, and not to spoil our game with Reuben.'

'I am free to go?' asked Esden, in the same weary and uninterested tone.

'Yes, sir,' Prickett answered. 'Such was my instructions.'

'Who gave them?' Wyncott demanded, staring at the table.

'Dr. Elphinstone, sir, and Mr. Arnold Esden.'

Wyncott sat silent for a minute, and, removing his hat, passed a handkerchief across his forehead. He played a tattoo on the table with his fingers.

'What made you follow me?' he asked, looking downwards. It seemed, in some dim way, worth while to know. Not that he greatly cared, or seemed ever likely to care again, for anything.

'There was a variety of clues, sir,' Prickett responded, as if he thought the other's curiosity perfectly legitimate and natural. 'There was the journey down to Hemsleigh, and up from Sandy Park. There was your manner when I showed the tool to you. There was your talk along with Gale when I was by. There was your going back to him when I was gone. There was the ink in your chambers as the letter was wrote with. There was the mark of the same jemmy on one of the doors in your room. There was a variety of things, Mr. Esden.'

'Ah!' said Wyncott, when he had sat in stony silence for a long time after this enumeration; 'I was a fool.'

Prickett shook his head in mournful affirmation of this statement, but made no verbal answer to it.

'You've brought back a part of the money, it seems, Mr. Esden. But the jewels is the main thing. Where are they?'

'Gale stole them from my chambers,' Esden answered, without

looking up. Really, now that the thing was done it seemed to matter scarcely at all. The conflict was over, and the shame seemed to have gone with it, and all his cares. There was a very heavy weight upon him, though it seemed as if another carried it and he were sorry for him—the weight of a dull, blind stupor, that was all.

‘By George,’ said Mr. Prickett, ‘that chap’s got his Father’s own luck. It seems no matter what he does, as if there was never any nailing him. We’ve got him now on toast, and he gets off it, and walks about scot free with his hands in his pockets, as if nothing had happened.’

‘They let him go also?’ Esden said. ‘To save my reputation, I suppose?’

‘I suppose so, sir.’

‘Well, they count without me. I shall give Gale in charge myself, so soon as I leave this place.’

‘Well, you know, Mr. Esden,’ said Prickett, ‘I’ve got my instructions to act on, and I’m going to act on them. They are to keep this dark, and dark it’s going to be kept. I don’t say as the ladies and gentlemen interested ain’t keeping it dark in part for your sake, but they’re doing it a good deal for their own.’

‘Do you mean to tell me,’ asked Esden, lifting his eyes to Prickett’s face with a new and deadly light in them, ‘that Gale is to go free?’

‘What’s to be done, sir?’ Prickett answered. ‘Whichever way it goes you and him has got to travel together. Suppose you was to be allowed to slip and Gale was collared. How much better would that make it for the ladies and gentlemen as is left behind?’

Wyncott was not thinking of the ladies and gentlemen who were left behind. It did not even occur to him to remember that he might have thought somewhat too little of their interest all along. At bottom, whatever courage he continued to summon was hysteric enough, but on the surface he looked doggedly resolved.

‘Whatever happens,’ he said, with a savage concentration, ‘Gale will not go free.’

‘I don’t see,’ Prickett answered, ‘but what he’s got to. You and him is tied too close together, Mr. Esden. I don’t suppose as you are for cutting your own nose off to spite your face and that’s what it would have to come to if you went for Gale. Between you and me,’ Prickett added, ‘you can’t want him much worse than I do. You took him out of my hands only a day or

so ago, so to speak, and I've been watching him this five years. If he'd have got through all right with this job, and come safe through with it, he'd never ha' done anything more on this side of the water, whatever he might have done in the United States of America. But now that this job's dropped through, he'll be at it again to a certainty. A nibble like this will only make him hungry, and even them as wishes him the worst can afford to wait for the next move he makes.'

'What do you mean,' asked Esden, 'by what he might do in the United States?'

'Why,' Prickett answered, 'naturally, he's going there. Or, at least, he means to. He's got his ticket ready, and he's got a ticket for a pal, a cutter of precious stones—what do you call him?—a lapidary. He's off by Saturday's boat, if he gets the chance. Only you see he won't, just as it happens to happen.'

'The infernal villain!' said Esden, forgetting even his own shame in his wrath at this discovery. 'He gave me a rendezvous for to-morrow night, when he was to take half the money for the reward.'

'Ah!' said Prickett, with a momentary smile, 'that was the game, was it? I thought it might be, and I suppose the understanding was as he was to bring half the profit of the stones when they was cut? Really now, upon my word, Mr. Esden——' Prickett's pity for his companion's simplicity was hardly to be expressed in words. 'Lord, Lord! To think as you should ha' been took in by that for a moment! Upon my soul and honour now, there really seems to be no end to it.'

He threw himself back in his chair, and seemed to survey human stupidity at large. He shook his head at it reproachfully, and then nodded at it in resigned despair.

'I suppose, sir,' he continued, with a gentle mournfulness, 'there was some kind of fake got up for a sham struggle?' Wyncott cast a single glance at him, and said nothing. 'Ah!' said Prickett in the same tone, accepting the glance as an affirmative, 'I thought so. And you was to be found tied up, and all that sort of thing—gagged with your own handkerchief most likely. Dear me! Well, well!'

'Do you think,' Esden demanded fiercely, 'that I am going to let the beast who tried to fool me in that degrading way get off without a scratch?'

'It's galling, sir,' Prickett admitted. 'No doubt it's very galling. But I don't see what you're going to do, all the same.'

‘If they refuse to prosecute him,’ said Esden, darkly, ‘I’ll do for him what he did for the butler. I’ll put a bullet into him.’

‘Not you,’ said Prickett, with a good-tempered allowance, tintured by a little scorn. ‘You think so now, and I won’t say but what it’s natural. But that’s no more your lay, Mr. Esden, than it’s mine.’ He dismissed the theme at once. ‘You might tell me where that rendezvous was to have been held. It’s some retired and quiet spot, of course, and I want to take him quiet if I can, and have no rumpus.’

‘You may take him how and where you like,’ said Esden, bitterly. ‘It will make no difference to me.’

He described the place in which the shameful farce Prickett had defined was to have been played. Midway between the western end of Holborn and Piccadilly Circus stood a group of houses already half demolished to make space for the Shaftesbury Avenue. A friend of Gale’s had bought all the locks, keys, and door handles in the block, and Gale had free access to the deserted buildings, and could employ it without fear of being suspected. Esden indicated the house and the chamber in which the meeting had been arranged to take place, and surrendered the key which was to have secured his own admission.

‘Thank you, sir,’ said Prickett, pocketing the key. He had hardly suffered himself to depart for a moment from the respectful attitude he would have preserved in Mr. Wyncott Esden’s presence, if the interview had happened before a stain had fallen upon the social superior’s reputation. ‘If you happen to have anything in the way of a private seal about you, sir,’ he said, ‘we’ll fasten up this little handbag, and I’ll take it down to Wootton Hill at once.’

Esden detached a seal from his watch-chain, and threw it on the table, and Prickett, having rung the bell, called for a candle, hunted up a piece of sealing-wax from a drawer of odds and ends, and sealed the bag with great particularity.

‘You can’t do any harm except to yourself and your friends by meddling,’ he said then. ‘But I hope you won’t try to interfere with Gale. It’ll make no difference to my game if you do. He’ll never try to leave the country without having the stolen property about him, and I’ve got him there.’ He laid his thumb upon the table, and held it strongly down, with his eye fixed on Esden’s. ‘I’ve got him there at any moment. So what I say to you, Mr. Esden, I say for your own good. You’ve got off lucky, and that’s as true as the four gospels. Don’t you spoil your fortune, and

don't you take this too much to heart. Lord love you, Mr. Esden ! you ain't the only gentleman in the world as ever made a fool of himself, nor you won't be the only one as done well after it. Bless your little heart alive, sir, I could tell you things about a lot of people. You take Lord John Russell's tip, Mr. Esden. You rest and be thankful.'

With that Mr. Prickett rose, took his glossy hat from a peg behind the door, and brushed it with scrupulous care. He drew on his gloves with a painstaking exactness and nicety, and, taking up the bag, stood ready to depart.

'I suppose I have a right to defend myself,' said Esden, with a hang-dog self-despite. His emotions had begun to wake again, but they were over-tired, and neither his shame nor his scorn was very painful to him. 'You'd better tell them the whole truth if you tell them at all. Gale gave me that tool as a souvenir, and when the laundress packed my things it got sent down to Wootton Hill by accident. I passed Wootton Hill station by accident last Monday, and never thought of doing what I did until I found the house empty, and the chance occurred to me in a second. I've taken a hundred and sixty pounds to meet a bill which a poor devil of a friend backed for me three months ago. I meant to take that and no more. As soon as I could have managed it I should have sent back the thousand pounds anonymously. I was willing to pay Gale half the reward to keep him quiet, though I should have had to live like a pauper for a year to pay back his share of it. He wasn't content with that, but I don't mean,' Wyncott added, with a miserable sense of futility in the words, 'to be forced into crime by him or any blackguard like him.'

'The gentleman who gave you the bill was hard up, I suppose?' said Prickett.

'It would have ruined him,' Esden answered, 'to lose the money. He has a sick wife and six children, and I think he's the feeblest fool under heaven this minute.'

'Well, sir,' said Prickett, 'I shall lay all that before them, and if I can help it it shan't lose anything in the telling.'

There was little more said between them. They walked to Charing Cross together, and parted at the station gates.

XVII.

By this time the summer dusk was falling, and Prickett, alone in his compartment of the train, abandoned himself to a twilight

philosophy in keeping with the influences of the hour. It is perhaps hardly worth while to say that he was not a sentimental man by nature. But in spite of his profession he was a friendly creature, and he had long felt an admiring liking for Wyncott Esden. In the whole world-wide range of intellectual endowment there was no sort of capacity or power so fitted to appeal to Prickett as the kind of cleverness which the young barrister displayed. He had had quite a worshipful recognition for that plausible genius of Esden's, his agile readiness, and soft persuasive brilliance. In his respectful way, for he was a high Tory in his heart, and thought a prodigious deal of people of good family, he had felt almost fatherly towards Esden for these two or three years past. They had worked, at the beginning of their acquaintance, on the same side, and had formed as much of a friendship as Inspector Prickett was ever likely to claim with a man so far above him in social status.

It soothed him to remember that if on his former journey that afternoon he had carried a message of pure distress and pain, he was at least bringing something of a sedative for it now. Years of business experience had taught him to be as hard as nails about the woes of common criminals, and had toughened his sympathies for suffering friends. But in this case the trouble sat upon his own doorstep, and his interest in the affair of Wootton Hill was as much personal as professional.

He had grown to be a familiar figure at the little rural station, and his business in Wootton Hill was as well known as if the crier had proclaimed him. The station master was ingratiating and friendly. Prickett was to the full as amiable as he, but was shrouded in impenetrable mystery. He shook off the inquiring station master easily, and walked straight on to the house. There Elphinstone and Arnold were in private consultation, and Prickett succeeded in reaching them without the ladies being made aware of his presence. This was all very well for the moment, but it had consequences, for some five or six minutes after his entry Janet heard of it, and, eager to know if any new complications had arisen, ran upstairs to the Doctor's workroom.

Both Arnold and the Doctor had been terribly put to it to maintain such a demeanour at the dinner table as should excite no curiosity or comment. They did their loyal best, and failed. Pressed by three excited feminine curiosities at once, the Doctor was forced to admit a new development in the history of the affair. He declined absolutely to say a word beyond this, but

was badgered into declaring that the jewels would be returned on payment of the reward. In face of this the ladies could think of no possible reason for gloom, and when left to themselves got into a state of vivid excitement, guessing and wondering left and right. In the midst of all this Janet learned that Prickett had arrived, had sent in his name to 'the gentlemen' specially, and was then closeted with them in Dr. Elphinstone's workroom.

Now when all was said, the jewels belonged to Miss Pharr, and the detective for the time being was in Miss Pharr's employ. Janet conceived that she had a full right to a share in any mystery which might arise. She and she alone paid the piper. Surely she had a right to look on at the dancing. And when all allowances have been made for exaggeration, women are not much less curious than men.

She had only heard the news of Prickett's arrival a minute ago, when she raced upstairs in some exuberance of spirit, bent on a half-humorous, half-serious assertion of her rights. But when she reached the landing something seemed to lay a warning hand upon her; one of those feelings of premonition which, when realised, dispose even the sanest minds to superstition. What, she thought, if Arnold and Elphinstone were hiding something from her which it would be terrible to know, and would be best left unknown? An odd fear fell upon her, and she hesitated almost at Elphinstone's door. Within the room a voice was murmuring indistinctly, in a level narrative tone, and she guessed it to be Prickett's.

'Confesses?' Arnold's voice broke out. 'Oh, Wyncott! Wyncott!'

At this, without so much as knowing of her own impulse, she dashed at the door, seized the handle, and stood in presence of the three. Prickett, standing behind a bare table in the centre of the room, with the light of a lamp full upon his face, looked up at her gravely, with the expression she had often remarked in him, at once impassive and alert. Both his hands rested upon a small bag of black leather. Arnold and Elphinstone stood on either side of him, and looked at her as she stood suddenly arrested in the doorway.

'Darling!' cried Arnold, advancing swiftly towards her, 'you must not stay here.'

He had no knowledge of the word he used, nor had she for the time. It came back to both of them afterwards; but for the moment there were other things to think of.

She closed the door behind her and stood with her shoulders leaning against it.

‘I did not mean——’ she said stammeringly. ‘I did not know——’

‘Pray, pray leave us,’ said Arnold.

‘There is some reason for this strange agitation,’ she answered, breathing with difficulty. Her limbs were in a violent tremor, and she had found it difficult to stand upright. ‘If I have a right to know it, you must tell me. If I have no right to know it, I will go.’

Elphinstone was aghast, and had dropped back into a chair, which fortunately stood behind him. The shock with which he fell into it shook the room. Arnold seemed half beside himself, and Prickett alone retained his self-possession.

‘You will tell me, sir,’ she said, turning upon him. ‘If it is anything relating to the robbery, I have a right to know it, and you need not be afraid to tell me.’

‘Allow me, miss,’ said Prickett, advancing and offering his arm. She accepted it, and he led her to a chair. ‘It was the wish of these gentlemen that you should not be pained.’

‘I have no doubt that they meant kindly,’ she answered, breathing quickly, and looking round upon them with a pale but resolute face. ‘Sit down, Mr. Esden. Tell us, sir, if you please,’ she turned again to Prickett, ‘what you came to tell.’

Arnold dropped his forehead upon his hands and sat with his face hidden. The Doctor shifted his posture with the air of a man recovered from a sudden fear and grown ready to face it. Prickett returned to his place behind the table, and, laying both his hands anew upon the black bag, leaned forward a little like a lecturer and spoke.

‘With your permission, miss, and yours, gentlemen, this is the history of what has happened.’

He told the story through, with brevity and clearness, dwelling on the sudden nature of the temptation which had assailed the criminal, the humane nature of the main reason which seemed to have pushed him into crime, his repentance, and the retribution he had made. Wyncott, holding a brief for another in his own place, could hardly have done better, for Prickett had in this case all those sentiments which it was the barrister’s art to feign—the personal interest, the candour, the genuine pity, and the faith in the better side of things. Scotland Yard turned counsel for the defence.

‘He’s dreadful broken down,’ said Prickett, ‘and I shouldn’t wonder if he did himself a mischief. The gentleman that backed the bill for him is in very low water. Six children and a sick wife, and business in the City about as bad as it can be. It’s a painful affair all round, but it’s a family party, so to speak, and it can be kep’ quiet. Dr. Elphinstone and Mr. Arnold Esden, miss, were in favour of keeping it dark, and so I suppose are you?’

Janet was crying by this time, but controlled her tears to listen. She stole now and again a sidelong look at Arnold, and his shamed and broken attitude struck her to the heart. It seemed harder upon him than anybody. She could not think angrily or with scorn of Wyncott. His fall from honesty horrified her, but she felt it, as so many women would have done, in a reflected rather than a direct and personal way. It could be nothing less than hideous for Arnold, so delicately sensitive in honour, so lofty in all his thoughts and hopes and aims, to find one who had been like a brother to him turned thief.

‘This, miss,’ continued Prickett, lifting his hands from the black bag and allowing them to fall again, ‘was handed to me a couple of hours ago by Mr. Wyncott Esden. Its contents is reckoned to be eight hundred and forty sovereigns. Mr. Esden sealed the bag at my request with his own private seal, as a matter of business, and now—as a matter of business, likewise—I should be obliged if the seal was looked at.’

He offered the bag to Arnold, who glanced at it and nodded; then to Elphinstone, who put up his pince-nez with a trembling hand, and examined the seals with unnecessary closeness to conceal his agitation.

‘That being right,’ said Prickett, ‘I may as well break these seals and hand you, miss, what belongs to you.’

He suited the action to the word, and producing the two canvas bags laid them upon the table.

‘Dr. Elphinstone,’ cried Janet. ‘Arnold! Help me! Tell me what I am to do.’

They arose at this appeal and approached the table indeterminedly. One of Arnold’s hands went out towards the gold, but drew back hurriedly, as if he feared to touch it.

‘He had better go away,’ said Janet. ‘We could never bear to look at him again, and he could never bear to see us. Arnold, go to him! Speak to him! Take that horrible money with you, and make him take it and go away, and promise never to be heard of any more.’

'It's the best way out of it,' Elphinstone said. 'Ye're a good creature, Janet, as I always knew. We'll just arrange that between us later on. I'm not long for this world's sorrow, and I'd meant the half of what I have to go to yon misguided ediot. Ye'll have to bear the load of it yourself now, Arnold, such as it is, and we'll spare that much to the puir fool anyway.'

He waved his hand towards the money on the table, and then took to walking the room in a profound dejection.

'You will go?' Janet asked, turning appealingly towards Arnold.

'Yes,' he answered. 'I thank you with all my heart, and I will go. Are you ready, Mr. Prickett?'

Prickett, answering by a mere nod, gathered up the money, replaced it in the bag, bade Miss Pharr a respectful good-evening, and followed Arnold from the room. The clergyman took up his hat and gloves in the hall, and led the way in silence down the drive.

'It's kindly meant, sir,' said Prickett, when they had reached the solitude and silence of the road. 'It's beautifully meant. But Mr. Wyncott Esden has got his pride on edge, sir, so to speak, and I don't think he'll take it.'

'He will have to take it,' Arnold answered sternly.

They finished their walk in silence, and, having hung about the station without a word until the train came up, they travelled in silence up to town and drove to Wyncott's chambers. The self-confessed criminal opened the door at Prickett's knock, and drooped his head at the sight of his cousin. He blushed scarlet and then went pale again, and entering before his visitors sat down in an armchair. At a sign from Arnold, Prickett closed the door.

'It was our desire,' said Arnold, 'to keep the truth you have confessed to from Miss Pharr's ears, but she has surprised our secret. It will rest with us. She sends you back this money, and bids you go and trouble us no more.'

'I shan't trouble you any more,' Esden answered. 'But I shan't take the money. I am not such a cur as that.'

'You will take what punishment and humiliation is imposed upon you,' said Arnold, in a cold and dreadful scorn. 'You will take this money and go. Listen, if you please, and understand. We, whom you have shamed beyond any hope of forgetfulness, are not disposed to accept any further shame at your hands. We will not accept the shame of your lingering here. We will not

accept the shame of your social failure hereafter or your poverty in another country. This is not offered in any spirit of revenge. We protect ourselves against you, that is all. You have given us the right to protect ourselves against you, and we will exercise it.'

'You can give me in charge if you like,' said Wyncott. 'I've made up my mind to do it for myself.'

'You are not satisfied,' Arnold asked, 'with the shame and misery you have brought on us already?'

'Oh!' Wyncott answered in grim self-hatred, 'I'm satisfied, if you are.' He arose and walked into his bedroom, and Prickett's eye followed him watchfully and warily. There was a moment's silence, and then Wyncott's voice sounded with a loud quaver in the tone—'Good-bye!' Then there was a clicking explosion like the noise made by the firing of a percussion-cap, and then another and another.

Prickett dashed into the bedroom, and Arnold followed; for a moment there was a wild struggle in the half darkness, and then the two tore Wyncott back into the light. He was bleeding from a chance scratch upon the face, and he held a revolver in his hand.

'That's your handiwork!' he cried wildly, turning his desperate ace on Prickett.

'Yes, sir,' said the detective quietly. 'That's my handiwork. I had the powder took out of the cartridges. Now you take it easy. Nobody wants to hurt you.'

Wyncott made one tremendous struggle to free himself, but Prickett tripped him by the heels with lightning swiftness, and but for Arnold's grip he would have fallen headlong. As it was, the fall wrenched his arm badly, and the intense pain quieted him.

'Now you sit down there, if you please, sir,' said Prickett, planting him on the sofa. 'Try to move, and I'll find a way to stop you. Upon my word, I *am* ashamed! No more pluck than that? I always took you for a thoroughbred. Ain't you got no respect for your own good name? Ain't you got *no* pity for your friends? Why, it's simply sickening, this is. It's contemptible. That's what I call it. If this gentleman likes to talk to you, he may, but I'm sure I don't want to after such an unmanlike exhibition.'

He gave Arnold a swift persuasive glance and gesture, and passed him with a whisper.

'I'll see to his razors. He's ripe for anything.'

With that he slipped into Wyncott's bedroom, and, having lit

the gas there, found the razor-case and pocketed it. He made a further search, but, finding nothing which could be put to dangerous uses, went back into the sitting-room. Arnold was sitting before his cousin and had taken his lax right hand in his own. Prickett nodded to himself approvingly.

'He'll do a lot more on that lay than on the other,' he said inwardly. 'Gentlemen, both,' he added aloud, 'I'll just step back into the next room, and have a look at the evening.'

Arnold glanced up at him, but Esden gave no sign. The detective winked and nodded encouragement, and then withdrew, closing the door behind him.

'Take this money now, Wyncott,' said Arnold, when they had sat in silence for a time. 'Accept that humiliation for the sake of those whom you have shamed and injured. Go away and make the best of the talents God has given you. Try to make atonement for the past, and if in time to come you can throw this burden from your shoulders, the payment will be accepted with pride and joy. But take it now and let that be the first sign of a true repentance. You cannot repay us for our pain by sinking—you may by swimming.'

Arnold felt a convulsive grip from the hand he held in his own, and responded to it by a firm strong pressure. There were many things he was disposed to speak of, and to a younger man, or one more ignorant, he would have uttered his mind in the words his office gave him a right to use. But he was certainly none the worse a man, and possibly none the poorer as a clergyman, because his delicacy kept him silent.

'You will go away?' he asked at length, after long silent thinking. 'And try?' A grip of the hand was the sole answer to either question. 'And do what we desire?' There was a pause after this, and the question had to be repeated, but in the end it met the same answer as the others. 'I have your word of honour for all this?'

'Yes,' said Wyncott, in a voice hardly audible. 'I shan't see you again. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Wyncott. God help you! God bless you!'

They parted in that fashion, and Arnold entering the bedroom drew Prickett towards him.

'Stay with him a little.' The detective nodded. 'You're a good fellow, Prickett. Shake hands. Good night.'

Whether a clergyman ought to think the better of a sinner for attempting suicide may be left for the present as an open

question. But it is very certain that Wyncott's desperate resolution had changed his cousin's mind towards him. At least it showed the depth of his despair, and despair is so terrible a thing that few men can bear to look at it unmoved.

XVIII.

Gale, meanwhile, regarded himself as one of the happiest men alive. At the thought of what his sentiment of gratitude towards Wyncott Esden had done for him, he was more than half disposed to turn virtuous altogether. It was simply glorious to have made so rich a haul as the result of one good impulse. If he had been a common insensible criminal, he would have left his defender unthanked—would have offered him no souvenir, and so would have had no clue to guide him to the future which now lay in his hands. Gratitude was a moral virtue, and gratitude had done this for him. He would cultivate the rest of the moral virtues—when he could afford them.

That time was not yet. It never so much as occurred to him to sell so valuable a merchandise as his silence for less than he could get for it. To commit burglary on a man who could not complain of the offence was a pleasure he had never before tasted, and to be able harmlessly to confess the act was something of a pleasing novelty also. But Gale had been respectably brought up, and had beliefs which might have been called religious, if they had ever formed themselves into any sort of law for him. He meant to take those beliefs into serious consideration when he and Miss Pharr's jewels were safe in New York, and he pictured himself in the near future as a highly respectable, well-to-do citizen, who took a considerable interest in chapel discipline, and was very fairly regular in attendance on the means of grace.

The prospect was alluring, and he took pains to reach it. To live in clover, and at the same time to study the economics of eternity and doctor his immortal soul—what could any man ask better?

Amongst his acquaintance—which, like Mr. Weller's knowledge of London, was extensive and peculiar—was a certain bankrupt and hungry rascal who had once been in high repute as a lapidary. He was a skilled workman, and was respected as an expert in gems, but he had broken trust, had passed half a dozen years in jail, and could find no employment. Gale had his thumb upon this fellow, and the man had for so many years been accus-

tomed to fear him that his services might be retained with a perfect sense of security.

Reuben found this personage in even worse circumstances than he had believed him to have fallen into. He provided him with a decent suit of clothes, promised him a passage to New York, and undertook to find him paying employment on the other side of the Atlantic. All these circumstances the watchful James White, who had by this time enlisted the services of a familiar from Rotherham, reported to Prickett as they transpired.

Another circumstance reported by the watchful White was the purchase by Gale of a belt purse of somewhat unusual dimensions, divided into compartments. This article had to be made to order, and was to be ready without fail on the afternoon of Reuben's arranged rendezvous with Wyncott Esden. The last item of information White sent to Prickett on this question was to the effect that the belt had been finished, and called for by Gale, who had taken it home with him.

Keen and experienced as he was, Gale was altogether out-manceuvred, and when he set out to the empty house with the stolen gems bound snugly about his body, and a small bag containing the simple necessities for his voyage in his hand, he walked towards one of his captors whilst the other patiently dogged his footsteps.

It was nearly nine o'clock, and the shades of evening had fallen earlier than usual, for the sky was dense with cloud. An hour earlier a coppery tinge had been reflected upon the faces of all wayfarers from the threatening sky. Now the glow had faded, and the clouds hung dark and seemed to touch the house-tops. The sparse gas lamps glimmered here and there, revealing old hulks of timber, and the raw ends of houses from which their companions of many years had been newly rent away. Parts of the road were dangerous with open foundations, or difficult with mounds of building refuse, loose piles of brick and slate and rafters. Gale knew his way, and steered a steady course. The spy, wary and noiseless, followed in his rear.

The two were midway through the wilderness of wrecked houses when the threatened storm first broke. One or two heavy drops had given warning, when the whole sky opened into flame, and the thunder crashed with awful suddenness and nearness. The wind rose at once as if it had been held in a leash and set free at this loud signal, and the rain came down in a sheet. Gale bent his head and ran, and the watcher followed heedless of his

footsteps now that their noise was drowned by the roaring wind and rain.

The burglar made for a house which stood far back across a waste of rubbish heaps, and, pushing open the door, stood for a moment to wipe the rain from his face. Then he mounted the darkened stair deliberately, with the sure foot of custom. Half-way up he paused and listened. There was a noise behind him.

'Hillo!' he said. 'That you? You're late.'

'No, Reuben,' answered an unexpected voice above him. 'We're full in time.'

A ray of light from a dark lantern flashed suddenly in his face and for the second half-blinded him. The following footstep mounted swiftly. The trapped villain thrust his hand into the pocket of the light dust coat he wore, clutched a revolver there, and, without waiting to withdraw it, fired through the cloth in the direction of the light above him. Then he turned, and seeing full in the line of light a grim visage straining swiftly up at him out of the lower dark, he fired again.

'Look out, Jim!' roared Prickett from above, and at the same instant he leaped from the landing, lighting full on Gale and falling with him. The thunder broke again at that very second of time, but a third shot from the revolver was audible even then. The thunder rolled away and there was a dead silence.

'Anybody hurt?' said Prickett, picking himself up with difficulty from the landing.

'I'm in two or three pieces somehow,' White responded, 'but the main part's here seemin'ly. Upsey-daisy, governor! You've knocked *him* silent, master!'

'Keep a hand on him,' said Prickett. 'He's as wily as Satan and as strong as a lion. I dropped the glim before I jumped. I'll get upstairs for it, and we'll have a look at him. Jim, I'm blowed if I ain't broke my arm. If you've got to hit that chap while I'm gone, you hit him hard, my lad, and say I told you.'

'He won't want no hitting,' White answered, as his superior crawled up the stairs. 'Gaffer!' he cried in a changed voice, 'I can't so much as feel him breathe.'

'Look out for him if he's foxing,' Prickett called back. 'Here's this blessed lantern standing straight on end, and blazing away as if it knowed as it was wanted. That's a bit o' luck.'

He came down the stairs groaning and limping, and generally exaggerating his own mischances with a view to the temptation of the prisoner in case he should be shamming.

‘Better get the darbies on him while he’s quiet, James. We shall have to do a bit o’ searching, and it’ll be all the easier if he comes to again.’

He flashed the light upon Gale’s face, and with a quick cry knelt beside him. The burglar lay full length with one arm crumpled up behind him.

‘He’s paid all this time,’ said Prickett, solemnly. ‘He’s as dead as a doornail. I jumped the very second he fired that last shot. I must ha’ turned n s hand and the ball ’s gone into him. Look here!’

The morning papers brought a new and dreadful fear to the three guests at Wootton Hill. Janet rose from the breakfast table with a cry, and Mrs. Wyncott and Edith hurried wildly after her as she ran from the room. She stood in the hall like a statue of misery, with the journal she had been reading clutched convulsively in both hands.

‘There is blood upon them,’ she cried. ‘The man—one of the men—is killed.’

They brought her back to the room and tried to soothe her, but they knew nothing of her main fear. Elphinstone and Arnold alike understood it, when they in turn came to read the article which had so terrified and shocked her.

It was headed ‘Desperate and Fatal Encounter with a Burglar,’ and related the manner of the death of Reuben Gale, and the discovery upon his body of the jewels which had been stolen from Miss Pharr. Arnold and the Doctor held a hasty consultation on it, and the young clergyman rushed up to town at once to consult Prickett. That worthy personage was in bed with a broken arm, and was ordered to keep quiet for a day or two on guard against feverish symptoms.

‘You needn’t be alarmed, sir,’ he said when Arnold explained his errand. ‘Mr. Wyncott Esden’s name doesn’t come into this any more than yours does. There’ll be an inquest, and I shall have to tell what happened at the time, but I shan’t have to go outside it. I went to meet Gale “from information received.” That’s the form, and the coroner won’t try to get behind it. If my chiefs ask me any more about it, I shall tell ’em again what I said last night. “There were two in it,” says I, “but the other was a new hand, and he got conscience-struck, and came to me and split.” You needn’t have any fear at all; Mr. Wyncott Esden’s name won’t show.’

In the event it proved so. Wyncott Esden went out to New South Wales, and practised at the bar. A year later Mary Grainger followed him, and they two were married. There are not many wives who have so terrible a knowledge of their husbands, but she uses hers as Wyncott uses his own knowledge of the past.

Speaking for myself, in spite of my knowledge of the whole story, I am not sure that I would not sooner trust Wyncott Esden at this hour than many men who have led fairly blameless lives. It does not happen to all of us to stand by as spectators of the earthquake which rives the soul and to look into the awful abyss that opens there. He who has looked once, and has been mercifully saved from falling, desires to look no more. Happy they who have no need to be shaken over that appalling gulf. And happy likewise they who, having need of the terror, look once into its depths, and are set back on sound land again with wholesome lifelong fear implanted in their hearts.

THE END.

At the Sign of the Ship.

LAST month we published two curious versions of a traditional sailor's ditty, somewhat recalling the duet of 'The Merry Man and his Maid' in 'The Yeomen of the Guard.' It may be remembered that the chant was explained as a confused memory of some Catholic creed, while parts reminded myself of Celtic tradition. Before the article was published, but when it was too late to alter it, Mr. Alfred Nutt kindly drew my attention to a very elaborate, mystical, and 'Druidical' chant of the same kind, printed by the Marquis de la Villemarqué, the well-known author of *Barzaz Breiz*. If this chant had been of undeniable authenticity, my guess would have been correct, and the Breton and Celtic source of the song would have been unimpeachable. But antiquaries know that the Marquis's Breton countrymen regard him, not exactly as a James Macpherson, yet as an editor whose Celtic poems owe too much to literary handling, too little to tradition. Indeed Mr. Lejean published, in the second volume of the *Revue Celtique*, some traditional Breton versions of our numerical ditty, 'I will sing you one, oh!' versions which were even more nonsensical than ours, and infinitely less Druidical than the Marquis's. Far be it from me to hurl into the mellay among 'British and Armoric Knights,' or to give an opinion about Celtic antiquities. It is enough that one was so far not wrong, that there are Celtic counterparts of our verses.

* * *

Something more curious remains. There is, it seems, 'a well-known Hebrew song, which is sung on the eve of the Pass-over, and which is not unlike that you quote,' writes Mr. A. Raphael. He has been good enough to copy out and send me the Hebrew version. Here follow the lines which have been sent.

* * *

HEBREW VERSION.

Who knoweth one?
 I (Israel) know one:
 One is our God, who is in heaven and earth.

Who knoweth two?
 I (Israel) know two:
 Two are the tables of the Law;
 One is our God, who is in heaven and earth.

I give the last verse of this very old rhyme, which is constructed on the 'House that Jack built' plan.

Who knoweth thirteen?
 I (Israel) know thirteen:
 Thirteen are the attributes of God;
 Twelve are the tribes of Israel;
 Eleven are the stars (seen by Joseph);
 Ten are the words (Decalogue)
 Nine are the months preceding birth;
 Eight are the days before circumcision;
 Seven are the days of the week;
 Six are the divisions of the Mishna;
 Five are the books of Moses;
 Four are the wives of the Patriarchs;
 Three are the Patriarchs;
 Two are the tables of the Law;
 One is our God, who is in heaven and earth.

It will be observed that in the ending of the hymn, the order is reversed, and, beginning at thirteen, we return to one. This is the more curious because another correspondent has heard an English form sung in the same way, forward and backward again, in dormitory at Marlborough, more than twenty years ago. The tune had been learnt by the singer from Berkshire rustics, far enough away from the coast, and clearly this is not especially a sea-song. The 'lily-white maids' *may* be men as well as girls in very old English, as another correspondent justly remarks, and so may denote our Lord and the Baptist. Finally Mr. A. J. Butler, whose note has unluckily vanished in the chaos of papers, writes that the song, or a shape of it, is a favourite at

King's College, Cambridge. Mr. Thomas Hardy is acquainted with a very odd nonsensical variant from Dorsetshire. On the whole, the history of a chant which, appearing modified in a comic opera, proves to have analogues in Hebrew and Breton, is curious enough, but here we say no more of it.

* * *

Folklore bores many just persons so terribly that one must apologise for the following legend. English *märchen*, or *contes populaires*, or nursery tales, are extremely rare, or, at least, they are very seldom found and published by collectors. The English ballads, as compared with the Scotch, are notably poor and trivial, whatever reason we may invent or discover; and of English tales we know few, save *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Jack and the Bean Stalk*, *Tom Hickathrift*, and *Tom Thumb*. But Mr. Clodd has discovered, in an odd corner of 'Suffolk Notes and Queries' in the *Ipswich Journal*, the following very remarkable and curious English *märchen*. It is well worth reading by anyone who likes a story; above all, by anyone who cares to study national character in traditional tales and the wanderings of tradition.

CAP O' RUSHES.

(TOLD BY AN OLD SERVANT TO THE WRITER WHEN A CHILD.)

Well, there was once a very rich gentleman, and he'd three daughters, and he thought to see how fond they was of him. So he says to the first, 'How much do you love me, my dear?'

'Why,' says she, 'as I love my life.'

'That's good,' says he.

So he says to the second, 'How much do *you* love me, my dear?'

'Why,' says she, 'better nor all the world.'

'That's good,' says he.

So he says to the third, 'How much do *you* love me, my dear?'

'Why, I love you as fresh meat loves salt,' says she.

Well, he were that angry. 'You don't love me at all,' says he, 'and in my house you stay no more.' So he drove her out there and then, and shut the door in her face.

Well, she went away on and on till she came to a fen, and there she gathered a lot of rushes and made them into a cloak, kind o', with a hood, to cover her from head to foot, and to hide her fine clothes. And then she went on and on till she came to a great house.

‘Do you want a maid?’ says she.

‘No, we don’t,’ says they.

‘I haint nowhere to go,’ says she, ‘and I’d ask no wages, and do any sort o’ work,’ says she.

‘Well,’ says they, ‘if you like to wash the pots and scrape the saucepans you may stay,’ says they.

So she stayed there and washed the pots and scraped the saucepans and did all the dirty work. And because she gave no name they called her ‘Cap o’ Rushes.’

Well, one day there was to be a great dance a little way off, and the servants was let to go and look at the grand people. Cap o’ Rushes said she was too tired to go, so she stayed at home.

But when they was gone she offed with her cap o’ rushes, and cleaned herself, and went to the dance. And no one there was so finely dressed as her.

Well, who should be there but her master’s son, and what should he do but fall in love with her the minute he set eyes on her. He wouldn’t dance with anyone else.

But before the dance were done Cap o’ Rushes she slipped off, and away she went home. And when the other maids was back she was framin’ to be asleep with her cap o’ rushes on.

Well, next morning they says to her, ‘You did miss a sight, Cap o’ Rushes!’

‘What was that?’ says she.

‘Why, the beautifullest lady you ever see, dressed right gay and ga’. The young master, he never took his eyes off of her.’

‘Well, I should ha’ liked to have seen her,’ says Cap o’ Rushes.

‘Well, there’s to be another dance this evening, and perhaps she’ll be there.’

But, come the evening, Cap o’ Rushes said she was too tired to go with them. Howsumdever, when they was gone, she offed with her cap o’ rushes and cleaned herself, and away she went to the dance.

The master’s son had been reckoning on seeing her, and he danced with no one else, and never took his eyes off of her. But, before the dance was over, she slipped off, and home she went, and when the maids came back she framed to be asleep with her cap o’ rushes on.

Next day they says to her again, ‘Well, Cap o’ Rushes, you should ha’ been there to see the lady. There she was again, gay and ga’, and the young master he never took his eyes off of her.’

'Well, there,' says she, 'I should ha' liked to ha' seen her.'

'Well,' says they, 'there's a dance again this evening, and you must go with us, for she's sure to be there.'

Well, come the evening, Cap o' Rushes said she was too tired to go, and do what they would she stayed at home. But when they was gone she offed with her cap o' rushes and cleaned herself, and away she went to the dance.

The master's son was rarely glad when he saw her. He danced with none but her and never took his eyes off her. When she wouldn't tell him her name, nor where she came from, he gave her a ring and told her if he didn't see her again he should die.

Well, afore the dance was over off she slipped, and home she went, and when the maids came home she was framing to be asleep with her cap o' rushes on.

Well, next day they says to her, 'There, Cap o' Rushes, you didn't come last night, and now you won't see the lady, for there's no more dances.'

'Well, I should ha' rarely liked to ha' seen her,' says she.

The master's son he tried every way to find out where the lady was gone, but go where he might, and ask whom he might, he never heard nothing about her. And he got worse and worse for the love of her till he had to keep his bed.

'Make some gruel for the young master,' they says to the cook. 'He's dying for love of the lady.' The cook she set about making it when Cap o' Rushes came in.

'What are you a doin' on?' says she.

'I'm going to make some gruel for the young master,' says the cook, 'for he's dying for love of the lady.'

'Let me make it,' says Cap o' Rushes.

Well, the cook wouldn't at first, but at last she said yes, and Cap o' Rushes made the gruel. And when she had made it she slipped the ring into it on the sly before the cook took it up-stairs.

The young man he drank it and he saw the ring at the bottom.

'Send for the cook,' says he.

So up she comes.

'Who made this here gruel?' says he.

'I did,' says the cook, for she were frightened.

And he looked at her.

'No, you didn't,' says he. 'Say who did it, and you shan't be harmed.'

'Well, then, 'twas Cap o' Rushes,' says she.

'Send Cap o' Rushes here,' says he.

So Cap o' Rushes came.

'Did you make my gruel?' says he.

'Yes, I did,' says she.

'Where did you get this ring?' says he.

'From him as gave it me,' says she.

'Who are you then?' says the young man.

'I'll show you,' says she. And she offed with her cap o' rushes, and there she was in her beautiful clothes.

Well, the master's son h got well very soon, and they was to be married in a little time. It was to be a very grand wedding, and everyone was asked far and near. And Cap o' Rushes' father was asked. But she never told nobody who she was.

But before the wedding she went to the cook and says she,

'I want you to dress every dish without a mite o' salt.'

'That'll be rarely nasty,' says the cook.

'That don't signify,' says she.

'Very well,' says the cook.

Well, the wedding-day came, and they was married. And after they was married all the company sat down to their vittles. When they began to eat the meat, that was so tasteless they couldn't eat it. But Cap o' Rushes' father he tried first one dish and then another, and then he burst out crying.

'What is the matter?' said the master's son to him.

'Oh!' says he, 'I had a daughter. And I asked her how much she loved me. And she said, "As much as fresh meat loves salt." And I turned her from my door, for I thought she didn't love me. And now I see she loved me best of all. And she may be dead for aught I know.'

'No, father, here she is!' says Cap o' Rushes. And she goes up to him and puts her arms round him.

And so they was happy ever after.

A. W. T.

* *

How many thousands of years has this legend wandered from mouth to mouth of alien men! First take the name 'Cap o' Rushes.' That answers to the Coat of Rushes, *Rashin Coatie*, which the Scottish Cinderella wears, in Chambers's 'Popular Traditions of Scotland.' But these rushes come nowhere else, as far as I know, among the disguises of *Peau d'Ane*, for this heroine of *Cap o' Rushes* is more like *Peau d'Ane* (the tale La

Fontaine and Perrault rhymed) than like Cinderella. Then take the tests of love. Here is a fragment that was caught up from tradition into the highest heaven of poetry in 'King Lear.' Then the girl's answer, 'As fresh meat loves salt,' is found, Mr. Clodd tells me, in Miss Maivé Stokes's Indian fairy tales (Tale 23). But the Suffolk narrator could not read or write, and is little likely to have plagiarised an idea from Miss Maivé Stokes, whose Indian Ayah, again, never plagiarised from Suffolk. The use of a ring, not a slipper, to cause the recognition, is found in Madame Emmy Schreck's Finnish form of 'Cinderella.' Note how Suffolk fancy economises in miracle: Cap o' Rushes has fine clothes of her own, and needs no friendly beast, no fairy godmother, to provide them for her. We have no king here, but 'a very rich gentleman,' and no 'fairy prince with happy eyes and lighter-footed than the fox,' but merely 'the master's son.' Then how different the position of Cap o' Rushes' father! In *Pearu d'Ane* he has an unholy passion for the girl, and to escape this she flees into the world. But Suffolk takes a 'King Lear' opening, and ends it happily with an idea from Hindostan. The English, too, is very plain and pleasant; it is a work-a-day, unassuming English story, with the romance reduced to the lowest possible power. Certainly there must be more English *märchen*, if people happy enough to live in the country would only take a little trouble to collect them.

* * *

Not being a 'scoientific cyarkter,' as Captain Costigan said, I do not understand Mr. Grant Allen's new book about 'Force and Energy.' If Mr. Allen has a new theory of what keeps things going, I trust it is more cheery than the following poem on dynamics and the like by Miss May Kendall. It appears pessimistic even for a modern Muse, and may be sung as the Evening Hymn in the Church of Darkness. But perhaps there is nothing in it; perhaps Ether is not the one monstrous Capitalist for whose profit all Labour is expended.

ETHER INSATIABLE.

Now Energy's bound to diminish—
 The harder she struggles and moils
 The faster she speeds to the finish,
 The end of her infinite toils.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

A million of planets beneath her
 Strong hands she may mould or efface—
 'Tis all to the good of the Ether,
 That fills circumambient space !

All's quietly caught up and muffled
 By a strange and intangible foe,
 The Ether serene and unruffled,
 The Ether we see not nor know.
 Life, radiance, in torrents dispelling,
 The Universe spins to its goal ;
 And radiance, and life find *one* dwelling—
 This Ether's the tomb of the whole.

There is not a hushed malediction,
 There is not a smile or a sigh,
 But aids in dispersing, by Friction,
 The Cosmical Heat in the sky ;
 And whether a star falls, or whether
 A heart breaks—for stars and for men
 Their labour is all for the Ether,
 That renders back nothing again.

And we, howsoever we hated
 And feared, or made love, or believed,
 For all the opinions we stated,
 The woes and the wars we achieved,
 We, too, shall lie idle together,
 In very uncritical case—
 And no one will win—but the Ether,
 That fills circumambient space !

* * *

It is all very well to talk about energy and friction, but none of 'my first,' as charades say, will remain if authors put forth so much of their second ! Can *nothing* be done to stop people, strangers even more than acquaintances, from sending presentation copies of their books ? As I write the post brings in eight presentation copies—eight by one post. Two from India, one (very welcome that one, but anonymous) from Vienna, one from Canada, one from New York, the rest of British origin. Do the authors know

what it is for a busy man to have eight letters of evasive thanks and indistinct compliment to write? Do they remember what postage to Benares or Ottawa costs? Go to, ye authors; if one wants your books one buys or borrows them, and one does *not* want minor poetry. That can be supplied, on the premises, in any quantity. Nobody should be allowed to present his own books, except to ladies who do not so much mind. But books or articles on folklore, or any other special topic, which appear in thy foreign reviews, these are welcome, and this exchange of ideas between English and foreign antiquaries is blameless and serviceable. It is your minor poet and your amateur novelist who shower parcels on the weary and persecuted scribbler, and make him more than ever long to be in some undiscovered isle in far-off seas. But, among pleasant poems of to-day, let one not forget to name Mr. Owen Seaman's clever and melodious volume, 'On Double Pipe.'¹ Mr. Seaman pipes through either mask, the serious and the smiling, and pipes well. But does 'lay' rhyme to 'perruquiers'? It does not look as if it did. But rhymes are easy and free on the banks of Cam and Isis—the sacred streams of songs—especially, perhaps, on the banks of Cam.

ANDREW LANG.

¹ Blackwell, Oxford.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts. Contributions received after January 8 will be acknowledged in the March number.

Zopf 5s. Mary and Otto 5s. M. J. H. M. P. 4s. R. W. Coleman 21s. A. J. 10s. Lily H. S. 2s. 6d. C. A. 4s. Henderson, Craig, & Co. 2l. 1s. 8d. L. M. 2s. E. F. 10s. Dr. A. Conan Doyle 1l. G. F. 9s. 6d. Collected by A. K. L. 25s. M. de C. 1l. Donna, 1l. Workroom. Mrs. Moore 5s. Miss Moore 5s. Mrs. Courtney 1l. R. G. F. 2s. 6d. Jean 10s. R. P. F. 5s. E. P. 2s. 6d. E. E. E. 5s. Miss Hasker 2l. M. L. D. 1l. Don, 1l. 10s. Donna. Miss M. H. M. Mundy 15s. W. H. Newnham 1l. M. de R. 5l. M. J. P. and E. M. P. 2s. Prof. Tyndall, F.R.S., 2l. R. H. Greenbank 1l. 1s. L. M. N. 2s. 6d. L. E. R. 2s. 6d. Mrs. G. C. G. 1l. 1s. C. J. B. 1l. T. Norton Longman 2l. 2s. In Mem. S. G. T. 5l. F. J. B. 10s. E. C. T. (5th donation) 5s. G. H. D. and A. M. D. 1l. 10s. Anonymous 5s. W. S. Ryan 30s. Muriel 20s. Lord Burton 20l. L. L. A. 5s. W. N. 1l. J. P. P. 1l. J. F. Bradbury (Calcutta) 1l. J. B. 5s. S. P. 10s. C. W. O. 1l. E. Flinn 1l. M. K. 10s. F. and C. Edis 10s. From one who wishes he could send more, 2s. 6d. W. Hume 3s. 6d. Mrs. and the Misses Heisch 10s. 6d. M. G., Clifton Terrace, Brighton, 1l. H. H. Dale 2l. 5s. A. S. 5s.

L. G., Brighton, 1*l*. M. C. 2*l*. 10*s*. Mrs. Chalk 5*s*. Ethel 3*s*. Mrs. Harvey 10*s*. Miss Elliot 10*s*. B. W. 1*l*. Donna, 1*l*. the Sisters. Mrs. Richards 10*s*. R. H. C. 2*s*. 6*d*. A Reader 1*l*. R. H. H. 10*s*. E. E. E. (2nd recent donation) 5*s*. C. C. 5*s*. H. H. Longman 10*l*. L. T. 10*s*. . B. and E. B. 2*l*. C. A. 10*s*. Miss M. A. Lewin 5*s*. A. Bright 21*s*. Mrs. Gibbins 1*l*. F. H. W. 1*l*. From one who thinks LONGMAN's worth a shilling 6*s*. W. R. 30*l*. P. C. 5*s*. Donna, 5*s*. Workroom. J. W. M. 7*s*. 6*d*. Major-General . S. Macbean 1*l*. Mary, Willie, Ralph, Maggie, and Mabel, 5*s*. Mrs. Roberts 2*s*. S. T. 5*s*. Arman L. Corry 2*l*. N. J. B. 1*l*. F. G. Waugh 2*l*. J. A., Oxford, 2*l*. 2*s*. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. 10*s*. C. H. G. B. Donna 10*s*., Cooper's Court 10*s*. Thos. Wm. Denman 1*l*. 1*s*. Mrs. Churchill (for Cooper's Court) 10*l*. 10*s*. H. Blake 10*s*. M. C. 2*s*. Mrs. Brodribb 5*s*. Mrs. Rivers 10*s*. S. C. 10*s*. Millie 10*s*. A. M. C. 1*l*. Burnham, Somerset, 10*s*. Mrs. Blako 10*s*. Anonymous 10*s*. Boro' Bridge 10*s*. C. Last 21*s*. Adelaide Barry and Bertie Sutton Redmond 5*s*. M. E. 2*s*. 6*d*. L. W. 5*s*. E. M. S. G. 5*s*. C. A. R., Brighton, 10*s*. E. S. B. and A. E. B., Cardiff, 10*s*. Halfpenny 1*s*. M. A. N. 20*s*. M. M. 2*l*. Hon. Lady Elliot 2*l*. Donna, 1*l*. Workroom. P. S. 10*s*. F. C. 5*s*. H. J. L. M. 2*s*. 6*d*. Septimus A. Cail 5*s*. E. G. 2*s*. 6*d*. The Misses Bowen, Donna 2*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*. Cooper's Court 2*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*. C. S., Edinburgh, 10*s*. A. A. 5*s*. G. H. Clarkson 1*l*. Edith S. Letch a packet of muffetees. A parcel of clothing, Anonymous. C. P. a parcel of clothing. F. B. parcel of illustrated magazines.

In answer to F. B. the Editor begs to say that any knitted socks sent to the Sister in Charge, 42A Dock Street, London, E., would be gratefully received. The Editor cannot receive any money for free dinners. If 'Burnham, Somerset,' and 'Halfpenny' will forward their addresses, the Editor will return their contributions, unless they would wish them to be applied to the general expenses of the 'Donna.'

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

*The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,
39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4*

KEATINGS
BEST
COUGH CURE.

*Sold everywhere in
Tins. 1/1½ each.*

LOZENGES

KEATINGS
BEST
COUGH CURE.

*Sold everywhere in
Tins. 1/1½ each.*

LOZENGES

CARDINAL and HARFORD, The Oldest
Established
Importers of **ORIENTAL CARPETS.**

THE LEVANT WAREHOUSE, 108 & 109 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

GUARANTEED GENUINE EASTERN HAND-MADE FABRICS.
PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

MANSION HOUSE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1762. The Oldest Life Office on the Mutual Principle in existence.

INVESTED FUNDS, £4,250,000.

LIFE ASSURANCE CONDUCTED AT THE LOWEST COST.

1. No Commission or Agency Fees.
2. Working Expenses under 3 per cent. of Annual Income.
3. The Whole of the Profits belong to the Assured.

Immediate Payment of Claims. Interim Bonuses. Full Surrender Values.

The Directors are extending their Business without incurring the expenses of Commission. They prefer to appeal direct to the Public, and invite **all Persons about to Assure their Lives** to examine the splendid Bonuses (*see Table*) in the EQUITABLE, and effect their Policies direct without the intervention of Agents.

SPECIMENS FROM BONUS TABLE FOR 1889.

Date of Policy.	Original Sum Assured.	Sum payable, including Additions.
1829	£1,000	£2,850
1839	£1,000	£2,400
1849	£1,000	£2,105
1859	£1,000	£1,775
1869	£1,000	£1,400

The Additions may be Surrendered for Cash or Reduction of Annual Premiums.

ARTHUR F. BURRIDGE, Actuary.

Fry's

PURE
CONCENTRATED

Cocoa.

Ask Your
GROCER for
SAMPLE.

J. S. FRY & SONS, Bristol, London, and Sydney, N.S.W.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT
OF MEAT

Justus von Liebig

.* ASK for the COMPANY'S EXTRACT,
and see that it bears JUSTUS VON LIEBIG'S SIGNATURE
IN BLUE INK across the label.

VAN HOUTEN'S

PURE Soluble

COCOA

EASILY DIGESTED—MADE INSTANTLY.

BEST AND GOES FARTHEST.

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—'ADMIRABLE,' 'PERFECT,' and so PURE.
HEALTH.—Its PURITY is BEYOND QUESTION—ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.

O. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, WEESP-HOLLAND.

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT.

The APOLLINARIS COMPANY,
as numerous Hungarian Aperient Waters
Names, and Designations very similar
Hungarian Aperient Water (Hunyadi
they have now adopted an additional
their Registered Trade Mark of
RED DIAMOND. This
distinguish the HUNGARIAN
THE COMPANY from all other

DEMAND THE

and insist upon receiving the
the APOLLINARIS COMPANY,
Of all Druggists and



LIMITED, London, beg to announce that,
are offered to the public with Marks,
to those which are used for the
János) so long imported by them,
Label of their own, comprising
selection, which consists of a
Label will henceforth serve to
APERIENT WATER SOLD BY
Aperient Waters.

DIAMOND MARK,

HUNGARIAN APERIENT WATER of
LIMITED, London.

Mineral Water Dealers.



No. LXXVII.] **Contents** [MARCH 1889

PAGE

The Bell of St. Paul's. Part I.: Chapter VII.

Part II.: Chapters I.-II. 449

By WALTER BESANT.

Cool Orchids 477

By FREDERICK BOYLE.

A March Howl 491

By NINA F. LAVARD.

At Whose Door? 493

By MRS. DELAND, Author of 'John Ward, Preacher.'

A Country Day-School Seventy Years Ago. . . 512

By P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S.

Lady Car: the Sequel of a Life. Chapters I.-IV. 525

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

At the Sign of the Ship 554

By ANDREW LANG

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row
and New York: 15 East 16th Street



LIGHT *VERSUS* DARKNESS.

'SHAKESPEARE, the Greatest Genius who has ever yet lived,' taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, of Perpetual Mercy, of Constant Patience, of Endless Peace, of Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show him!! I know him not!! If he had appeared as a Divine, they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but God made him a Player.

'He taught that kindness is Nobler than Revenge!!'
The Rev. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The Deeds of Mercy.'

Shakespeare.

What higher aim can man attain
Than conquest over human pain?

JEOPARDY OF LIFE, THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream,
but not the Raging Torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as ENO'S FRUIT SALT, to check disease at the onset!!! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all Householders, Ship Captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' be your companion, for under any circumstances its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why, frequently without any warning you are suddenly seized with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c. &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end; it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand. The Pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is: 'I will wait and see: perhaps I shall be better to-morrow'; whereas had a supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely Death?



'I used my "FRUIT SALT" in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.'—J. C. ENO.

HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.

'During the Afghan War I verily believe Kandahar was won by us all taking up large supplies of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," and so arrived fit to overthrow half a dozen Ayub Khans.'

From 'MESS STORIES,' by G. W. VYSE, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

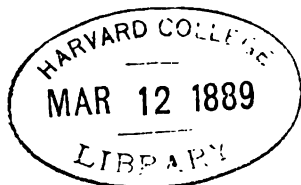
CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

A CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE, SLUGGISH ACTION OF THE LIVER, SUPPRESSED GOUT, DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIOUS ATTACKS, &c.—SIMPLE AND UNIQUE.—A Gentleman writes: 'Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the "VEGETABLE MOTO," I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."—Yours gratefully, ONE WHO KNOWS.'

ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d.
ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.



LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1889.

The Bell of St. Paul's.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART I.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE BRIDGE.

LAURENCE left the Successor to S. Norbery and turned City-wards, his mind a wreck, gone to pieces upon the Rock of the Unexpected. Only an hour before he had sallied forth serenely confident, his mother's Instructions in his pocket, anxious only about taking the first step. Well. That first step had been taken, and lo! it was like unto the historical kick which shattered the Castle of Cards. There was no Will: it must therefore have been destroyed. Wills, he knew very well, are never lost; they are kept carefully in strong boxes: they are sometimes kept in duplicate: the drafts or original instructions of the client are kept as well: all the papers concerning the Will witnessed by the man Mayes must have been kept by the solicitor who drew it, unless he had received instructions to destroy them. Moreover, his mother had nothing to go upon but the assurance—certainly it bore the appearance of truth—of an angry man. There was no other proof that this Will, which had been undoubtedly executed; bequeathed the Property to his housekeeper. Again, Clement Indagine—here was the most extraordinary thing in the world—must know that he was the nephew, and therefore, failing any will,

the heir: why in the name of Wonder did he not claim the estate? Why did he allow the Crown to take his property—his own undoubted property? And, things being so, what further business had he himself upon Bank Side? Why not go back to his hotel and address himself seriously to the Theatres, the Picture Galleries, the Restaurants and the streets of the West End—the only part of London which, as a rule, the Colonial visitor ever sees? On the whole he felt inclined to resent this turn of affairs. Since he could not enact the part, melodramatic but always effective, of the man who turns up in the last act to set everything right, why not go away at once?

* * * * *

Anybody who pleases may fill up the space indicated by these stars. It must be devoted to following up the further thoughts of this young man, rudely deprived of the power of doing, in order to gratify his mother, a really great, noble, virtuous, and disinterested action—that of a signal Reparation of a Great Wrong—all in capitals. This blow naturally made him, for the moment, sulky. When we follow with the tourists—a bleating flock—who come to look at the show place of some great Lord, and when we hear the heavy and heartfelt sighs which escape them as they are personally conducted through the old hall, to the library, to the drawing room, to the dining room, to the gardens, to the stables, we must always remember that these are not the sighs of spite against fortune which has left this flock so poor, but of sorrow that they are not so rich as to do great and noble deeds. With the key furnished by such a reflection, nothing is easier than to fill up this space. How greatly would many modern histories be improved if such spaces were left everywhere between the incidents, for the reader to fill up out of his own imaginative head!

I say, therefore, this space being now filled up, that Laurence was naturally sulky and resentful against Fortune, that poor goddess who for one grateful friend—and he never half grateful enough—makes every day a thousand enemies. One short hour before, he was the heir to a Property—he knew not how big it was, or how little—with which he was about to deal in a most noble and princely manner. Now he had learned, first, that the Property was of Baronial dimensions: a thing which would have made the Renunciation all the more noble: and, secondly, that his mother was not the heir to it, and that he himself would have no share or part in it at all.

When he arrived at the Bridge, he crossed to the west side

and leaned over the iron railings, still considering the new position. Bank Side lay at his feet: not the Bank bathed in sunset glow; but the Bank in the morning, looking grimy, narrow and cumbered with many wares; the Bank in the full flow and running tide of activity: every wharf and every Factory working with zeal: the Steam Hammers justifying the cost of their erection: the cranes swinging noisily: men carrying heavy crates on their backs or wheeling full barrows up and down planks between the Bank and the barges. All these things, at first, he saw, yet saw not: in order really to see things you want not only eyes but a mind bent on seeing. If, for instance, you stand aside to watch the faces in the City Streets, you will observe as the men walk swiftly along, that most of them see nothing. They go from end to end of Cheapside and see none of the things on the road, on the pavement or in the shops. Millions of things go on around us in the town as well as in the country without any man seeing or regarding them. We are only curious concerning the things we know. Perhaps, since no moment of time ever really dies, but passes away and then lives ever afterwards in the mind, one may in after ages recall these things and reflect how much richer life might have been had we dwelt on our own affairs less and kept our minds more open to the things without. Laurence, therefore, leaned over these railings and looked down upon the River and the Bank with eyes wide open, yet saw nothing, being wholly occupied with this sad reverse of fortune. He was in a trance.

This trance lasted I know not how long—nor does it matter, because in such a trance as this, when the mind is at work but wholly disconnected with the body, time does not exist. It induces the anæsthetic sleep: the eyes are open and the body walks about, dodges cabs, and avoids people; yet nothing is seen, felt, or heard. Sometimes it lasts but a second of time: sometimes it lasts a whole day:—nay, there are men so rapt in their own occupations that they see nothing else, whatever passes before their eyes, all their lives.

This trance, however, came to an end. Gradually, and little by little, Laurence discovered that just below him there was going on a great deal of business and bustle: he began to hear the noise of it: he began to see the activity of it. This was a sign that the trance was working itself out. Then, recovering consciousness, he passed through the stage of passive hearing and seeing, and began unconsciously to exercise the power of

Selection. A blessed thing it is for man that he can exercise the power of Selection. Not to see all groups, but one group : not to hear all the noise, but only a part of it, as when you prefer the talk of your companion to the rolling of the carts : not to fall in love with all sweet maidens, but with one. Laurence heard no more the noises below, nor did he see the men at work, because his eye was caught by a little group of two and by a little comedietta that was being played before him in dumb show by two persons.

They stood where an idle crane left a circle free of rusty iron, casks, bricks, pipes or any other merchandise—a crane is a thing which insists on respect and elbow room. The circle was closed in and separated from the vulgar gaze of Bank Side on two sides : on one by the house or cottage belonging to the machinery of the steam crane : on another side by an irregular stack of rusty iron chains, old plates and bits of boilers. The crane stood upon the Bank and the Bank looked upon the river, and there was the low wooden wall of thick planks, the like of which are now no longer used, to protect those who stood there. Probably Cottle the Elder, the first Academician, witnessed the setting up of this sea wall. It was a strange spot for a trysting place—if this was a trysting place. For one of the two was the girl whose auburn hair the sunset had turned into gold when she rowed the skiff straight out of the West. She looked strangely incongruous in this grimy place, standing under the crane in her light grey costume with the bunch of flowers at her throat. As incongruous—as out of place—would be the apparition of Venus herself upon a hill of Middlesboro' slag.

'It is Althea herself,' said Laurence. 'It is Althea Indagine. It is the Goddess of the Sunset. And the fellow with her is Oliver Luttrell, the chap who is going to be the President of the Royal Society. I wonder what they are doing on Bank Side in the morning. Why is not the Pride of Science in his Laboratory? Why is not the Goddess in her little Heaven? Why does she linger on Bank Side—when there are Parks and lovely places elsewhere :—on Bank Side—among the wheelbarrows and the rusty iron? How grubby it looks in the morning! And how splendid it looked last night! Althea,' he said, taking advantage of his position, 'looks almost better in her natural colours than when the sunset threw a golden cloud about her. Am I an eavesdropper? Is it mean to watch? But at least I cannot hear what they say. To watch Althea—myself unseen—is a venial and a pleasant sin.'

He could not hear her voice, it is true, but he became interested in the dumb show which followed. And since in ordinary conversation young people do not use the little exaggerations of gesture with which the mime emphasizes the situation, the plot of the little drama was difficult to make out. A short-sighted man would have seen from the Bridge nothing but a young man and a girl talking together. Well, this happens everywhere. To him there would have been no comedy at all. But the young Australian had eyes as good as any sailor—as keen as any game-keeper. He saw, not only the little gestures which a frigid civilisation still allows for the indication of emotion, but a tell-tale play of eyes and face and colour. The play was simple and without much incident. Yet it held the House—consisting of one spectator.

The young man Oliver said something. He said it with meaning and he looked at the girl steadily when he said it.

The girl started and changed colour. Then she replied, speaking quickly, as could be seen by the movement of her lips. And she turned away and looked out upon the river.

He made another little speech, and from the motion of his hands it was evident that he wished to conciliate her, but she shook her head.

‘Have they quarrelled?’ said Laurence. ‘Is it a lovers’ tiff? Can Althea—Althea—be engaged to that little black beast?’

Then she turned upon him and seemed to speak out at some length and with freedom.

He laughed—it is not pretty to see a man laugh if you cannot hear him as well. And she stopped speaking and turned her face again to the river.

‘It looks more than a lovers’ quarrel,’ said Laurence. ‘She is really angry with him.’

Then it was the other actor’s turn. He explained the position, using hands and head and always gazing upon the girl. Then his hand went out and tried to take hers. She snatched it away and replied. She was evidently much moved, and her eyes filled with tears. Then she spoke again. She was remonstrating with him or entreating him to do something. He listened with a dogged stubborn bearing.

Then she turned away and left him standing upon the Bank alone.

‘It is all over,’ said Laurence.

Not quite. For as he looked again he saw the face of the

young man change suddenly and curiously. He was clearly in a rage : when the girl was gone his mouth widened : his nose flattened : his eyes seemed to sink into sockets.

'Good Lord!' cried Laurence. 'What an ugly beast it is! He looks like a skull with the hair on.'

Perhaps the position of the spectator—up in the gallery so to speak—assisted in producing this strange effect.

'What does it all mean?' he asked, his interest thoroughly awakened. 'I believe the future President of the Royal Society has asked the Goddess of the Sunset to be his bride and she has refused him because he is so ugly. Yet, no,—I never heard of any man being refused because he was ugly. Women don't care two pence about a man's looks. Perhaps he has done something. Can he have stolen a barge? Or, perhaps the Goddess has no yearning for Science. She looked at one time as if she was answering some threat. Could he be such a beast as to threaten her? No. That is impossible. If I thought that, I would . . . I would . . . step down the stairs and chuck him into the river. But he could not.'

'Yet what matter is it to me?' he went on. 'I've got nothing to do here. My mother's letter is now so much waste paper. And yet that girl——' He became pensive. 'I must wait a little if only to find out what they are all about. There is the poet,' he said, 'who is a poor poet and yet refuses to lift his little finger to become wealthy—why? There have been plenty of poor poets since the world began, but I never remember a poor poet who might have been rich if he had chosen. And there is the Patriot—not to speak of the respectable Mayes. A story is going on of which I cannot guess either the beginning, or the middle, or the end. Now, if I stay, I shall perhaps find out this story. That will be interesting and perhaps it will not take very long. And, if I am lucky, I shall be able to strike a blow on the right side—that is, of course, the side of Althea. I shall call it the Story of the Silent Heir, or the Heart of Althea. Other people may call it what they like : that is what I mean to call it.'

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

IN RETIREMENT.

WHEN the Cathedral bell began to strike nine, in the leisurely and dignified manner proper to a Cathedral Bell, Althea put down her work and proceeded to make certain arrangements. That they were part of the daily routine was manifest by the unhesitating and mechanical manner in which she performed her task. A ship's steward could not lay the cloth, even for the sixth time in the day, with less waste of time for consideration than Althea showed in setting out the little round table on the hearth-rug, placing the chess-board upon it, arranging the pieces, and putting the two armchairs in position. Everybody would understand at once, merely from her manner of doing it, that the game of chess was a daily pastime. The addition of two pipes, a jar of tobacco, and a box of lights showed that the players were men. And so rapidly did she make these preparations that the last stroke of nine was still ringing and resounding in the air when she added the tobacco as the finishing touch.

The room was that one in the house with the Doric pillars, to which twenty years before Dr. Luttrell had brought the little gipsy. The only change of any importance made during this long period had been the addition of a piano laden with music. There were also a few flowers in a glass—I believe that formerly there were no flowers: and if anything else, there was the presence of 'work.' The whole of woman's history is contained in the special meaning of that word. A man's work may be symbolised by the spade, the pen, the chisel,—by every instrument that his wit has devised: for a woman's work the needle is the only symbol. Courage, my sisters: the world changes and you shall be changed—we shall all be changed. In another generation you shall, if you wish, as no doubt you will wish, wield the spade and brandish the pitchfork; you shall carry the rifle and handle the heavy ordnance. Perhaps the curtains—I believe that formerly there were no curtains—betrayed a woman's presence: mere man would have been contented with white blinds, or green Venetians, or, at least, with hangings less dainty. The windows, which gave upon New Thames Street, were open at the top, for reasons which could

be explained by residents in that street to the full satisfaction of curious inquirers. If, gentle reader, you lived in New Thames Street, you would open your windows at the top. There was a bookcase full of books: they were works of modern literature and poetry. But a man of letters would not fail to note that there were no new books among them. And though there were books on the table, there were no journals, magazines, or new novels. One or two oil paintings hung on the wall—landscapes of an old-fashioned kind, imitations of the masters of fifty years ago. On the mantles shelf rested a photograph in a frame: it was the likeness of a young man in the little cap, the shawl over the shoulder, and the boots of a Heidelberg student—none other, in fact, than Oliver, once the gipsy, now a Lecturer in Physical Science, newly made and youngest Fellow of the Royal Society. Over the mantles shelf hung a large portrait in crayons representing another young man. He wore long flowing curls and his hair rose in a romantic wave or crest above a capacious forehead: his whiskers also appeared to have felt the tender influence of the curling iron: his head was thrown back as if in defiance of the world: his right hand, the position of which was artistically indicated by a single stroke or two, was thrust into his bosom: his lips were parted—they were frank, eager, mobile, delicate, sensitive, curved lips: the sunshine lay upon those lips—no other sunshine than that of the Muses' smiles: his eyes, which matched the lips and were at once scornful, inspired, terrible, loving, large and full, flashed with a light of genius such as, I am very certain, no portrait painter of the present day would dare to give to the most richly endowed of living men—but in those days the light which never shone from mortal eyes was considered necessary and becoming and natural in the portraits of poets and men of genius. Have we not seen it flashing from the eyes of Byron, Keats, Shelley? Nay—no rhymester so small but he too must have the bright and piercing light of inspiration glowing in his eyes. Photography has killed the eye in a fine frenzy rolling. There are even poets whose eyes are fishy. Under the portrait was the autograph of the subject, written in a fine flowing hand, with a flourish at the end—most men of genius formerly cultivated a characteristic flourish after their name—'Clement Indagine.' The date of the portrait—1851—was also added.

When Althea had completed her arrangement of the chess table she stood for a moment, as even the ship's steward above mentioned will do when he has laid even his seventh or eighth

cloth of the day—to catch the artistic effect. We are always, when one comes to think of it, setting the scene for the next Act, and Woman is the domestic stage manager. It was the last Act of the day for which she set this scene: the silent game of chess and the evening tobacco with which her father the Poet and her uncle the Doctor finished the day, while she sat beside them, also in silence, working or reading, unless she played softly so as not to disturb the combinations of the game; save for her music the house was very silent always.

Then the door opened and the original of the crayon portrait appeared. You have seen him already—the man with the long white flowing hair and the brown velvet jacket. His curly black whiskers had now grown downwards and made a beautiful white beard, but he was still to be recognised as the natural development of the portrait of 1851. Many men at sixty are not the natural development, but the distortion, of their own portraits at five-and-twenty. Althea greeted him with a smile on her lips and a doubt in her eyes. Something unusual, she perceived, had happened. Her father's eyes were restless: his hands were trembling: his cheek was flushed: there was excitement in his face.

'Well, dear,' she said, 'you have been on the Bank this evening? Did you speak to anyone? The Doctor was called out an hour ago. Will you wait for him, or will you take your pipe at once?'

'Called out, was he? Sick people show a great want of consideration sometimes. No, dear—no—I will wait a little.' He sat down and began mechanically to play with the pawns, opening with an old and favourite gambit. 'Yes, child, yes.' He answered her question with a curious abruptness. 'Yes, I have been on the Bank. Lucius Cottle was there, and the Chevalier was there, and a stranger, a young gentleman, was with them—and—and—a very curious and remarkable thing happened—I am not sorry that the Doctor has been called out—a very strange thing indeed, a thing which I never looked for—I would rather talk it over quietly with you, before he comes back. Yet, to be sure, it ought not to be strange. You will not be surprised, I dare say, though you will certainly be pleased.'

'What was it? The young gentleman was Mr. Laurence Waller, I suppose, the new lodger at the Cottles.'

'Possibly. Possibly. What interest have I in the man? None whatever. What does it matter to me if a man takes a lodging on Bank Side on purpose to look at me?'

‘To look at you?’

‘To look at me, Althea,’ he repeated sternly, as if there must not be allowed the least doubt upon that point. ‘As I passed this company of three and nodded to Lucius—were we not at school together?—the young man gazed at me with a curiosity and interest which would have been impertinent, but that I overheard him whisper to Lucius Cottle, “Oh! Is that really the Poet?—Really, the Poet?” he asked. A second time and a third time I passed them on my walk to and fro, and every time that young man followed me with eyes of curiosity. Well, Althea, I cannot help it.’ He leaned back in an attitude of resignation. ‘If the world has at last found out my retreat I must abandon any further pretence and just expect to be besieged. It may be natural, no doubt, but it is, I confess, unexpected. I might have expected it thirty years ago. Then it would have seemed more natural. Now, it causes a certain kind of shock. Yet it is not displeasing.’

‘Mr. Waller has come from Australia,’ said his daughter, wondering. ‘He told me that he had come on business. To be sure that need not prevent him from showing a natural curiosity in the appearance of a poet.’

‘From Australia! Come from Australia! All that distance on purpose to look upon my face! This, Althea, is gratifying. I confess that it gratifies me very much. It is one of the few clear and tangible proofs of Fame which meet us. We poets move the world, but sometimes only know it by repeated Editions. Sometimes I have thought that I did wrong not to read the papers. I should at least have caught the regrets of the world—its regrets and its repentance for having silenced a Poet—as if Poets were as plentiful as cob-nuts! But no—no—the regrets would have come too late. Let me have no more—no more—to do with the present.’ He got up and looked at his own portrait. ‘Thirty years ago,’ he said sighing, ‘I was thirty years old. It was young to be driven from the world. But Keats was killed—they killed him—at an earlier age. Where are they—the men who drove me forth? Dead perhaps—forgotten perhaps—languishing, very likely—long since in merited obscurity. As for the man they hounded down, people now come from the uttermost parts of the earth—I say, Althea, from the uttermost parts of the earth—only to gaze upon him. I am now old, but they have not forgotten me. They have forgotten, I think, the men who did the wrong; but the Poet they have not forgotten.’

‘They can never forget you, father.’

'As I came home,' he said with such an elation in his voice and such a light in his eyes—though still far short of the electric spark shown in the Portrait—as his daughter had never before witnessed, 'I began to consider what this might mean. And I understand now—oh! yes'—his voice sank to a happy murmur. 'You have made me understand. The love of the English-speaking races for a Poet does not begin in far Australia: it is carried thither from home—from these shores: it begins at home: if a man's fame is firmly established over there it must be still more firmly planted here. Do you follow me so far, Althea? It must be still more firmly planted here. Very well. Then think. My poems must therefore be, by this time, household words. They must be learned in schools and quoted in articles: they must have been made, long since, the subject of essays and criticism—reverent criticism—in the great Quarterlies, which move the thought of the world'—it has been already explained that this Poet lived still in the Fifties, when the great Quarterlies were still great. 'And they must be read,' he continued, 'in America and . . . and . . .' He turned quite pale and tottered. The thought of his own greatness, thus grown silently and unperceived by himself, was too much for him. 'And now they come, from the uttermost ends of the world, only to gaze—to gaze upon the Poet. If they love me so much in Australia, what must they do in England—in London—across the river—almost at my very feet?

'Oh!' His daughter was carried away with him by this Vision of Universal Fame. 'If they love you in Australia, they must love you ten times as much at home.'

'There cannot be a doubt, my dear,' he replied, trying to be cold. 'I see it all plainly. While I have been waiting here in obscurity the Poems have been slowly—slowly, but surely—sinking into the hearts of the people and circling wider and wider over the world. All the way from Australia! Then think of the power which those poems must have become—here—there—in America—everywhere—all round the globe—the habitable globe. The Englishman speaks to half the globe—nothing less. Why, my dear, a man ought to be satisfied with such success as this. It atones. My daughter, tell me'—he spread out his arms as if they had been the wings of Pegasus—'tell me—have I lived in vain?'

He did not expect any answer to this question—nor was there any answer possible save the murmurous assent of filial piety. Then he turned to the bookcase and took down a volume—it was

an octavo of the form always until quite recently used by poets—and held it affectionately between his two hands. ‘I cannot open it, Althea,’ he said, cuddling and hugging and pressing the volume to his bosom. ‘Never once, since I retired, have I desired to open it. This, my dear, is what the world cannot understand. It is the sacredness of verse: of this book have I made an altar on which I have laid all that is best and noblest in myself.’ He bowed his head over his own book as one who worships. And his eyes softened and glowed. ‘Having placed it there, and knelt before the altar, and prayed awhile, I came away. The precious part of me—the Immortal part—is here—between these two boards.’ His eyes grew humid, his voice sank. He fondled the book again affectionately and replaced it on the shelf. ‘It is for others to read it now, not for me. I have done my part. It is for you, my child, to use it for the uplifting and the strengthening of your soul. Yes—yes—I know. You have so used it—yes—yes—in your thoughts and in your daily conversation—I have watched you day by day—I have seen the influence of that verse. From communion with his poetry at last you reflect your father’s mind. My dear,’ he laid his hand tenderly on Althea’s head, ‘if I had but one reader in all the world, and that reader were my daughter, I should not have lived in vain.’ He sighed again, and descended to a lower level.

‘Tell me about this young man from Australia,’ he said, sitting down. ‘He says he has come on business from Australia, does he? Australian business on Bank Side? Is the colony of New South Wales going to buy scrap iron and empty petroleum casks? And he actually takes a lodging in Bank Side! I have lived here for thirty years and I have never before heard of a stranger coming to live for choice in Bank Side. Why should he? He calls it business, does he? My dear, the excuse is too transparent. But he is young and we will excuse him. Business! Ha! ha! Youth is modest and does not like to confess even its enthusiasm. Why, after all, I like him all the better for it. These reticences, these shrinkings, these hesitations—they are sometimes the note of a great mind—I like him all the better. Well, my dear, I thought to have slipped through life unseen. But it seems as if that dream was to be dispelled.’

‘Dear father,’ said Althea, taking his hand, ‘you must think of me and of my pride in you if people come to look at you.’ She was now perfectly and completely carried away by this vision of popularity. ‘Remember that the more popular you become,

the prouder it will make me. But, indeed, I could never be prouder of my father—whatever glory may be showered upon him—than I am already.'

'The sight of that young man,' the Poet continued, getting up again restlessly, 'has brought back the memory of the old life. Why? I do not know. It forces itself upon me now and then unbidden. The old life among the wits and the poets. We sat in Fleet Street Taverns—there were the Cock and the Cheshire Cheese and the Rainbow and the Mitre and Dick's—over port and whisky punch—Dickens used to make gin punch, I remember—and we talked till the small hours: and such talk! I suppose they sit there still to drink and talk! But most of them must be dead. Thirty years ago! Thackeray and Dickens and—oh! I knew them all—I knew them. I sat in familiar intercourse with them all. There were Charles Reade, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Albert Smith, Bulwer Lytton, Monckton Milnes, Douglas Jerrold—I cannot remember all their names. Where are they all now? It was a glorious time. And I was with them and one of them. And yet they suffered me—these my friends suffered me—to be driven out through jealousy and spite. Well: it is long ago now, and an old story. Althea, I am restless this evening.' He shivered as one that hath a fever upon him. 'I feel as if something was impending. I feel as if I must go back to those taverns and be welcomed by my old friends in the time of triumph.—I am disturbed.—Something is going to happen.'

'O father!—all because a young gentleman looked at you?'

'Something, my dear,' he repeated obstinately, 'is certainly going to happen.' He sat down again and took up his pipe as if he would show how a true Philosopher should confront any fate.

It was, if you consider it, a safe thing to prophesy because the word 'something' covers a large area and may be interpreted in many ways, as, for instance, a disappointment with a breakfast egg at one end of things, or an earthquake at the other end. In this case the Prophet was justified by the event because something did happen. The street door was opened and slammed and voices were heard in the Hall. Althea started. One of them was the voice of their new acquaintance—the very stranger from Australia of whom they had been talking. Althea started, because a visit from a new acquaintance was an absolutely unique event in her experience. She was now nineteen years of age. Not once during her whole life had she ever before known the arrival of a

stranger. Their family circle was never broken. Oliver, before he went to Germany and was still at St. Olave's School, brought no boys home to Bank Side: the Cottle girls ran in and out as they pleased: but no visitor ever called.

'Clement,' said the Doctor cheerily, 'I have brought a young gentleman from Australia who desires the honour of your acquaintance.'

'The great honour,' said this stranger.

Mr. Indagine bowed coldly—such tribute to a poet must be received as of every day occurrence: but then his natural goodness of heart came back to him and he held out his hand.

'I am very pleased, Sir,' he said, 'to receive you. We live retired and—and in fact—we see few visitors. You have come from Australia'—it was not in human nature to refrain from one look of triumph in the direction of his daughter—'all the way from Australia in order to obtain this introduction?'

'It was one of the reasons of my journey,' said the young man with truth.

'And what, Sir,' asked Mr. Indagine, 'does the Australian—the Antipodal world—say now of the attack—the ferocious and unprecedented attack—which drove me out of human society?'

'Ah!' the Doctor echoed, 'what do they say now?'

'Why—really'—Laurence showed a momentary confusion—'we are a young people and have hardly yet begun to discuss things literary. Among those, however, who know the circumstances, there is but one opinion.'

'There can be but one opinion,' said the Doctor.

The Poet bowed. 'It is gratifying to find the world convinced at last. And which, Sir, of the poems is your own especial favourite?'

'I have no favourite,' Laurence replied hastily and avoiding Althea's eyes which were turned upon him, expectant. 'Do not question me about your poems, Sir, or I may be led to speak in your presence too warmly.'

'Nay, nay'—Mr. Indagine actually laughed—when had Althea seen him laugh before? 'Well: you may respect the modesty of an author, young gentleman, in his presence: but—outside—outside—say all you think and feel—freely. Now let us talk. Althea, my dear, play something softly. Gentle music encourages ideas.'

The chess-board was neglected: the pipe was laid down: and the Man of Letters appeared. Mr. Indagine talked.

When people live together a great deal they leave off talking

unless something unexpected happens, or unless, which is not uncommon, they belong to that social level which is perpetually occupied with the behaviour of the brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, nieces and sisters-in-law. That behaviour, which is always such as could never have been expected, furnishes a topic which endures throughout the longest life, is always fresh and is always interesting. But in this circle there were no near relations whose conduct could be discussed. Mr. Indagine had married the Doctor's only sister, who was dead: and his own brother had long since gone away and disappeared. It will, therefore, be understood that these two elderly gentlemen had for many years ceased to talk much. Therefore it was as if the Poet should break out in a new line when he began to discourse upon literature.

It was also as if he were letting free a flood long dammed up. Or as if he were pouring out of a vessel full to the brim and overflowing: or as if he had been waiting all these years for a sympathetic listener. The Doctor, in fact, was not possessed of the literary mind.

Althea meanwhile continued to play: it was old music—Weber's Last Waltz—one of the Songs without Words—music that flowed softly and filled the mind with peace and made the imagination as wax to be moulded by the speaker. The Australian disciple, to whom the discussion was addressed, listened to the Sage with great deference, occasionally inclining his head in order to show that his attention was riveted and that he did not mean to lose one single word.

The discourse was remarkable not only because it turned wholly upon the Literature of the Fifties—any essayist might have done the same thing—but because it spoke of these works as if they were the newest things out, and because the speaker employed in illustrating his points the echoes of that time. The great books of the Fifties include *In Memoriam*, *David Copperfield*, *Esmond*, *The Woman in White*, *Adam Bede*, *Cranford*, *Christie Johnston*, and *Hypatia*, among many others. This Decade hath, forsooth, a goodly record. Yet it must be owned that between the current ideas of '88 and those of '58 there is a gulf of more than thirty years. To listen to the old man whitehaired, eloquent, who ignored all that had been done since the latter date caused a curious and not unpleasant sensation. Laurence began pleasantly to feel as if he were himself transported back to the Fifties and was sitting in judgment not upon

his ancestors, but upon his contemporaries. He was at the Tavern, in the circle of the very men themselves. Thackeray came in and went out : Douglas Jerrold said a good thing full of impudence : Dickens looked in and laughed : the night was young and the circle was full. The presence of the girl sitting beside him on her music stool did not interfere with this Vision of the Past—One who falls into such a Vision sees through solid bodies, dresses, furniture, and the like. If Ghosts are transparent, so also are solid things when Ghosts are behind them. If the Poet could so charm them with speech alone, what could he not do if he were to begin to sing?

In the middle of the talk, the other young man, Oliver, opened the door and stole quietly in. He looked extremely surprised at the sight of the visitor and sat down in silence. But the magician had no power over Oliver. He remained in the Present, and looked on with eyes which betrayed boredom and lack of interest.

At last the talker ran down. Then they all came back to the Present again, and sat no longer at the Garrick Club or in Cock or Rainbow Tavern, but in the little room of the house in New Thames Street which leadeth off Bank Side.

‘We will talk again, young gentleman,’ said Mr. Indagine, in conclusion. ‘Your views are sound and your observations show reading and grasp.’ Laurence had not uttered one word. ‘Come again and come often while you stay in London. It is pleasing and novel to learn the literary and poetical attitude of Australia. There is not in this civilised part of London one single Club or Tavern at which a man may hope to find a scholar or a poet. Yet the taverns still stand in which Shakespeare and his friends caroused near the Globe and the Rose. There is not here even a second-hand book shop.’

‘He must not go yet,’ cried the Doctor. ‘What? Has Bank Side no hospitality? Althea, my dear, Mr. Waller will take——’

This is an age of Apollinaris water. Therefore, one must refrain from explaining what it was that Laurence was offered and what he accepted. Suffice it to say that the Poet took some and the Doctor too, and that Laurence took tobacco with it, and that it was in a big glass and sparkled if held up to the light. The Poet relapsed into silence, but he sat with a benignant smile, and he suffered, without a murmur, the conversation to run on quite modern topics and things of local interest.

Then Laurence spoke of Bank Side and of the people he had already met, especially the interesting family of the Cottles. And

then, looking furtively at the Poet, he launched a question. It was a question even more closely connected with his visit than the immortal poems.

'There was once,' he said slowly, 'a certain Mr. Norbery living near here. Did you know anything of him?' He addressed the Doctor, but he looked, as has been said, towards the Poet.

This innocent question fell into the circle like a bomb-shell.

Mr. Indagine started violently and his face became a deep crimson. The Doctor also started and looked at his brother-in-law as if curious to see how he would take it. And Althea laid her hand upon her father as if to soothe and restrain him. And Oliver looked suspicious. What had he done?

'He is dead. Mr. Norbery is dead,' said the Doctor. 'He died five years ago. Let us not talk about him.'

'He was a bad man,' Mr. Indagine sat up with a sudden change of manner as if stung into rage. 'A hard, cruel man——'

'Yes, father, yes. But he is dead,' said Althea, patting his hand.

'Is he dead? Let his name be never mentioned in my hearing.'

'I am truly sorry,' said Laurence, 'that I did mention it.'

'Is he dead?' Mr. Indagine repeated. 'I have never cared to ask whether he was alive or dead. If he is dead and can do no more harm, so much the better for the world. Let us all forget his name as speedily as may be.'

'Why——' thought Laurence, 'they actually know nothing!' But Oliver looked at him with suspicion from the black pent-house of his thick eyebrows.

But Mr. Indagine's wrath died out like a fire of shavings, and he settled himself again in his chair.

'Say no more, young gentleman. Say no more. You have helped me to a pleasant evening. You have brought me a laurel from Australia. I should not be human if I were not gratified. Come often and talk with me. We will not speak of ignoble people—but of the Muses and their favourites. We will wander among the asphodels of Parnassus. Good night, Sir,' he grasped Laurence's hand warmly. 'Good night, my dear Sir—come again—come often.'

CHAPTER II.

FAIR FRIENDSHIP.

ONCE more Althea stood at the head of the Stairs, dressed for the river in a straw hat and a loose jacket that left her arms free. The boat was rocking with the swell of the tide at her feet: beside her stood her new acquaintance, Mr. Laurence Waller.

'If you would really like to come with me,' she said. 'I generally go alone: but if you are sure that you would like——'

'I should like nothing better,' he replied. 'Let me take the sculls and you shall steer and tell me about the river as we go. Remember that I have never been on it yet.'

It was Saturday afternoon, a little after two. Work was knocked off: the men had ceased to run up and down the planks with their baskets of broken glass or their loads of scrap iron: the great gates of the wharves were closed: the barges were left alone with their cargoes until Monday. A Sabbath calm already prevailed upon the Bank.

Althea ran down the steps and took her place in the stern, while her companion followed and untied the painter and shoved off. Such progress in Fair Friendship may be made in two or three days by a careful young man who takes pains: such are the prizes awarded to such young men as deserve them: and so great was the gratitude felt by this young lady towards the man who had come all the way from Australia to gaze upon her father.

The day was bright: a fresh breeze crisped and curled the water into little dancing waves: it drove the light clouds across the sky and caused the flying shadows to chase each other over the broad surface of the river: it made Althea's cheek to glow and her eyes to brighten. Eyes more beautiful: cheek more glowing: Laurence thought he had never seen.

He addressed himself, at first, to getting out from the rows of barges into mid-stream and to showing the young lady that an Australian, as well as a Thames waterman, may know how to feather his oars with ease and dexterity. Now a girl's admiration of ease and dexterity in any art is in direct proportion to her own knowledge of that art; so that Althea, who understood good rowing, was quick to appreciate the neatness with which her companion handled the sculls. She was also, during the half hour that followed, enabled to recognise strength of muscle and length of wind. This young man could not only row but he could last.

They went up stream with the slack end of the flowing tide as far as Chelsea Reach, which is a good long pull. Althea was silent at first, but presently began to beguile the way by pointing out the places, houses, churches, bridges, and palaces as they passed. She talked with more courage when she perceived that her companion listened with the greatest interest—indeed her short experience of him had already distinguished him as a young man of sympathetic manner. She found him far more ready to listen than to talk. There is a kind of young man who, in presence of a girl, is tempted to put on side, to walk round and show his muscles, to swagger and crow, and in other ways to imitate the male Turkey, for purposes of mashing. There is another kind—a much more subtle and dangerous young man—who sits in humility, contented to listen in silence and to encourage the girl. Laurence belonged to this kind of young man. In the middle of Chelsea Reach he stopped, obedient to the Captain of the ship, and turned her bows. Then they both fell into silence gazing upon the river. And presently Laurence remarked that the smile had died out upon Althea's lips; that her face was become grave: and that her eyes were dreamy. She looked as one carried away in a vision.

Chelsea Reach is never crowded with boats: at three o'clock even on a Saturday in June it is too early for the London Clubs, but there were on the water one or two scullers in the light craft which seem so easy to be pulled through the water that one wonders how it is they can cause the rower to pant and puff, his face to flush: his brow to stream, his manly chest to heave and his arms to quiver just as much as if he were tugging at the oar of the accursed galley of Algiers or the biggest barge of Bank Side. There were no penny steamboats visible: as for canoes, randans, pleasure boats, and steam launches, one does not expect them lower down than Putney. There were two or three barges just beginning to drop down stream, blundering and staggering, with the tide: and there was a noisy little tug, all engine and paddle wheels, which hauled and lugged along a team of unwilling lighters each with one man on board labouring like ten men to keep her bows straight and her stern clear.

Five minutes passed—ten minutes: but the girl remained silent and motionless: her thoughts far away. What was she thinking of? The stillness of her face suited her beauty: a really sweet face seems to look best with a certain gravity upon it. She sat as motionless as if she had been in a trance.

Laurence dipped the sculls and pulled a short stroke. The girl started and sat upright.

'I have been dreaming, I am afraid,' she said.

'I think you have. Do you often fall a dreaming?'

'Yes—very often. When one is quite alone, you know—at home when my father is in his study and my uncle is out with his patients: and on the river when I am by myself—it is so easy to fall into dreams.'

'If I could ask you to tell me your dreams, I might interpret them for you, perhaps.'

'They are not worth telling. Are you very tired? Shall I change places with you?'

'I am not in the least tired, thank you. The river is splendid. I am truly grateful to you for letting me come with you—what a blessed chance that I have remained at Bank Side!'

'My father was afraid that you would think it such a poor place—and go away. Cassie said she would give you two days. We who always live there, you see, hardly understand how poor the place must look to a stranger.'

'Well—Bank Side, it is true, does look best with a little gilding of sunset upon it. But there is the river.'

'Yes—there is the river—the river.' She leaned forward as if to see better the stretch of water around her. 'The river'—the words seemed to have a magnetic effect: her eyes again assumed the look of one whose thoughts are far away: her voice fell into a murmur and she spoke as if she was talking to herself without thinking of her companion. 'The river! It is always changing: sometimes it laughs as if it thought of nothing but happiness and enjoyment: and sometimes it rolls along grey and heavy as if it were thinking of the poor people along the shores who are so miserable and so wicked: and sometimes it is as blue as the sky and sometimes it is the colour of mud. But every day the water rolls up and then rolls down again—every day—so full—so full of strength. We stand upon the bank and watch: ten thousand years ago the tide rolled up and down, and it will go on thousands and thousands of years after we are dead.'

'When we are no longer standing on the shore,' said Laurence, 'the river may do just exactly what it pleases. Let us be happy with the present.'

Youth, I suppose, he meant, has nothing to do with the past or with the future; of tenses, the present alone belongs to youth. Of moods, the indicative and the imperative are meant for the use

of youth. For age there are the optative and subjunctive among moods, and the past and future—I mean the Prophetic Future—among tenses. They bestow upon that chilly period of life either its chief consolations or its bitterest pangs. I am sorry that Vicesimus Cottle did not say this. As a grammarian he would have been pleased with the illustration. Unfortunately, it never occurred to him.

Althea went on as if he had not spoken.

‘It is the tide which gives life to the river. If it were not for the tide there would be a stream always flowing down. To stand on the bank and watch the current always always running away without any rest or pause—to think that it goes on running all the night as well as all the day: coming one knows not whence and running one knows not whither, must fill the soul with a kind of terror as if, like Time, it was always carrying something away from us. But the ebb and the flow—it is as if the river came to help us every day.’

‘It does,’ said Laurence. ‘The tide was first turned on when barges were invented.’

Althea looked up and laughed. She was shaken out of her thoughts and called back to companionship again. Her eyes lost their dreamy look, and she sat upright and caught the strings as if she meant to attend to business.

‘You must not mind my idle talk,’ she said. ‘I come upon the river so much and I am alone for such long hours that I sometimes talk out loud the things that are in my head.’

‘No—no—go on talking. I will listen.’

‘Well then—I am glad that you like the river and I am glad that your first introduction to the river has been in sunshine.’

‘We have plenty of sunshine in Sydney,’ said Laurence, ‘and we like it. They told me that London is the city of Perpetual Fog. Yet behold!’

‘We do have fogs,’ Althea confessed. ‘That cannot be denied. But to-day I am sure no sky could be brighter—not even the sky of Sydney.’

‘That is quite true,’ he replied.

‘And no air finer.’

‘Again, quite true.’

‘And I own that the sun does make a very great difference. Look at that big lighter blundering along in the mid stream. You would almost think that it was a live thing, a hippopotamus or something—rejoicing in her clumsy play. And look at that

noisy little tug, how she pulls along the team of barges as if they weighed nothing, and it was a joy and pride for the little creature to put forth her strength. Well—on a cloudy day the big lighter would fill you with pity because it would seem so blind and helpless. And the tug would make you think of a slave writhing under the lash.'

'Yes,' he said. There was no need to say more than just to show that he was listening.

'Sometimes the clouds close over and the rain falls. Then one sees nothing: the banks are hidden: the barges and boats vanish: one is all alone on the water, and the rain beats on the river as if it were lashing and scourging it. Then one trembles and thinks of terrible things. I have a dream which comes to me often, of being all alone on a waste of waters with nothing visible and the rain beating down. Or one may be caught in a fog. Then the only thing is to keep close in shore and so to creep home. But the fog is not so terrible as the dark cloud and the pelting lashing rain. Once there fell a thunderstorm upon the river when I was upon it. The lightning played over the waters, and a great ball of fire burst close to the boat. I thought that the boat and I together might be struck and suddenly destroyed and no one would ever know what had become of me. And I wondered how many people in this great world would ask the question. Half a dozen in all. It is not many to know out of all the millions.'

'Not many,' Laurence echoed with a little doubt in his mind as to the healthiness of this solitary communing on the river.

Then she changed and again came back, so to speak, to life.

'You are a stranger,' she said, 'and I suppose you do not understand what the river has always been to London. Formerly it was the highway of the people. They did not go up and down the streets: they could not because they had no carriages and the roads were rough and there were no footpaths: they took boat and so went up and down the river at their ease—it must have been much more pleasant than an omnibus. I could show you where they landed at the old stairs all along the North bank from Westminster to Wapping. Then they had sports upon the river and Pageants, and all the gentlefolk had their own boats just as in Venice everybody has his gondola. The King had the Barge of State: the Lord Mayor had his Barge of State: the City Companies, the Bishops, the great Lords, all had their Barges of State; and went up and down the river in them. In those

days swans swam about the stairs: salmon were caught above Bridge: people used to go angling in the river: the bank was lined with stately houses sloping down to the river's edge—' She sighed heavily. 'The river must have been beautiful in those days. I am sure there could not have been so much mud to begin with.'

'I believe the company in the boats was sometimes a little mixed,' Laurence objected, timidly.

'Well, then. Think, even now, what the river is to the city, though we no longer use the boats. Think how it blows away the wasted air and brings up the fresh breeze with every tide.'

'Yes,' said Laurence. 'I will try to think about it in this way.'

'And remember what beautiful things have been written about the river. But perhaps you do not read poetry.'

'I have read some poetry,' said Laurence. 'It is not quite the same thing.'

'If you had known the Thames so long as I—Have you read Spenser? He, you know—

Walked forth to ease his pain
Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames:
Whose rutty bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers
And all his meades adorned with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens' brows.'

'I have heard those lines.'

'Then can you tell me who wrote—

May all clean nymphs and curious water dames
With swan-like state float up and down thy streams—?

No? It was Herrick. You ought to know Herrick. And Pope has written about the river—and—and—oh! many other poets.'

Laurence made haste to change the subject. He might have been examined in Mr. Indagine's immortal verse: in which case a disgraceful pluck awaited him.

'You are not afraid of rowing about alone?'

'Not in the least. There is nothing to fear. You can easily keep out of the way of the barges and the steamers. Out on the river you are quite free. I come here every day—it is always fine some part of the day—if only for half an hour. At home there are mean streets everywhere and men who get drunk and beat their wives: how can one walk for pleasure in those streets? On the river there is nothing mean and ugly and vulgar, though

I confess that some of the buildings on the banks might be more picturesque. And then one is quite alone, and if you row up above Westminster you are quiet. You can think in peace. If one is in good spirits it is happiness enough only to row along singing—and if you feel low the fresh air and the exercise quickly bring you back to a cheerful mind.'

'And always alone?'

'Always in the day. Sometimes, in the evening, Cassie or Felix will come with me. But Felix rows in a Club Four, and despises my poor little boat.'

'Then sometimes, I suppose, you land and look about.'

'Oh! no.' Althea shook her head. 'That would spoil all. I should only find modern streets. As it is, the banks are crowded with the old things that I have read of in the books about London. Quantities of things happen up and down the river. When I am rowing along I can amuse myself with bringing back the people and their houses and gardens. I should be sorry, indeed, to land and find the old houses and the gardens gone and only mean streets in their places.'

'You live in a dead and gone London,' said Laurence. 'Has the living London no attraction for you?'

'I do not know it. But the dead and gone London lives still. Nothing ever really dies, I have read, except the memory of wickedness. For instance, there is Battersea Park—before you—behind that Terrace.'

'Oh! Battersea Park? St. James's Park I know and Hyde Park.'

'This is Battersea Park. I dare say if we were to land there we should find a place like Southwark Park. Twenty or thirty years ago I believe it was only a dismal stretch of bare fields where people came to shoot pigeons and to make dogs fight and catch rats. That must have been a dreary time. But I forget that and remember a time much older, when Lord Bolingbroke lived here and had a great House with gardens down to the river bank. There was a Terrace there and he used to walk up and down with his friends. Oh! I often see them when I—fall a dreaming, as you say—Pope and Steele and Addison and Swift and Arbuthnot—I see them all. They walk up and down slowly in little companies of twos and threes, carrying their hats under their arms and stepping daintily in shoes and white silk stockings. I wish I could hear what they say, but that I can never do: and it would be bad manners to pull nearer the bank in order to listen. would it not?'

‘Clearly. Addison himself in one of his papers reproaches young ladies in boats for listening to private conversation. If you see any of these good people this afternocrn, tell me, will you? But I believe I must be short-sighted in the matter of ghosts.’

‘I will tell you,’ the girl replied gravely. ‘But they only come when I am alone. On the other side—over there—Sir Thomas More lives: he has got a beautiful house built of red brick with delightful casement windows: it is covered with ivy cut and trimmed close and clinging round the stone mullions: he walks in his garden, which is full of apple and mulberry trees and standard roses, with his daughter Margaret. He has the kindest and wisest face in all the world. But I have not seen him lately. Lower down there was formerly a big Botanic Garden. I believe they have covered it with houses now, but I often meet the Physicians in their boats going to see the simples growing under glass. Every day in summer they go there, and I believe they drink wine together in a tavern after their visit. Nobody now looks so wise as the last century Physicians with their black velvet coats, their high peaked wigs and their gold-headed walking canes. They are so full of wisdom and dignity that they must have been able to cure every disease under the sun.’

‘Are there any on the river at this moment?’

‘No—You have driven them away, they can only be seen by solitary persons. Chelsea is very rich in beautiful places. There is Ranelagh over there. It is a lovely place: there is a great round room in it for music and dancing lit by thousands of oil lamps, and there are gardens where the people walk about, the ladies in hoops and patches and the men with swords and purple coats. Sometimes I meet barges, not our great lumbering Bank Side barges—but beautiful pleasure boats with music in the bows and the company in the stern, rowing up to Chelsea for a night at Ranelagh.’

‘Alas!’ said Laurence, looking up and down the river and then across it and shading his eyes so that the sun should not hide their vision. ‘I see nothing, not even Lord Bolingbroke on the Terrace.’

‘Would you know him if you did see him?’

‘N—no—I think not. I might suspect, you know. Perhaps that is the reason why I see nothing.’

‘It is pleasant to imagine all these things,’ said Althea, looking at him gravely. ‘They become quite real if you imagine them often. We have got the old books at home—the essays,

and poems, and plays—and I have read them all, and it seems sometimes as if the life of the last century was the only life worth having, and ours was a mere existence to read about the past.'

'Why,' said Laurence, 'if that is all you have of life—to read about the past——'

'But you—who know the world—don't you think that the world of the last century must have been ten times as pleasant as it is now?'

'No, Miss Indagine. I believe, on the other hand, that we have got the very best of everything.'

'But in the old days there were assemblies and dances and water-parties and all kinds of things.'

'Well—but——' Laurence looked up surprised, 'isn't there plenty of dancing and music and singing still? There are the Theatres—did they act better then than they do now? Did they dance better? Did they sing better? Were the ladies more beautiful or the men more polished? I doubt it very much. I am quite satisfied, Miss Indagine, with the present.'

'Yes—perhaps,' she said doubtfully. Then she laughed a little. 'Oh! of course it is as you say, only it seems I should have seen something of this life if I had lived a hundred years ago. None of these things come to Bank Side, and I have come to believe that they exist no longer. The world of Society——' she looked across the river to the steeples and towers of the West —'it is overthere somewhere—I should like to see it just for once. I can picture the life of the last century but not the life of the present.'

'But surely you do not stay always at Bank Side. Surely, you go, sometimes, somewhere, away from the—the place——' he looked as if he was suppressing something—an adjective perhaps.

'No, I never leave Bank Side.'

'You never leave—you never go away at all?'

'No—and no one ever comes to us. We are hermits—my father and Dr. Luttrell and I, we three together. Oliver used to come for his vacations: but he never liked the place, and, to be sure, the streets all round us are very mean. Since he came back from Germany he only comes occasionally.'

'Is his mind wholly given up to science?' asked Laurence. Then he remembered the comedietta of the Bridge and wished he had not asked the question.

Althea changed colour. Then she made answer in a constrained voice. 'I cannot say how Oliver disposes of his mind.'

He gives his father very little of his society. I mean only that we live a very retired life and are wholly ignorant of society. When you are tired of us,'—she said this with a perfect absence of coquetry,—'you will go away and forget us and we shall go on again in the old quiet way. Until you do get tired of us, come and talk with my father as often as you can. He likes you—and it is long since he talked with any one of the outside world. For thirty years he has lived apart from his fellows.'

'Tired of you?' cried Laurence—but checked himself. Could one believe that there was a hermit—a girl hermit—living under the shadow of St. Paul's? But to think—no society at all! 'Tell me,' a sudden thought seizing him, 'tell me is it possible that you have never been to a dance?'

'It is quite possible. I do not in the least know how people dance; only I am sure that the minuet has quite gone out.'

'Nor to a Theatre? Nor to a party of any kind?'

'I have been nowhere. We have no friends—no one visits us—and the only girls I know are Cassie and Flavia.'

'Good Heavens! What do you do every day and all day?'

'I read and work—I go out in my boat—I play a little—I work a little. That is all. It is not so dull as you would think, but sometimes I wonder what it is like in the world.'

'Then in the summer. You don't stay at Bank Side in the summer?'

'Yes, we do. We have very little money, you know. My father has the house in which we live and three or four more. It is all we have got to live upon, and my Uncle's practice is all among the poor people. If we were only rich——'

'Why,' Laurence longed to tell her, 'you *are* rich: you are very rich indeed. You have got an immense estate waiting for you.' But he refrained. The time was not yet come.

'You live in London and yet you do not know London.'

'Oh, yes, I do. I know the City of London very well and I know the Borough; as for the City, I am sure there cannot be, anywhere, a more delightful place. We have got books about the City—Cunningham and Timbs and others—and I read all that has happened in the streets and then walk about them and remember it all. Saturday afternoon is a good time because the Churches are generally open and the streets are quiet. But Sunday morning is best because the streets are quite empty and deserted. Oh! You must not think that I do not know London.'

'Miss Indagine,' said Laurence after a little pause, 'I propose an exchange.'

‘What is it?’

‘One to my own advantage entirely. Show me these curious places in the City and the Borough, and I will show you the West End. I have walked once down Regent Street and Bond Street and Piccadilly and I seem to know the West End right through. I have also looked in at the Academy. What do you say?’

Althea hesitated with caution newly born. It is by instinct that we suspect a snake in the grass. Yet she knew nothing about the designs of the Male Heart Breaker, of the Designer, of the Man with no Intentions, of the mere Amuser, or of the Catholic Admirer. Man the Tippler she knew, because she frequently met him in the streets, but Man the Designer she knew not. Yet she instinctively hesitated. But the eyes which met hers were so frank and honest that she yielded.

‘You will show me the World of Society and Pleasure?’

‘I cannot take you into the actual houses or to their dances and parties. But I can show you the outside of things, if you please.’

‘Yes, I should like to see the outside of things. I accept the exchange.’

‘Very good, and now we are off Bank Side. Poor old Bank Side! It really does want a little gilding of the sunset. And it is Saturday afternoon. Let us begin at once. You shall take me to the City of Ghosts and Shadows; you shall show me the old merchants in their wigs and lace ruffles, and I will show you the young gentlemen in their tight collars and their pointed boots. I am *very* glad, Miss Indagine,’ as she sprang out of the boat and ran up the stairs. ‘I am very glad that I stayed at Bank Side. Why, I might have been wasting my time at the Grand Hotel, wandering about Piccadilly looking at the fine ladies, or even sitting in the stalls of the Theatres, looking at the play.’

(To be continued.)

Cool Orchids.

THIS is a subject which would interest every cultured reader, I believe, every householder at least, if he could be brought to understand that it lies well within the range of his practical concerns. But the public has still to be persuaded. It seems strange to the expert that delusions should prevail when orchids are so common and so much talked of; but I know by experience that the majority of people, even among those who love their garden, regard them as fantastic and mysterious creations, designed, to all seeming, for the greater glory of pedants and millionaires. I try to do my little part, as occasion serves, in correcting this popular error, and spreading a knowledge of the facts. It is no less than a duty. If every human being should do what he can to promote the general happiness, it would be downright wicked to leave one's fellow men under the influence of hallucinations that debar them from the most charming of quiet pleasures. I learn also that the misapprehension of the public is largely due to the conduct of experts in the past. It was a rule with growers formerly, avowed among themselves, to keep their little secrets. When Mr. B. S. Williams published the first edition of his excellent book, he fluttered his colleagues sadly. The plain truth is that no class of plant can be cultivated so easily, as none are so certain to repay the trouble, as the Cool Orchids.

Nearly all the genera of the enormous family have species which grow in a temperate climate, though not in the temperate zone. At this moment, in fact, I recall but two exceptions, *Vanda* and *Phalænopsis*. Many more there are, of course—half a dozen have occurred to me while I wrote the last six words—but in the small space at command I must cling to generalities. We have at least a hundred genera which will flourish anywhere if the frost be excluded; and as for species, a list of two thousand would not exhaust them probably. But a reasonable man may content himself with the great classes of *Odontoglossum*, *Oncidium*,

Cypripedium, and Lycaste; among the varieties of these, which no one has ventured to calculate perhaps, he may spend a happy existence. They have every charm—foliage always green, a graceful habit, flowers that rank among the master works of Nature. The poor man who succeeds with them in his modest ‘little bit of glass’ has no cause to envy Dives his flaunting Cattleyas and ‘fox-brush’ Aerides. I should like to publish it in capitals—that nine in ten of those suburban householders who read this paper may grow the loveliest of orchids if they can find courage to try.

Odontoglossums stand first, of course—I know not where to begin the list of their supreme merits. It will seem perhaps a striking advantage to many that they burst into flower at any time, as they chance to ripen. I think that the very perfection of culture is discounted somewhat in this instance. For the gardener who keeps his plants at the *ne plus ultra* stage brings them all into bloom within the space of a few weeks. Thus, in the great collections, there is such a show during April, May, and June as I attempted to describe some months ago at St. Albans—and hardly a spike the rest of the year. At a large establishment this signifies nothing; when the Odontoglossums go off other things ‘come on’ with equal regularity. But the amateur, with his limited assortment, misses every bloom. He has no need for anxiety with this genus. It is their instinct to flower in spring, of course, but they are not pedantic about it in the least. Some tiny detail overlooked here and there, absolutely unimportant to health, will retard florescence. It might very well happen that the owner of a dozen pots had one blooming every month successively. And that would mean two spikes open, for, with care, most Odontoglossums last above four weeks.

Another virtue, shared by others of the cool class in some degree, is their habit of growing in winter. They take no ‘rest;’ all the year round their young bulbs are swelling, graceful foliage lengthening, roots pushing, until the spike demands a concentration of all their energy. But winter is the liveliest time. I think any man will see the peculiar blessing of this arrangement. It gives interest to the long dull days, when other plant life is at a standstill. It furnishes material for cheering meditations on a Sunday morning—is that a trifle? And at this season the pursuit is joy unmixed. We feel no anxious questionings, as we go about our daily business, whether the *placens uxor* forgot to remind Mary, when she went out, to pull the blinds down; whether Mary followed

the instructions if given; whether those confounded patent ventilators have snapped to again. Green fly does not harass us. One syringing a day and one watering per week suffice. Truly these are not grave cares, but the issue at stake is precious: we enjoy the boon of relief proportionately.

Very few of those who grow *Odontoglossums* know much about the 'Trade,' or care, seemingly. It is a curious subject, however. The genus is American exclusively. It ranges over the continent from the northern frontier of Mexico to the southern frontier of Peru, excepting, to speak roughly, the empire of Brazil. This limitation is odd. It cannot be due to temperature simply, for, upon the one hand, we receive *Sophranitis*, a very cool genus, from Brazil, and several of the coolest *Cattleyas*; upon the other, *Odontoglossum Roezlii*, a very hot species, and *O. vexillarium*, most decidedly warm, flourish up to the boundary. Why these should not step across, even if their mountain sisters refuse companionship with the *Sophranitis*, is a puzzle. Outside Brazil, however, they abound. Collectors distinctly foresee the time when all the districts they have 'worked' up to this will be exhausted. But South America contains a prodigious number of square miles, and a day's march from the track carries one into *terra incognita*. Still, the end will come, and at no very long date. The English demand has stripped whole provinces, and now all the civilised world is entering into competition. We are sadly assured that *Odontoglossums* carried off will not be replaced for centuries. Most other genera of orchid propagate so freely that wholesale depredations are made good in very few years. For reasons beyond our comprehension as yet, the *Odontoglossum* stands in different case. No one has raised a plant from seed—that we may venture to say definitely. Mr. Cookson and Mr. Veitch, perhaps others also, have obtained living germs, but they died incontinently. This fact is regarded as strange; it supplies a constant theme for discussion among orchidologists. But I think that if we look more closely, it becomes consistent with the other facts known. For among importations of every genus but this, a plant bearing its seed capsules is frequently discovered; but I cannot hear of such an incident in the case of *Odontoglossums*. They have been arriving in scores of thousands, year by year, for half a century almost, and nobody recollects observing a seed capsule. This shows how very rarely they fertilise in their native home. When that event happens, the *Odontoglossum* is yet more prolific than most, and the germs, of course, are not so delicate

under their natural conditions. But the moral to be drawn is that a country once stripped will not be reclothed for ages.

I interpolate here a profound observation of Mr. Roezl, just brought to my notice. That wonderful man remarked that *Odontoglossums* grow upon branches thirty feet above the ground. It is rare to find them at thirty-five feet, rarer at twenty-five; at greater and less heights they do not exist. Here, doubtless, we have the secret of their reluctance to fertilise; but I will offer no comments, because the more one reflects the more puzzling it becomes. Evidently the seed must lodge in myriads above and below that limit, under circumstances which, to our apprehension, seem just as favourable as those at the altitude of thirty feet. But it does not germinate. Upon the other hand, *Odontoglossums* show no such daintiness of growth in our houses. They flourish at any height, if the general conditions be suitable. Mr. Roezl discovered the secret nevertheless, and in good time we shall learn further.

To the Royal Horticultural Society of England belongs the honour of first importing orchids methodically and scientifically. Messrs. Weir and Fortune, I believe, were their earliest employés. Then a few wealthy amateurs took up the business, such as the late Duke of Devonshire. But 'the Trade' came to see presently that there was money in this new fashion, and cultivated it so vigorously that the Society found its exertions needless. Messrs. Rollisson of Tooting, Messrs. Veitch of Chelsea, and Messrs. Low of Clapton distinguished themselves from the outset. Of these three firms one is extinct; the second has taken up, and made its own, the fascinating study of hybridisation among orchids; the third still perseveres. Twenty years ago, nearly all the great nurserymen in London used to send out their travellers; but all except Messrs. Low have dropped the practice. They are satisfied with correspondents, who forward a shipment from time to time. The expenses of the collector are heavy, even if he draw no more than is due—and the temptation to make up a fancy bill cannot be resisted by some weak mortals. Then, grave losses are always probable—in the case of South American importations, certain. It has happened not once, but a hundred times, that the toil of months, the dangers, the sufferings, and the hard money expended go to absolute waste. Twenty or thirty thousand plants or more an honest man collects, brings down from the mountains or the forests, packs carefully, and ships. The freight alone may reach from three to eight hundred pounds—I have personally

known instances where it exceeded five hundred. The cases arrive in England—and not a living thing therein! A steamship company may reduce its charge under such circumstances, but again and again it will occur that the speculator stands out of a thousand pounds clean when his boxes are opened. He may hope to recover it on the next cargo, but that is still a question of luck. No wonder that men whose business is not confined to orchids withdrew from the risks of importation, returning to roses and lilies and daffydownillies with a new enthusiasm. There is another point also, which has varying force with different characters. The loss of life among those men who 'go out collecting' has been greater, proportionately, than in any class of which I have heard. In former times, at least, they were chosen haphazard, among intelligent and trustworthy employés of the firm. Trustworthiness was a grand point, for reasons hinted. The honest youth, not very strong perhaps in an English climate, went bravely forth into the unhealthiest parts of unhealthy lands, where food is very scarce, and very very rough; where he was wet through day after day, for weeks at a time; where 'the fever,' of varied sort, comes as regularly as Sunday; where from month to month he found no one with whom to exchange a word. I could make out a startling list of the martyrs of orchidology. Among Mr. Sander's collectors alone, Falkenberg perished at Panama, Endres at Rio Hacha, Wallis in Ecuador, Schröder in Sierra Leone, Arnold in the Orinoco. Sir Trevor Lawrence mentions a case where the zealous explorer 'waded for a fortnight up to his middle in mud,' searching for a plant he had heard of. I have not identified this instance of devotion, but we know of rarities which would demand perseverance and sufferings almost equal to secure them. If employers could find the heart to tempt a fellow-creature into such risks, the chances are that it would prove bad business. For to discover a new or valuable orchid is only the first step in a commercial enterprise. It remains to secure the 'article,' to bring it safely into a realm that may be called civilised, to pack it and superintend its transport through the sweltering lowland to a shipping place. If the collector sicken after finding his prize, these cares are neglected more or less; if he die, all comes to a full stop.

Thus it happens that the importing business has been given up by one firm after another, and the enterprise of Mr. Sander, at St. Albans, threatens to give him a monopoly. For the last five years he has restricted his operations—comparatively—keeping

but ten travellers employed, or twelve on occasion. But I understand that this 'reduction of output' has now ceased. At the beginning of the new year Mr. Sander's regular staff of collectors will number twenty, quartering the orchidiferous regions of the world, like hounds after game. So much for the business part of our subject.

Odontoglossums, as I said, belong to America—to the mountainous parts of the continent in general. Though it would be wildly rash to pronounce which is the loveliest of orchids, no man with eyes would dispute that *O. crispum* is the royal family of this genus, and *O. crispum Alexandræ* the reigning queen. She has her home in the States of Colombia, and those who seek her make Bogota their headquarters. If the collector wants the broad-petalled variety, he goes about ten days to the southward before commencing operations; if the narrow-petalled, about two days to the north—on mule-back, of course. His first care on arrival in the neighbourhood—which is unexplored ground, if such he can discover—is to hire a wood, that is, a track of mountain clothed more or less with timber. I have tried to procure one of these 'leases,' which must be odd documents; but orchid farming is a close and secret business. The arrangement concluded in legal form, he hires natives, twenty or fifty or a hundred, as circumstances advise, and sends them to cut down trees, building meantime a wooden stage of sufficient length to bear the plunder expected. This is used for cleaning and drying the plants brought in. Afterwards, if he be prudent, he follows his lumber men, to see that their indolence does not shirk the big trunks, which give extra trouble naturally, though they yield the best and largest return. It is a terribly wasteful process. If we estimate that a good tree has been felled for every three scraps of *Odontoglossum* which are now established in Europe, that will be no exaggeration. And for many years past they have been arriving by hundreds of thousands annually! But there is no alternative. A European cannot explore that green wilderness overhead; if he could, his accumulations would be so slow and costly as to raise the proceeds to an impossible figure. The natives will not climb, and they would tear the plants to bits. Timber has no value in those parts as yet, but the day approaches when Government must interfere. The average yield of *Odontoglossum crispum* per tree is certainly not more than five, large and small together. Once upon a time Mr. Kerbach recovered fifty-three at one felling, and the incident has grown into a legend: two or three is the usual number.

Upon the other hand, fifty or sixty of *O. gloriosum*, comparatively worthless, are often secured. The cutters receive a fixed price of sixpence for each orchid, without reference to species or quality.

When his concession is exhausted, the traveller overhauls the produce carefully, throwing away those damaged pieces which would ferment in the long hot journey home, and spoil the others. When all are clean and dry, he fixes them with copper wire on sticks, which are nailed across boxes for transport. Long experience has laid down rules for each detail of this process. The sticks, for example, are one inch in diameter, fitting into boxes two feet three inches wide, two feet deep, neither more nor less. Then the long file of mules sets out for Bogota, perhaps ten days' march, each animal carrying two boxes—a burden ridiculously light, but on such tracks it is dimension which has to be considered. On arrival at Bogota the cases are unpacked and examined for the last time, restowed, and consigned to the muleteers again. In six days they reach Honda de Magdalena, where, until lately, they were embarked on rafts for a voyage of fourteen days to Savanilla. At the present time, an American company has established a service of flat-bottomed steamers which cover the distance in seven days, thus reducing the risks of the journey by one half. But they are still terrible. Not a breath of wind stirs the air at that season, for the collector cannot choose his time. The boxes are piled on deck; even the pitiless sunshine is not so deadly as the stewing heat below. He has a store of blankets to cover them, on which he lays a thatch of palm leaves, and all day long he souses the pile with water; but too well the poor fellow knows that mischief is busy down below. Another anxiety possesses him too. It may very well be that on arrival at Santa Marta he has to wait days in that sweltering atmosphere for the Royal Mail steamer. And when it comes in his troubles do not cease, for the stowage of the precious cargo is vastly important. On deck it will almost certainly be injured by salt water. In the hold it will ferment. Amidships it is apt to be baked by the engine fire. Whilst writing I learn that Mr. Sander has lost two hundred and sixty-seven cases by this latter mishap, as is supposed. So utterly hopeless is their condition, that he will not go to the expense of overhauling them; they lie at Southampton, and to anybody who will take them away all parties concerned will be grateful. The expense of preparing this shipment, a reader may judge from the hints given;—the

Royal Mail Company's charge for freight from Santa Marta is 750*l*. I could give an incident of the same class yet more startling with reference to *Phalaenopsis*. It is proper to add that the most enterprising of assurance companies do not yet see their way to accept any kind of risks in the orchid trade; importers must bear all the burden. To me it seems surprising that the plants can be sold so cheap, all things considered. Many persons think and hope that prices will fall, and that may probably happen with regard to some genera. But the shrewdest of those very shrewd men who conduct the business all look for a rise.

I have been speaking hitherto of Colombian *Odontoglossums*, which are reckoned among the hardiest of their class. Along with them, in the same temperature, grow the cool *Masdevallias*, which probably are the most difficult of all to transport. There was once a grand consignment of *Masdevallia Schlimii*, which Mr. Roezl despatched on his own account. It contained twenty-seven thousand plants of this species, representing at that time a fortune. Mr. Roezl was the luckiest and most experienced of collectors, and he took special pains with this unique shipment. Among twenty-seven thousand, two little bits survived when the cases were opened; the agent hurried them off to Stevens's auction rooms and sold them forthwith at forty guineas each. But I must stick to *Odontoglossums*. Speculative as is the business of importing the northern species, to gather those of Peru and Ecuador is almost desperate. The roads of Colombia are good, the population civilised, conveniences abound, if we compare that region with the orchid-bearing territories of the south. There is a fortune to be secured by anyone who will bring to market a lot of *O. polyxanthum* in fair condition. Its habitat is perfectly well known. I am not aware that it has a delicate constitution; but no collector is so rash or so enthusiastic as to try that adventure again, now that its perils are understood; and no employer is so reckless as to urge him. The true variety of *O. Hallii* stands in much the same case. To secure these species the ardent explorer must march in the bed of a torrent and on the face of a precipice alternately for an uncertain period of time, with a river to cross about every day. And he has to bring back his loaded mules, or Indians, over the same pathless waste. The Roraima Mountain begins to be regarded as quite easy travel for the orchid hunter nowadays. If I mention that the canoe-work on this route demands thirty-two portages, thirty-two loadings and unloadings of the cargo, the reader can judge what a 'difficult road' must be. In his ascent

of the Roraima this year, Mr. Dressel, collecting for Mr. Sander, lost his herbarium. Savants alone are able to estimate the awful nature of the crisis when a comrade looses his grip of this treasure. For them it is needless to add that everything else went to the bottom.

Lycaste also is a genus peculiar to America, such a favourite among those who know its merits that the species *L. Skinneri* is called the 'Drawing-Room Flower.' Professor Reichenbach observes in his superb volume that many people utterly ignorant of orchids grow this plant in their miscellaneous collection. I speak of it without prejudice, for to my mind the bloom is stiff, heavy, and poor in colour. But there are tremendous exceptions. In the first place, *Lycaste Skinneri alba*, the pure white variety, begs all description. Its great flower seems to be sculptured in the snowiest of transparent marble. That stolid pretentious air which offends one—offends me, at least—in the coloured examples, becomes virginal dignity in this case. Then, of the normal type there are more than a hundred variations recognised, some with lips as deep in tone, and as smooth in texture, as velvet, of all shades from maroon to brightest crimson. It will be understood that I allude to the common forms in depreciating this species. How vast is the difference between them, their commercial value shows. Plants of the same size range from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 35 guineas.

Lycastes are found in the woods, of Guatemala especially, and I have heard no such adventures in the gathering of them as attend the *Odontoglossums*. Easily obtained, easily transported, and remarkably easy to grow, of course they are cheap. A man must really 'give his mind to it' to kill a *Lycaste*. This counts for much, no doubt, in the popularity of the genus, but it has plenty of other virtues. *L. Skinneri* opens in the depth of winter, and all the rest, I think, in the dull months. Then, they are profuse of bloom, throwing up half a dozen spikes from a single bulb, and the flowers last a prodigious time. Their extraordinary thickness in every part enables them to withstand bad air and changes of temperature, so that ladies keep them on a drawing table, night and day, for months, without change perceptible. Mr. Williams names an instance where a *L. Skinneri*, bought in full bloom on Feb. 2, was kept in a sitting room till May 18, when the purchaser took it back, still sound. I have heard cases more surprising. Of species somewhat less common there is *L. aromatica*, a little gem, which throws up three or four short spikes,

each crowned with a greenish yellowish triangular sort of cup, deliciously scented. I am acquainted with no flower that excites such enthusiasm among ladies who fancy Messrs. Liberty's style of toilette; sad experience tells me that ten commandments or twenty will not restrain them from appropriating it. *L. cruenta* is almost as tempting. As for *L. leucantha*, an exquisite combination of pale green and snow-white, it ranks with *L. Skinneri alba* as a thing too beautiful for words. This species has not been long introduced, and at the moment it is dear proportionately. But those who know it will be delighted to learn that a large consignment will be put upon the market shortly. There is yet another virtue of the *Lycaste*, which appeals to the expert. It lends itself readily to hybridisation. This most fascinating pursuit attracts few amateurs as yet, and the professionals have little time or inclination for experiments. They naturally prefer to make such crosses as are almost certain to pay. Thus it comes about that the hybridisation of *Lycastes* has been attempted but recently, and none of the seedlings, so far as I can learn, have flowered. They have been obtained, however, in abundance, not only from direct crossing, but also from alliance with *Zygopetalum*, *Anguloa*, and *Maxillaria*.

The genus *Cypripedium*, Lady's Slipper, is perhaps more widely scattered over the globe than any other class of plant; I at least am acquainted with none that approaches it. From China to Peru—nay, beyond, to Torres Straits, from Archangel—but it is wiser to avoid these semi-poetic descriptions. In brief, if we except Africa and the temperate parts of Australia, there is no large tract of country in the world that does not produce *Cypripediums*; and few authorities doubt that a larger acquaintance with those realms will bring them under the rule. We have a species in England, *C. calceolus*, by no means insignificant; it can be purchased from the dealers, but I have not chanced to hear where it is found, and the reader can look up that question as easily as I. America furnishes a variety of species which ought to be hardy, they will bear a frost below zero; but our winter damp is intolerable. Mr. Godseff tells me that he has seen *C. spectabile* growing like any water-weed in the bogs of New Jersey, where it is frozen hard, roots and all, for several months of the year; but very few survive the season in this country, even if protected. Those fine specimens so common at our spring shows are imported in the dry state. From the United States also we get the charming *C. candidum*, *C. parviflorum*,

C. pubescens, and many more less important. Canada and Siberia furnish *C. guttatum*, *C. macranthum*, and others. I saw in Russia, and brought home, a magnificent species, tall and stately, bearing a great golden flower, which is not known 'in the Trade;' but they all rotted gradually. Therefore I do not recommend these temperate varieties, which the inexperienced are apt to think so easy. At the same cost others may be bought, which, coming from the highlands of hot countries, are used to a moderate damp in winter.

Foremost of these, perhaps the oldest of cool orchids in cultivation, is *C. insigne*, from Nepal. Everyone knows its original type, which has grown so common that I remarked a healthy pot at a window-gardening exhibition some years ago in Westminster. One may say that this, the early and familiar form, has no value at present; so many fine varieties have been introduced. A reader may form a notion of the difference when I state that a small plant of exceptional merit sold for thirty guineas a short time ago—it was *C. insigne*, but glorified. This ranks among the fascinations of orchid culture. You may buy a lot of some common kind, imported, at a price representing coppers for each individual, and among them may appear, when they come to bloom, an eccentricity which sells for a hundred pounds or more. The experienced collector has a volume of such legends. There is another side to the question, truly, but it does not personally interest the class which I address. To make a choice among numberless stories of this sort, we may take the instance of *C. Spicerianum*. Mr. Spicer was a tea-planter in Sylhet. He sent to his mother, who had a liking for orchids, some plants of *C. insigne*. The lady grew them on, and brought them to flower, when a certain piece displayed such curious and beautiful characteristics that she asked Mr. Veitch to look at it. He was delighted to pay seventy guineas down and carry off the treasure. *Cypripediums* propagate easily, no more examples came into the market, and for some years this lovely species was a prize for dukes and millionaires. But in the meantime Mr. Sander had sent to explore the whole country side, acre by acre, round the plantation, and at length he succeeded. His collector, Mr. Forsterman, got on the track, but in the very moment of triumph, a tiger barred the way, his coolies bolted, and nothing would persuade them to go further. Mr. Forsterman was no shikari, but he felt himself called upon to uphold the cause of science and the honour of England at this juncture. In great agitation he went for that

feline, and, in short, its skin and its story were conspicuous attractions of his cottage in the after years. Thus it happened that on a certain Thursday a small pot of *C. Spicerianum* was sold, as usual, for sixty guineas at Stevens's; on the Thursday following all the world could buy fine plants at a guinea.

Cypripedium is the favourite orchid of the day. It has every advantage, except—to my perverse mind—brilliancy of colour. None show a whole tone; even the lovely *C. niveum* is not pure white. My views, however, find no backing. At all other points the genus deserves to be a favourite. Its endless variations of form, its astonishing oddities, its wide range of hues, its easy culture, its readiness to hybridise and to ripen seed, the certainty, by comparison, of rearing the proceeds, each of these merits appeals to one or other of orchid growers. Many of the species which come from torrid lands, indeed, are troublesome, but with such we are not concerned. The cool varieties will do well anywhere, provided they receive water enough in summer, and not too little in winter. I do not speak of the American and Siberian classes, which are nearly hopeless for the amateur, nor of the Hong-Kong *Cypripedium purpuratum*, a very puzzling example. It is odd, by the bye, that so few of this pretty plant reach our market. A consignment would pay, assuredly, since small specimens fetch four guineas each at auction, and it would be easily collected, one might suppose. Importers do not think it worth while to send so far for one species, but an enterprising merchant on the spot might ship a few thousands probably without trouble, in such condition that every one would arrive safely.

On the roll of martyrs to orchidology, Mr. Pearce stands high. To him we owe, among many fine things, the hybrid *Begonias* which are becoming such favourites for bedding and other purposes. He discovered the three original types, parents of the innumerable 'garden flowers' now on sale—*Begonia Pearcei*, *B. Veitchii*, and *B. boliviensis*. It was his great luck, and great honour, to find *Masdevallia Veitchii*—so long, so often, so laboriously searched for from that day to this, but never even heard of. To collect another shipment of this glorious orchid, Mr. Pearce sailed for Peru, in the service, I think, of Mr. Bull. Unhappily—for us all as well as for himself—he was detained at Panama. Somewhere in those parts there is a magnificent *Cypripedium* with which we are acquainted only by the dried efflorescence, named *planifolium*. The poor fellow could not resist this temptation. They told him at Panama that no white man had returned from

the spot, but he went on. The Indians brought him back, some days or weeks later, without the prize; and he died on arrival.

My space is nearly exhausted, and the great genus *Oncidium* remains untouched. Perhaps, after all, it is unnecessary to dilate upon a flower so well known. But one learns in writing as in reading. It never crossed my mind before how deeply we are indebted to America for our cool orchids. The *Oncidium* also is a product of the New World exclusively;—thus, of the four classes most useful to amateurs, three belong wholly to America, and the fourth in great part. I had not included *Masdevallia*, because that genus is not so perfectly easy as the rest; but if it be added, nine-tenths, assuredly, of the plants in our cool house come from the West. Among the special merits of the *Oncidium* is its colour. I have heard thoughtless persons complain that they are ‘all yellow;’ which, as a statement of fact, is near enough to the truth, for about three-fourths may be so described roughly. But this dispensation is another proof of Nature’s kindly regard for the interests of our science. A clear, strong, brilliant yellow is the colour that would have been wanting in our cool houses had not the *Oncidium* supplied it. Shades of lemon and buff are frequent among *Odontoglossums*, but, in a rough general way of speaking, they have a white ground. *Masdevallias* give us scarlet and orange and purple; *Lycastes*, green and dull yellow; *Sophronitis*, crimson; *Mesospinidium*, rose, and so forth. Blue must not be looked for. Even counting the new *Utricularia* for an orchid, as most people do, there are, I think, but five species in all the prodigious family that show this colour; and every one of them is very ‘hot.’ Thus it appears that the *Oncidium* fills a gap—and how gloriously! There is no such pure gold in the scheme of the universe as it displays under fifty shapes wondrously varied. Then—*Oncidium macranthum*!—One is continually tempted to exclaim, as one or other glory of the orchid world recurs to mind, that it is the supreme triumph of floral beauty. I have sinned thus, and I know it. Therefore, let the reader seek an opportunity to behold *O. macranthum*, and judge it for himself. But it seems to me that Nature gives us a hint. As though proudly conscious what a marvel it will unfold, this superb flower demands nine months at least to perfect itself, more commonly twelve and above; Dr. Wallace told me of an instance in his collection where eighteen months elapsed from the appearance of the spike until the opening of the first bloom. But it lasts a time proportionate.

This is not the place to treat of culture, but I may add a very

few words that will not be found in the books. There it is laid down that cool orchids must not be exposed to a lower temperature than 45° at night. I imagine that this rule is given to make sure of 'being on the safe side,' because a good number of species, though classed as cool, bear a kind of supplementary label—they must be placed at the warmest end of the house. The amateur who avoids these—and any dealer will tell him which they are—has only to see that the frost does not get in. Such is the result of my personal experience, gained, in a manner, by accident. There is a shelf in my house which goes down almost to freezing. I filled it accordingly with *Oncidium nubigenum*, *Oncidium cucullatum*, and so forth; species which grow at lofty elevations, and love cold. But it chanced that I had some crippled *Odontoglossums* last year, just too good to throw away. Wanting room, I put them out of sight on this shelf. Forthwith they began to recover. Upon making inquiries about the phenomenon, I discovered, of course, that it was a *secret de Polichinelle* among professional growers. Mr. Godseff is not at all concerned if his *Odontoglossum*-house runs down very low into the thirties for weeks at a time, provided—an important point—that the day temperature rise to a minimum of 45° . Therefore, I urge every one who has a light greenhouse from which he can exclude the frost to make an attempt at growing cool orchids. Five pounds will set him up to begin with.

One hint more. Gardeners who have a miscellaneous collection to look after often set themselves against the experiment because orchids suffer terribly from green-fly and other pests, and will not bear 'smoking'—*Odontoglossums* at least. To keep them clean and healthy by washing demands constant labour for which they have no time. This is a very reasonable objection. But though the smoke of tobacco is actual ruination, no plant whatever suffers from the steam thereof. An ingenious Frenchman, whose name I blush to forget, has invented and patented in England lately a machine called the *Thanatophore*, which I confidently recommend. It destroys every insect within reach of its vapour, excepting, curiously enough, scaly-bug, which, however, does not persecute cool orchids much. The machine may be obtained in different sizes through any good ironmonger.

To sum up: these plants ask nothing in return for the measureless enjoyment they give but light, shade from the summer sun, protection from the winter frost, moisture—and brains.

A March Howl.

THE weather is rude and rough with its shade and stare,
 And great wild clouds do saucily flirt their wings
 I' the face of the yellow sun—then leave it bare.
 And the boughs are broke on the trees, and no bird sings;
 And the cattle are blown on the hills, and grass is rare.
 There's a wind through the empty house where the ivy clings,
 And the gnawing mice in the wainscot begin to pair;
 And the dust is swept into rings,
 And the opening daylight brings
 No joy anywhere.

I am soured and old and grey, and the hunger stings;
 I have given the dog his meat, and the cat her share;
 I have nibbled my mouldy crust, while they fed like kings,
 And still they are asking for more and I've none to spare;
 And I've caught the owl in the barn and cut her wings,
 And if worst must come to the worst, still fare is fare,
 And we'll try her with pepper and salt and such-like things;
 She'll last us a week with care,
 If we pick and pickle and pare,
 With no questionings.

I've pawned the last of my goods, and the three-legged chair,
 But the broker's a greedy dog and he screws and wrings,
 And he never was known to settle a business fair.
 He's a Jew by the hook in his nose and his bargainings,
 He's a Jew by the cut of his coat and his greasy hair,
 And the heavy chain to his watch and his golden rings;
 And I'll warrant he'll feather his nest with his ill-got ware,
 While the sign of the gold balls swings,
 And it's baneful shadow flings
 A curse everywhere.

It's cold in the month of March and the early springs,
As I creep to bed like a ghost up the creaky stair,
And I'm taken with chill, and cramp, and the shiverings,
And the rats leap off to their holes with a sudden scare
When I shake the floor with the cough and the quiverings;
And I lie like a hungry beast in a frosty lair,
And the blanket's of little use, for it's worn to strings;
And I've most forgotten my prayer,
But I'll try it to-night, howe'er,
For Heaven's favourings.

There's 'Matthew and Mark and Luke and John,'
With the best of prayers I rank it,
But there's never a 'bed that I lie on,'
And if ever a' angel had brought me one
I'd down on my knees and thank it.
So I stretch on the stone, with a sigh and a groan,
And a 'Providence bless my blanket.'

NINA F. LAYARD.

At Whose Door?

I.

WHEN Friend Townsend's sister married the son of a man who had been known to be a rascal, the whole Townsend connection deplored it with him. Mary was not headstrong, they said, nor restless; she had come of generations of Friends, and that she should marry David Dudley's son was something of which they could not have thought her capable.

True, Henderson Dudley was not much like his father; so far as any one knew he was honest, and inasmuch as he was diligent in business, and unwilling to live upon his wife's fortune, he might be said to serve the Lord; furthermore, he had never cared to look upon that bad side of life in which David Dudley had found his greatest delight. But he was one of the world's people, though he did not make the profession of religion common even among them, and—he was his father's son. This was enough to keep their commiserating sympathy with Oliver fresh in the minds of Mary's relations, even after she had apologised by dying, and though Henderson himself, living only three years afterwards to cherish her little daughter, had meekly gone out of the world in which he had walked very silently and blamelessly, leaving the child as a peace-offering to his brother-in-law.

Little Rachel was not a Townsend, Oliver's dovelike wife used to say; the spark in those fierce dark eyes, dimmed by sudden tears, or dancing in mirth, which 'was not convenient,' confused and perplexed Sarah. And it was inconceivable to her that a child who could so lightly disobey her could feel the love which Rachel sometimes protested. Nor could she reconcile a frankness which was often cruel with an insincerity that was almost untruthfulness, not realising that the latter might spring from a desire to say a pleasant thing or a passionate longing for approval. Each day of Rachel's childhood had been full of contradictions. She would wound her aunt by disrespect, and then fling herself upon the ground to kiss a pebble Sarah's foot had touched; she

would strike a servant, but cry until her great brown eyes were almost blind because she had found a dead bird in the garden.

Perhaps, had Sarah and Oliver had children of their own, they might have given less thought and prayer to little Rachel, and the child, unnoticed, and so unconscious of her own shortcomings, might have grown more gentle, and, coming at last to realise their love, been able to express her own in language they could understand.

'Sometimes, Oliver, I think she has not even natural feeling for us,' Sarah Townsend said, as they sat together in their still parlour one September afternoon. The wide, shining top of the mahogany table was between them, but they were not occupied with books or writing. Friend Townsend was nervously pulling to pieces a blossom which had fallen from the bunch of white-winged sweet-peas in Sarah's bosom, and his wife's hands were folded placidly in her lap.

The shutters in the long French windows were bowed, for at midday it was still warm on the south side of the house, and three thin streaks of sunshine fell across the drab carpet, or touched the brass claws on the feet of the table. There were no vain and unnecessary adornments in the room; two silhouettes in narrow gilt frames hung high above the black wooden mantelpiece, and on a rotund chest of drawers covered with a plain linen cloth, stood a jug, filled with early golden rod; there were shelves on either side of the fireplace, full of books in sober bindings, but there was no warmth of colour in all the bare plain room and no disorder of home life.

Sarah Townsend's sweet face was still young in its serenity, though the hair beneath the delicate fold of her cap was as grey as her silvery gown. Oliver's dark eyes smiled as he looked at her.

'She must love thee,' he said; 'don't thee get discouraged about her, Sarah, or I don't know where the child will end.'

'I cannot be discouraged,' she answered with grave simplicity, 'for she is in the Lord's hands. Yet, if she would but trust us a little more; if she would believe that we desire only her own good! She would know that if she cared for us, Oliver.'

'Does thee think,' he said after a moment's pause, lifting his dark thin face from his breast and wrinkling his forehead restlessly, 'does thee think that we trust her quite enough? If we explained to her why we were unwilling that she should see a play, it would be less wearing to us than her perpetual questioning, and it might—it might be better for her, to have her judgment agree with ours.'

‘But is it not best that she should learn the habit of unquestioning obedience?’ Sarah asked gently. ‘She ought to believe that we know what is wise for her.’

‘No doubt thee’s right,’ Oliver assented quickly, throwing himself back in his chair with a sigh; ‘it is not best to give reasons to a child. But, Sarah, suppose, instead of forbidding it, we let her go? She would learn, as I did, how empty all such amusement is—what hunger of the soul it leaves! But to realise that, I sometimes think one must see it for themselves?’

‘See it for herself!’ Sarah said, clasping and reclasping her delicate hands, her even voice trembling a little; ‘why, Oliver, does thee realise what that means? Shall one touch pitch and not be defiled? Thee knows I do not mean to be narrow; many of the world’s people do go to plays, and they are pious people according to their light, but we have more light. Shall we let the child do wrong that she may feel the power of sin, when we can restrain her? And oh, Oliver, though thou didst learn to love peace through thy temptations, remember thou art man, and thou wast born a Friend, too; but think of her father and her grandfather! Remember her impulsive, ill-balanced nature; think what the effect might be.’

‘Yes, thee’s right,’ Friend Townsend said, after a pause. ‘Thee’s always right. But I can’t see why she should want to go so much. It isn’t as though she had ever gone, and knew the pleasure of it. Is it because young Roger Livingstone asked her? Does she like to be with him, Sarah?’

‘I think it is because we do not wish it,’ Sarah answered with a sigh, ‘and perhaps, because she knows we do not approve of Roger Livingstone. It is nothing deeper.’

II.

THE garden in front of Friend Townsend’s great grey house had been touched by frost, though the days were languid with slumberous September heat; the more delicate plants stood with limp, pallid leaves and hanging heads, but salvias blazed inside the box borders and zinnias were in coarse and riotous bloom. There was a scent of decay and dampness in the still air, in spite of the flood of noon sunshine, and now and then a yellow leaf floated down, and through the thinning branches of the tulip-trees came the flash and ripple of the brown river.

Rachel Dudley stood leaning against the old sundial at the

foot of the garden, her chin resting on her hand, and her straight black brows gathered in a sullen frown.

No one could see her from the house, for the laburnum hedge hid that part of the garden, but any one passing the stone gateway might have caught a glimpse of her slender figure through the yellowing leaves of the osage-orange trees which bordered the dusty turnpike. And Roger Livingstone was watching for her as he made his horse walk past the line of Friend Townsend's estate, so he was quick to dismount and throw the bay's bridle over the stone ball on one of the ivy-covered gate-posts, and then hurry down the steps into the damp stillness of the garden.

Roger and Rachel had known each other for many years, but in spite of perpetual quarrelling it had never occurred to Roger to fall in love with her—at least until very lately, and then only because his father had looked at him one day with shrewd good-nature and said: 'Remember, boy, the pretty Quakeress has a fortune of her own.'

That had made Roger think; but, after all, could a fortune give a man happiness, if the girl was first jealous, and then indifferent, and always quick to take offence? Roger thought not; but he liked Rachel, and while he was making up his mind, he was involuntarily and unconsciously more friendly. A young man cannot, even as a remote possibility, contemplate marrying a girl, and avoid, in his most ordinary conversation with her, a betrayal of the attitude of his mind.

Roger found a new pleasure in meeting Rachel, but, feeling vaguely that Friend Townsend did not like him, he had fallen into the habit of seeing her oftener in the old garden than in her uncle's house. The happy interests of more worldly youth he might not offer her, only sympathy for what she chose to consider her loneliness. But he knew that that gave her pleasure, and the half secrecy of their meeting had a charm in it to him which blended with the pleasing excitement of uncertainty. He was eager now to know if this plan of taking her to the theatre on Saturday afternoon could be carried out. 'At least,' he thought, 'they won't say it is improper, as mother would. Thank Heaven, they don't look at things that way!'

'Well,' he said as he reached her side. She looked up a moment at his handsome, boyish face, as he stood striking impatiently at his riding-boots with a switch and waiting for her reply.

'It's no use. They won't let me go,' she said gloomily, not even lifting her chin from her slim brown hand.

He turned sharply on his heel, his spur grinding down into the damp moss of the path. For an instant he was too much disappointed to speak.

'It's outrageous!' he cried; 'it's cruel!'

'They don't care,' Rachel said briefly.

'I'd go, anyhow,' Roger continued with boyish anger; 'why should you give up everything to please people who don't care anything about you, anyway?'

Rachel winced. 'I know they don't,' she said.

'Well, then, make up your mind to go,' Roger ended; 'it isn't as though they had any reason for saying you shouldn't. Of course, in any reasonable thing'—this with the magnanimous indulgence of youth—'I wouldn't advise you to—to disobey them. But this is folly, Rachel. Honestly, I believe I'd go.'

'Of course there isn't any reason,' Rachel cried passionately. 'Why, if they'd give me a good reason I wouldn't say another word. It's only to disappoint me, and make me miserable. They think it makes people good to be disappointed, and they want to make me good; they think I'm so wicked. Oh, I am! I am! but if they would only let me be good in my own way! Or if they thought anything good of me, I could be good. Or if they loved me the least little bit, I wouldn't mind giving up everything in the world for them. Everything! But they don't care whether I'm alive or dead!'

She laid her cheek down on the hot face of the dial and sobbed.

'Don't cry,' Roger said sympathetically; 'what good does it do to cry? Why don't you just go, anyhow? I believe they'd respect you more if you had a will of your own. And it isn't as if they were your own father and mother, you know.'

She shook her head. 'Oh, I can't! Thee knows I can't! And it isn't that I want to go to the theatre so very much, Roger. If they had only said I shouldn't, differently! It's the way they did it. As though I was wicked to want such a thing; a kind of despair about me; and yet, as if, after all, it was only to be expected of me. I might as well live up to it. I might as well be as bad as they think I am!'

Her quick transition from grief to anger dried her tears. Roger did not know what to say; his somewhat slow mind could not keep pace with her sudden changes, and her gusts of feeling wearied him.

He glanced at his horse, cropping the grass about the gate-

post and rubbing his velvety black nose against the reddening ivy leaves.

Rachel noticed his look and feared he was going to leave her. 'I believe thee's right, Roger,' she said. 'I believe I ought to live my life in my own way, to make them respect me. I *will* go!'

Roger looked at her with quick admiration, yet there was a little doubt in his voice as he said: 'It's the only thing to do, Rachel; only—of course—you don't want to make them *very* angry?'

'I don't care how angry they are!' she cried; 'it isn't as if they loved me.'

'Or as if you loved them,' Roger said. 'Only—think it over, Rachel. I don't know—somehow, I don't feel quite sure.'

'I feel sure,' she answered, striking her hands sharply together; 'but oh, I do love them—I do! I do! And they don't want my love!'

Roger tried awkwardly to comfort her, but he felt as though he would rather give up the theatre than have any more tears, and he began to think he had been rash to urge her to go.

But Rachel had decided. There was a bitter joy in making herself as bad as her uncle and aunt thought her.

'They expect me to be disobedient, they are always watching for it, so I'll do it, Roger.'

III.

It was not, however, quite easy to go into town on Saturday.

'Why does thee start so early, Rachel?' Sarah Townsend said, as her niece put on her little drab bonnet immediately after the noon dinner; 'thee will have a long afternoon in town. I wish thee was not such a gad-about. I wish thee loved thy home.'

'Thee will not miss me,' Rachel answered, with the bitterness of premeditated disobedience. She was already beginning to feel remorse, and was blaming her aunt for her suffering. 'If thee thinks I am a gad-about, Aunt Sarah, I don't see how thee can expect me to love my home. I don't see how I can.'

Rachel's fingers trembled as she smoothed the grey ribbons under her chin. But Sarah's quiet sigh, as she said, 'Thee need not try to show me how little thee cares for thy home—I know it too well,' was like wind upon the fire.

Rachel flung back some sharp untruth as she opened the white front door and let herself out into the sunshine. But there was

a sob in her throat, and her eyes were stung with unshed tears which blurred the spray of salvia she stuck in her dress. 'I won't look any more like a Friend than I can help!' she said hotly, knowing how such a thought would wound her aunt. But she did not need the salvia. Her vivid face was not in harmony with her quiet bonnet and gown; she looked like one of the world's people masquerading as a Quakeress.

Roger watched, with a strange fascination, her kindling eyes and her childlike tears and laughter as the play progressed. He even wondered, as they left the glare of the theatre and came out into the soft dusk of the autumn afternoon, whether he was not very much in love with this strange, wild, pitiful creature whose restless, throbbing life beat against the calm of her home.

In his uncertainty, and his pleasure in her pleasure, and the charm of stolen excitement, he was very kind to her, Rachel thought. He could not help telling her, too, how lovely he thought her face was, 'and those little soft rings of hair, Rachel, round your temples, are so pretty!'

Rachel grew scarlet; no one had ever said such a thing to her. She trembled a little and looked at him with such beautiful, appealing eyes, that Roger said more of the same nature. And he added, too, what happiness it was to be near her, and how much he hoped that in the future she would not forget him—('Forget thee? Why, Roger, I've known thee all my life! How could I forget thee?' she said simply)—and that life for him had not much to offer, now; he had *lived*, but it was in the past! He had suffered, too—he would tell her some time if she cared to hear—but she made what joy there was left to him in the ashes of memory, and would she promise always to let him be her friend, no matter what happened?

Upon reflection, afterwards, Roger felt that this had been very unwise; so there were times when he tried to undo his words by being a little less than friendly, and in this Rachel's varying moods helped him. But such wisdom was always followed by a burst of pity for her, and then admiration, and then something strangely like tenderness. Every word he had so rashly said that afternoon had gone deep into her heart, and no momentary change in him could make her forget.

In the excitement of the play Rachel lost sight of everything but its pleasure; her gladness made the whole world seem loving and lovable. She did not remember her grief or her defiance.

‘Oh, Roger,’ she said, ‘it was beautiful! Let us come again.’

‘We can come every Saturday afternoon, if you only will,’ he answered eagerly, ‘and it will be better each time, and Friend Townsend and your aunt will see that it does not do any harm.’

Rachel’s face fell. ‘I had forgotten them,’ she said. And when Roger left her at the sundial, and she hurried through the garden to the big silent house, there was no defiance in her heart. The lamps were not lighted in the hall, only the faint September twilight struggled in through the fanlike window over the front door, but she could see the disapproval on her aunt’s face. Sarah Townsend was standing on the lowest step of the wide staircase, waiting to speak to her niece, before going into the dining-room to see that the candles were lighted for tea. She was fresh from her simple toilette-table; in the clear, fine fold of her kerchief were some rose geranium leaves, and the spotless muslin of her cap rested upon the shining smoothness of her grey hair. Her exquisite, fragrant neatness was in sharp contrast to Rachel’s flushed face; rebellious curls were blown across the girl’s eyes and above the brim of her bonnet; her shawl, too, was awry, and she had torn one glove as she tried to pull it off.

‘I hoped,’ said Sarah gravely, ‘thee would come out by an earlier train.’

‘I told thee I was coming at five,’ Rachel answered, with the quick thought that perhaps her aunt had missed her. ‘If thee had told me that thee wanted me I——’ Then she stopped abruptly, realising that she could not have come before. ‘Why didst thee not tell me? Thee knows, Aunt Sarah, the only thing in the world I want to do is just to please thee!’ Confession was trembling upon Rachel’s lips.

‘I want thee to want to come, Rachel,’ Sarah answered simply, and then with her gentle footfall she went into the dining-room, and standing at the narrow sideboard, with its slender carved legs and inlaid doors and drawers, she began to light the candles in four tall candlesticks. Rachel followed her with that feeling of aggravation which comes when trying to talk to a person who is walking away from one, and the instant resolution to be heard. Sarah had lighted a spill at the blue flames of the apple-wood fire, and was slowly touching the candle-wicks with it. Its delicate glow shone on her serious face. She looked up at Rachel.

‘At least thee knows it does not please me to see thee so untidy,’ she said.

‘Of course thee thinks I wouldn’t have come if thee had said thee wanted me,’ Rachel cried; ‘and I couldn’t help the wind blowing.’

‘If thee cannot speak respectfully thee can at least be silent,’ Sarah answered calmly. Then with her quiet step she again passed the girl and went into the parlour, grieved in her kind, just heart at the antagonism in Rachel’s voice. And Rachel, in her small orderly room, had no thought of repentance, but lived over again the excitement of the afternoon, and Roger’s kindness in taking her, and the sound of his voice in those new words he spoke.

‘I *will* go again!’ she said to herself; and she did.

IV.

THE consciousness of deceit could not be entirely escaped even in the height of enjoyment, and the theatre never seemed so pleasant to Rachel again. Indeed, except that it gave her Roger’s companionship, upon which she was more and more dependent, she would not have cared to go; yet even that did not persuade her more than two or three times, and afterwards her restless efforts to escape the stings of conscience were very apparent.

Regret began to stain all her interests, and even her few pleasures. She took long walks alone simply for occupation, or hurried into the city and out again for no other purpose than to divert her thoughts, which dwelt continually upon her disobedience.

Sarah Townsend saw the restlessness with dismay, but she could have no conception of its redeeming cause. Yet it was not until one November afternoon that she spoke of it to her husband.

‘I have not wanted thee to think less well of the child than thee does, Oliver,’ she ended anxiously, ‘and so I have not told thee that I was troubled about her. Sometimes I think thy judgments are almost harsh, because thy ideal is so high. But it shows such unrest, this running about so much. She ought to wish to be at home. Home is the Lord’s place for a modest young woman; it is an unregenerate mind which demands constant recreation.’

‘Yes, yes, that is true,’ Friend Townsend answered. He rose, and began to walk nervously about the room. ‘It must be stopped,’ he said. ‘We must remember her heritage from her grandfather and insist upon content. I am glad young Roger Livingstone has gone in town. Sarah! thee does not think she sees him there?’

He paused beside her chair in sudden anxiety.

'Oh, Oliver, no!' she cried. 'How canst thou think of such a thing! It is only the vanity of youth, which seeks any occupation but duty. A woman of thy house could not so forget herself.' With all its gentleness there was a calm pride in Sarah's face as she said this. 'But we must put a stop to the going in town so much, because of that impulsive, inconsequent nature of hers. Will thee speak to her or shall I?'

'Oh, thee! thee!' Oliver said. 'But, Sarah, why didst thee not put a stop to it long ago?'

'Because,' she answered sadly, 'there are so many commands to give. I have to reprove her so often. She does not know how much I dread to find fault, she is so ready to be angry; and it seems to alienate her, to make her more unloving whenever I do admonish her. She cannot see that it is only because I love her that I do it. But thee knows I love her, Oliver.'

The wistful tremor in her even voice gave her husband a shock of pain.

'She has an evil nature,' he said angrily, 'if she can bear to make thee grieve!'

Yet as they sat waiting for Rachel to come home from a long walk in the cold grey afternoon his heart melted towards the child; and when at last she entered the quiet room he rose and left it, though in a silence she thought stern. By himself, in the hall, he struck his hands together with a gesture strangely unlike his usual calm. 'Poor Rachel!' he said; 'poor child.' His head sank upon his breast as he walked restlessly about. Oliver Townsend was remembering many things.

Rachel was in a softened mood when she came into the parlour. In her walk along by the river path she had been thinking that after all life might be very beautiful if there was love in it.

Of late she had been living in her dream of Roger, into which the real man had not entered. She had not noticed his efforts at commonplace friendliness, for they were so genuine, there could be no sting in them. And it needed something sharp to pierce the mist in which her own construction of Roger's looks and words had wrapped her. That afternoon, in the glow of content about her heart she could even be just to her aunt; but all her contrition was subtly pervaded by her joy.

'Rachel,' Sarah said in her low, even voice, glancing at the girl, who stood resting her forehead on the edge of the mantel-

piece, and idly unfastening her bonnet, 'thy uncle and I feel that thy taking such long walks, and going so often into town for no purpose, is but idling away thy time, and we think it best for thee to put a stop to it. We need not discuss it, but just remember what I say.'

Rachel did not speak, and her aunt, thinking it was sullen acquiescence, added, 'It is for thy own good; we are sorry to cross thee.'

The pleading in Sarah's tone touched Rachel; an impulse of love and remorse and happiness sent the tears brimming into her eyes. 'Oh, Aunt Sarah,' she said, 'I won't do anything thee doesn't want me to, but—but—I have, and I am so sorry!'

Sarah Townsend looked up at her with sudden tenderness and hope. 'If thee is really sorry it will be easy for thee to please us, my dear.'

At that unusual, almost unknown word, Rachel's reserve gave way. She flung her bonnet down upon the floor and sank upon her knees beside her aunt, hiding her face in Sarah's lap. Already, in the relief of speaking, she felt herself restored in her own eyes; she did not realise that past wrong-doing is not lessened by confession.

'It isn't just the going in town,' she said, her voice shaken with tears. 'I have done wrong, Aunt Sarah. Oh, I have been so wicked—so wicked! Thee can never, never, *never* forgive me!'

Scenes like this seemed to Sarah Townsend to lack genuineness. It was not necessary to be dramatic. 'Thee must not throw thy bonnet on the floor, Rachel,' she replied calmly, 'and thee must be more composed. Instead of crying, just make up thy mind to be a good girl.'

But Rachel could not check her impetuous remorse. 'I didn't think it was really wrong when I did it. I don't believe I stopped to think at all,' she explained hurriedly; 'but it was all my fault, not Roger's, though he was with me always.'

Sarah put her hands upon the girl's shoulders and lifted her with a sharp push.

'What does thee mean, Rachel?' she said sternly.

At the change in her voice Rachel knelt upright, brushing her hair back from her startled eyes.

'What does thee mean about Roger Livingstone?' Sarah repeated, with something which was almost terror in her tone.

'Oh, Aunt Sarah,' the girl faltered, trying to hide her face on

her aunt's knees again, but held back by the relentless hands, 'I've been going to the theatre with Roger; that's all.'

'All!' Sarah exclaimed, half with relief and half with indignant protest.

'Yes,' Rachel said, covering her face with her hands and sobbing; 'yes; that's what I went in town for three afternoons last month.'

Sarah could not speak; she felt almost faint. She did not see that Rachel had put her heart into her hands for good or ill; only the deceit, the disobedience, the dismay at Roger's influence pressed upon her. She bent her sweet, stern face upon her breast and groaned.

Rachel shivered. 'Oh, I am sorry—I am so sorry. I will be good after this, *always*; I will be good!'

'Perhaps thee cannot be, Rachel,' Sarah said in a broken voice, speaking part of her thought that it might be that the child was not altogether responsible for this warped moral nature, and that her own severity, which had seemed a duty, had but made things worse. 'Thee has deceived us as well as disobeyed us.' She paused, but Rachel did not speak. 'And thee can find pleasure in the companionship of such a man as Roger Livingstone—thee, Oliver's niece!'

Rachel rose, the softness frozen, the tenderness bitter. 'I have deceived thee, but I'm sorry; I've asked thee to forgive me; I'm sorry. I don't see what more I can do.' She had the feeling which sometimes comes with confession, that by confession the sin is atoned for and should be forgotten, and she resented Sarah's grief as unjust and cruel. 'There's nothing wrong in being glad to see Roger,' she continued. 'If he had felt he was welcome here I need not have seen him anywhere else. And—and—I like to be with Roger.'

Sarah looked at her for a moment without speaking, and then she said abruptly, 'Rachel, has Roger asked thee to marry him? I ask thee, though I am not sure that thee will tell the truth.' Sarah was quite calm now, but her mind was confused between distress at this foolish defiance and the far deeper grief of the girl's deceit.

Rachel's lips parted and then closed again; she hung her head in silence.

'Answer me, Rachel;' but Rachel could not speak.

'Does thee mean,' Sarah said incisively, 'that thee cares for a man who does not care for thee? And to be with him thee has

been willing to deceive and disobey thy uncle and aunt?—thee has taken a lie upon thy soul? Rachel, I have known that thee didst not love us and didst not cheerfully obey us, but I never knew that thy heart was filled with deceit, and that thou hadst not the modesty of the young women of thy family. Dost thou think we can ever trust thee again?’

Rachel stood trembling and panting like some wounded animal. She had no thought of self-defence; it was only pain.

‘Thee may go to thy room,’ Sarah said after a long silence; ‘thy uncle and I will try and decide what had best be done.’

Without a word Rachel turned and fled out into the hall and up the stairs. She caught a glimpse of her uncle walking calmly up and down between the tall white lilies in Sarah’s conservatory. He would have to be told! She scarcely seemed to breathe until she reached her own room, and shut and locked the door, and then leaned against it for support. Her heart was pounding in her throat; her eyes were blurred and stinging, but without tears. She heard the parlour door open and close, and knew that Oliver was listening to the story of her guilt.

‘I cannot bear it!’ she said aloud; ‘no, I cannot bear it!’

A gleam of joy came to her in the thought that it could not be borne; it meant escape from intolerable pain, though she could not yet see by what means. Her mind even darted forward to contemplate a time of peace, and she vaguely thought of a day when she should look back upon this misery—but, no, it was too terrible to be looked back upon! Pity for herself made her sob aloud, and without knowing that she was only choosing the lesser anguish she began to say, ‘It is all because they are angry about Roger.’ She could not face the truth, that her pain and theirs was because of her deceit. It was a little easier to say, ‘They are angry that Roger should care for me. By-and-by a means of escaping from pain by action began to grow clear to her. She would go and tell Roger. In her proud, innocent heart Sarah’s assertion that she cared for a man who did not care for her left no sting, save the bitterness that her aunt should have said it.

‘I’ll tell Roger,’ she said over and over again to herself. It seemed to afford her an intangible comfort.

V.

THE warm, fragrant air of the conservatory, and the silent beauty of Sarah’s stately lilies, had made Oliver Townsend much less restless. He almost forgot his anxiety about Rachel, and

when he came into the parlour he was greatly startled and alarmed to find his wife hiding her face in her arms upon the table, her quick breath showing that she was in tears.

‘Tell me, Sarah!’ he said. But it was some moments before she could speak, and then she said, brokenly: ‘Oliver, Rachel has been deceiving us. She has confessed it, though she is not really repentant. Think how we have failed in our duty to her, if such sin is possible in the poor child!’ Then she told him, faltering with grief and shame, of the deception; but with a tender instinct to spare Rachel, she said nothing of what she called the girl’s infatuation for Roger Livingstone. After all, that was the least important. ‘But, Oliver,’ she ended, ‘think how far we have let her drift from us, that she *could* deceive us! Oh, I have sinned in this—it is my fault—not Rachel’s. She does not love us, Oliver, after all these years, but it is because I have been unworthy of the charge of one of His little ones!’

He tried to comfort her and tell her she was wrong, but for once the brave, silent woman was broken; she would not listen, and by-and-by went to her own bedroom, pacing up and down the floor, in despairing condemnation of herself. Her heart ached for Rachel, yet it did not occur to her to go and comfort the child; she would even have felt it wrong to have seemed too readily to excuse the sin; but had she thought of it, it was already too late.

Rachel’s vague purpose of telling Roger had assumed a definite form. There was a train into town that she could take which would make it possible for her to see the young man before he went out for the evening. And she would tell him all about it, and he—he would tell her how to act! She had a confused thought of finding a place to board and some work to do, but underneath this purpose was the wordless conviction that Roger would take care of her. She did not think ‘He will ask me to marry him,’ but she felt it.

At last she rose from crouching against the door, and with trembling little hands put on her dove-coloured bonnet and folded a soft shawl about her shoulders. Then she opened the door and stood for a moment listening, her eyes dilating and her breath coming quickly. There was no sound except the faint snapping of the fire in one of the lower rooms. The hall was quite dark in the early twilight, and the shadows hid her as she crept downstairs; her fingers shook when she turned the big brass knob and opened the front door. In another moment she had closed it stealthily behind her, and stood alone in the grey chill of the November evening.

She looked back once, as she reached the foot of the steps, not hesitating in her purpose, nor with any relenting tenderness, but with the habit of a love which has been repressed and misunderstood. The blinds were not drawn, and she saw Oliver sitting with his grey head bowed upon his hand; his spectacles were folded across the page of an open book upon a little round table at his side, whose shining top gleamed faintly in the flickering firelight. Sarah Townsend's white knitting work lay just as she had put it down when she began to reprove Rachel. The room looked so warm and peaceful, her uncle sat so quietly watching the fire, his face hidden by his hand, a wave of bitterness swept over Rachel. 'What does he care if I am unhappy?' she thought; 'as soon as the lamps are lighted he'll read again.' Oh, if they only had loved her—she already thought of her life with them in the past—she could have been so good! but they would never trust her or love her again! For an instant she forgot that her anger was for Roger's sake.

She turned and ran swiftly through the garden; her dress caught on the broken branch of a rose bush, and she stopped to loosen it, pricking her thin fingers till they bled. She found herself suddenly crying; it was snowing softly, and she was cold, and everything hated her.

The rush and tumult of the flying train drowned her thoughts. She was half dazed when she reached the city, but in the short ride to Roger's rooms she began to think how she should tell him her story. Again and again she reached a certain point in it, and then seemed to wait for his answer: 'What ought I to do, Roger? I'll do whatever thee tells me.'

She was so sure of his sympathy, and so ignorant of human nature, that it was impossible for her to imagine the dismay and almost repulsion with which Roger, entering his small library from his bedroom, saw her standing in his doorway, flushed and panting and almost happy.

After his first two terrible words of astonishment there was absolute silence for a moment. Rachel's colour wavered and ebbed, the terror stole back into her eyes. Without a word of explanation the enormity of her mistake fell upon her.

'Has any one seen you?' Roger said; and then he drew her inside and closed the door. 'For Heaven's sake, why are you here?' His fright at his own responsibility made him angry. Rachel's beautiful dumb eyes entreated him to understand her. 'Something has happened, I suppose. Tell me. Oh, Rachel! you should not have come *here*. Did you go to my office first?'

'They have found out about my going to see the play,' she answered at last, slowly. She had forgotten that it had been her own confession. It seemed to her that she had been trapped into telling her aunt. 'They are very angry, and they will never trust me again. Aunt Sarah said so. So I am going to earn my own living; and I—I thought thee could advise me; but, never mind.'

The pitiful quiver in her voice touched Roger, but it was chivalry, not love, that it aroused.

'Rachel dear,' he said simply, 'I will take care of you, always. You must marry me, Rachel.'

But it was too late. With the first look of horrified surprise on Roger's face the woman had been born in her. She scarcely seemed to hear him, and went on speaking as though he had not interrupted her. She was conscious only of a desire to hide from him that her anger had been for his sake. 'I mean to do some kind of work. I don't know what, yet.' But I can't live at Uncle Oliver's any more. So I thought—if thee could tell me some place where I could board—I have a little money—but thee needn't trouble, Roger.'

Roger drew a long breath. After all, it would never do. It was folly to have asked her to marry him; and Rachel had had too much common sense to notice his words.

'Why, of course I'll help you, Rachel,' he said in a troubled way; 'only, honestly, I don't see how I can. Why, Rachel, don't you understand? It wouldn't do.'

'Thee needn't trouble,' she said again, vaguely.

'But it isn't that it is any trouble,' he explained. 'You know I wouldn't care how much trouble it was, only, what would be the use? You couldn't support yourself. Why, my dear girl, what can you do? And, don't you see, Friend Townsend would simply find you, and take you home again. He has the legal right.' Roger was still young enough in his profession to feel its awe. 'Indeed, Rachel,' he continued, for she did not answer, 'it was foolish to come to me—to come in town, I mean; and it was a mistake to think you could take care of yourself. I know the world, my child, and you don't. Do go home, Rachel, right away!'

The old simple friendliness made him very much in earnest.

'Very well,' she said.

'Won't you start to the station at once?' Roger said eagerly. 'Your carriage is at the door still, and you can be at home again in

an hour. I mustn't go downstairs with you; it wouldn't do, don't you know. But if you'll just slip out quietly nobody will see you, and they need never know at Friend Townsend's that you came here.'

'I should know,' Rachel said hoarsely.

'What?' cried Roger impatiently; but without waiting for her answer, 'you can say you came in town on an errand and missed your train, or—or anything! But go! go!'

In the sudden fear that some one might come in and find her there he was again growing angry with her folly.

'Yes, I'll go,' Rachel answered.

'I don't want any one to know that you came here to see me, Rachel dear,' he explained, relenting with honest sympathy for her mistake, 'because, you see, it isn't—well, it isn't usual for a girl to do such a thing. So you won't mind my not going downstairs with you?'

'No, I won't mind,' she said, looking absently about the warm, bright little room; 'I won't mind; oh no. And I'm sorry, Roger; and it isn't thy fault. Only—I ought not to have been born, thee sees. I—I think it isn't anybody's fault, after all.'

'What isn't? What do you mean?' he said with sudden anxiety, for she seemed so indifferent to him and his explanations that Roger felt a thrill of tenderness.

But Rachel had gone. He followed her into the entry, where the one small jet of gas flared and burned bluely for a moment in the draft from his open door, but she did not look back. He leaned over the balustrade and saw her grey figure hurrying down the coil of the broad staircase, and he stood there, straining his eyes into the darkness and full of troubled pity, until the front door opened and then closed with a dull, distant jar.

VI.

AND Rachel? The idea of going home again never presented itself to her, yet, with a dim consciousness of a promise, she went blindly towards the station. She forgot the carriage, although it had begun to snow steadily, and in her hurried uncertain walk she stumbled once or twice. The second time a group of men, who had sought shelter in a doorway, laughed loudly, and one of them shouted a name into ears too innocent to know that they were insulted. She turned and looked at them with the wondering thought that any one was happy enough to laugh, and they were silenced.

Again the short, swift ride; again the glare of the lamp outside the little station, the panting engine, the clouds of steam, and through all the beating snow and the gusts of wind. The station-master did not recognise her, and when he looked again for the one passenger who had left the train she had vanished.

She left the road, running between the leafless hedges, and climbing down a gravelly bank, hurried across a field towards the river. 'If I can just be quiet and think,' she said again and again; 'if I can only be quiet.'

She walked aimlessly about the wide white meadow, trying to silence the tumult in her brain, which seemed actual noise; she even put her hands up to her ears once, and stood still, repeating: 'I must think.'

After awhile she tripped upon the twisted root of a locust-tree, and, through sheer exhaustion, did not rise, but sat leaning against its rough trunk. 'I'll think now,' she said to herself; she hid her face in her hands, for the darkness and the storm began to terrify her. One word, repeating and repeating itself, had made this clamour in her mind.

'Oh, yes, yes,' she assented, 'I *will* die—I must, but how? Oh, if God would only kill me! He might be as kind as that. I've always been so unhappy, and it would be such a little thing to let me die. But I've prayed and prayed, and yet I go on living.'

As this thought worked itself out in her mind, she heard, above her own sobs, and above the soft, swift rush of the river, which curved like a brown arm about the meadow, the far-off rumble of a train of cars.

Then, suddenly it all came to her, how easy escape was, how simple! A great calm settled down upon her. She lifted her face with a bewildered smile; the snow had caught in the wet tangle of her soft hair, and blew against her small pitiful lips with faint cold touches. Here was the way out of all the pain; she need not pray for it to come to her, she could take it.

She rose, steadying herself upon her tired feet, and began to walk back across the field towards the railroad. She found herself wondering why anybody was alive when it was so easy not to be. She laughed under her breath to think how she had prayed for escape, when all the while the river had been slipping by, or this other way invited her. What peace to just forget! They should not say—they should never again have the chance to say, that they did not trust her!—And she should be happy at last. But the

thought of the heaven beyond was perfunctory and unreal. Actually, her purpose was only childish impatience with present pain.

When she reached the steep embankment again she took off her bonnet and folded her shawl about it, with the hardly acquired habit of care for her clothing, and placed them beneath a tree. Then she climbed the gravelly slope and stood upon one of the tracks; the snow beat in her face, and the wind twisted her wet skirt about her ankles. Again, far back among the hills, came the rumble of an approaching train; she felt the jar under her feet, and then, through the white blur of the storm, came the muffled glare of the head light.

In an instant the desire for death was swept away. Her instinct to escape pain had been only love of life in disguise. She leaped back upon the other track. 'Oh, I didn't mean it, I didn't mean it!' she cried hoarsely. The riotous wind swept her frightened voice like a feather into the darkness, and as the cars rushed past her down the track she stood white and trembling, saying again and again: 'I don't want to die, I don't want to die; I didn't mean it!'

She had forgotten—or perhaps she did not know—that the other express was due. The two trains thundered by each other and left only darkness and the beating snow.

Even Death was not kind to Rachel Dudley; the great silence left her still misunderstood.

'She took her own life,' Sarah said briefly. 'The child of our old age could not love us enough to live for us, and it was my fault.'

No one but Roger knew of the interview in his rooms that night. 'I drove her to it,' he said under his breath, divided between grief and fright. Yet this did not last, for he came at last to think very honestly that he had loved her and she had refused him. 'If she had cared for me that night I could have saved her; and now she has broken my heart.'

But through the warp of prejudice Oliver Townsend dimly saw a truth: 'The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children,' he said; 'it was her inheritance.'

MARGARET DELAND.

A Country Day-School Seventy Years Ago.

[Among the unpublished papers of the late Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., I find the following pages, recalling, in a very artless manner, the scenes of my father's childhood at school. Slight as they are, and desultory, they give very realistically and vividly a sketch of conditions which are as extinct to-day as the dodo is, and almost as remote; nor am I sure that there exists any similar trivial record of life among the boys of a country day-school at the beginning of the present century. My friend, Mr. Thomas Hardy, has kindly obliged me with one or two notes. The paper was written twenty years ago, when my father's memory, always marvellously accurate, was perfectly unimpaired. I should add that the town described is the seaport of Poole in Dorset.—E. G.]

THE rudiments of book-learning I suppose I acquired from a venerable dame call Ma'am Sly, who taught A B C to babies in the little alley of our Skinner Street, or close to it. Hither I was sent, when about three years old, to be out of harm's way; till, after a short interval, I was promoted to accompany my elder brother W. to the lodgings of Ma'am Drew, another venerable lady who kept a dame's school near the top of Old Orchard. But of this I remember little, save that one afternoon W. objected to go to school without 'a bribe,' for, says he, 'Jemmy Thomson always has a bribe to come.' 'O yes,' replies Mother, 'you shall have a bribe!' and reaches up her hand towards the cane which always hung over the mantelpiece. W. was off like a shot, and never mentioned the subject of 'bribes' again.

As we grew older we were taught in various ways, till in 1817 a Mr. Charles Sells, who had arrived from Portsmouth, opened in Langland Street what immediately became the best day-school in Poole. It was just opposite the entrance of our lane, and W. was his earliest pupil. Before his beginning school-life in earnest, I remember, Father took W. to Portsmouth by Captain Osborn's hoy. After a few days our servant, Sally Cutler, was sent to bring him back by the same vessel. On his return, as I well recollect, he told us that he had seen alongside the vessel lying in Portsmouth

Harbour, a large medusa with four crimson rings on its convexity. We had never seen one of any species in Poole. It was doubtless *Aurelia aurita*.

Towards the end of 1818, when I joined W. at Mr. Sells's, the latter had removed to superior premises at the corner of the Parade, having now collected seventy or eighty scholars. John Hammond Brown—with whom, when we were little tots in frocks, I had begun that fast friendship which, with only one interruption, lasted until his untimely death in adolescence—joined the school at the same time; so that we were not separated—*arcades ambo*. We boys had a nice spacious gravelled playground here; and the situation was in the very best and most open part of the town. Sells was tall in person, very strongly pock-marked; agreeable in manners, well-informed and an efficient schoolmaster. I afterwards entertained a very high respect for him. While we were at Sells's, mother would sometimes, for economy, keep us at home a quarter to carry on our studies in the back garret, by ourselves. We were industrious, and mother was on the keen look-out, and we did not lose much. Here, one day, looking down on Lance's Yard, we saw Mrs. Stickland driving her fat sow along, and scolding. I wrote in pencil on the board-wall of our garret, 'Mrs. Stickland talked to her pig, and think he do understand'—rather a poor sample of my grammatical advancement. This was in the autumn of 1819, I think. I wonder if the inscription still remains legible? I could put my finger on the spot.

The copies which Sells set for us to imitate at home were copper-plate sentences, generally of a preceptive character. In lack of such, in these our self-educating quarters, I was at a loss for a text-hand copy. But seeing in Jane Taylor's 'Nimble Dick' the line—

And be not over quick,

I eagerly adopted this, simply because it was of suitable length, and began with the word 'Be.' When I went back to school I recollect Mr. Sells looking over my copy-book, and good-humouredly rallying me on my choice of a precept.

Soon after my first appearance at the school, the boys being assembled in the playground before class-time, a bigger boy, Tom Tucker, for some grievance which I cannot recall, struck me with both his fists together in front and behind, and 'hit the wind out of me;' that is to say, by the blow the lungs were forcibly

emptied of air to a much greater degree than by ordinary expiration, so that the muscular action of the diaphragm could not immediately refill them. I crumpled down on my heels, voiceless, with open mouth, gasping for breath, and frightened as well as hurt: amid the laughter of the boys, to whom I presented a curious spectacle, while, as I did not cry, they concluded I was not hurt. W. led me home as soon as I could walk, and I was not at school that afternoon. The explanation of my absence caused Tucker to come to grief. In going to and from school with W. my general mode was with a singular sort of skipping-dancing progress, side foremost, along the curb-stone of the rough Poole pavements. But later on, when we were older, John Brown and I generally walked to school together with the arm of one round the other's neck. But to this we always made one exception. In some places in the street—as for instance, in High Street, near Chapel Lane, there were stone posts along the edge of the pavement; each of these we would invariably clear, one behind the other, leap-frog fashion.

At the close of every half-year we had each a book provided for specimens of our writing; or rather the specimens were written on separate sheets of like size, and these were then bound up into a book by the stationer. The writing of those copies was an affair of very high importance and awe, and extraordinary care was taken. A single sentence on a page was sufficient, and there would be one in text, round, and small hand, and one or two in fancy hands, I think, for those boys who could achieve such. W. wrote a beautiful hand; my own was very cramped and ugly. I recollect that the following was the small-hand sentence for one half-year:

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit; so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be rendered despicable, and old age miserable.

At the end of the half, too, there were exercises in arithmetic, thus:—A number of us sat, each with slate and pencil, opposite Mr. Sells. He would give out a sum, and then allow us a certain time by his watch. When the allotted minutes were elapsed he cried 'Stop!' and all who had the answer correct received a mark of approval. Some of these would be catch sums, of the class of 'What is the difference between six dozen dozen and half a dozen dozen?' We employed Bonnycastle's Arithmetic as a text-book,

and I used to find great entertainment in the series of simple catch-problems at the end.

John Brown and I, sitting side by side immediately below and in front of Mr. Sells, were accustomed to amuse ourselves by drawing on our slates scenes supposed to represent Africa or India. Whichever country was intended, however, the mode of treatment in the design was invariable. A tiger (or a lion, for this amount of variation was admitted) pursued an antelope across a plain in the centre of the slate, and facing the beholder. In the distance rose a range of mountain peaks, drawn according to the approved map-fashion of the day. One of these was perforated with a cavern, from which a sympathetic tiger peeped out upon the contest. Palm trees were scattered about of course; and in the foreground ran a rivulet, broken by a cascade, with a brace of swans reposing on the glassy stream. This subject was sketched in, rubbed out, sketched again to-morrow, again obliterated by sponge or jacket-sleeve, to be again renewed *ad infinitum*.

Most of the pupils at Sells's were what was called 'respectable'; a few, however, were somewhat humble in position. We certainly took our place in the former category. Mother took care that we were always neat and clean. I remember, indeed, wearing corduroy trousers, and at another later period a mole-skin jacket; but many boys of fair status wore these materials, although I cannot say I ever exactly liked doing so. Both W. and I had a name for decent behaviour in the streets. There were one or two poor simple women, who either got their living in the streets or were a good deal there, and were teased and taunted and nick-named by the idler boys. Poor Betty, the cake-woman, a harmless but much-abused creature, was one day surrounded by her tormentors, when W. and I passed along the pavement. Betty saw us, and began to say, 'There's two young gentlemen! why don't you behave like them? Ye never hear them calling after a poor creature!' And mother used to hear our demeanour praised from unexpected sources, much to her complacency.

Yet we could not altogether avoid hot water. Feuds with other boys would arise, and these would remain some time unsettled, a threatened 'hiding' hanging over our heads. It was a common thing, on turning a corner of a street, to say, pointing to a distance, 'There's a boy that owes me a hiding!' when perhaps he, catching sight of me, would savagely shake his fist, and then, seeing me protected by the company of an ally, turn

up some lane. But if alone, under like circumstances, I would have to run for it. This imminence of danger from foes made us habitually cautious and wide awake in turning corners. We played games in the streets as well as in the playground. The thoroughfares of Poole were not so crowded with passengers as to make this practice any public nuisance. Scourge-tops, peg-tops, and humming-tops were all patronised, the last-named, however, chiefly within doors. Marbles, of course, upon the pavement; of these we used chiefly three sorts. The most highly prized were the alleys of veined white marble, highly polished, the purest having often pink veins. Those of a yellow sort were called soap-alleys. Others, made of a compact blue or grey limestone, went by the name of 'stoners.' There was also an inferior sort, rudely moulded out of red and white clay, and baked, which were named 'clayers.'

A game called 'long-galls'¹ was a favourite with Sells's boys, but I never heard of it elsewhere than in Poole. I never cared for it; it was something like prisoner's base. Another, named 'ducks off,'² consisted in setting on a large flat stone a round stone as big as one's fist, which from a certain distance one strove to knock off by bowling at it a stone of similar size. Two boys or more did this in turn, with certain conditions and results determined by rules. Birds'-nesting, egg-stringing, squailing at birds, flinging stones at anything or nothing, throwing a flat stone across water to produce 'ducks and drakes,' these, of course, were common. We used the term 'jellick,' no doubt a corruption of 'jerk,' to denote a mode of projecting a stone as the arm came suddenly against the ribs, or by a more fantastic trick still, against the thigh of the lifted right leg. Saturday afternoon was our only holiday, and in summer bathing in the sea was in vogue on these occasions. We never used the word 'bathe,' however, but invariably 'get into water;' and this strange periphrase never seemed strange to me until after I left Poole. A party of us would 'get into water' at Powderhouse, or over at Ham, or round by Windmill. This last is a little peninsular projection of the shore at West Butts, just in front of what at that time was Salter and Balston's rope-walk. I believe there was a tradition of a windmill having once stood on its gravelly extremity, but no traces of such an edifice existed in my day. One of the permanent channels of the

¹ Query 'goals.'—E. G.

² Still played, Mr. Thomas Hardy tells me, as 'cobbs off,' in the interior of the county.—E. G.

muddy harbour, or rather of the backwater known as Hole's Bay, ran close by this spit of land, and was about waist-deep for us at ordinary tide, so that it was the spot most chosen for bathing by the bolder boys, who had learned or were learning to swim. Powderhouse suited those little coward urchins whose ambition reached not beyond knee-deep. I recollect very well 'getting into water' at Windmill with W. and some other boys before I had learned to dip my head. One of the bigger ones, with W.'s approbation, W. having in vain exhorted me to dip, took forcible hold of me and ducked me several times, a process which doubtless did me good. We never, in our whole school course, once played truant, but other boys did, and the process was freely talked of among us. We called it 'miching,' pronouncing the *i* in 'mich' long, as in 'mile,' whereas in Devonshire the same word, in the same sense, is pronounced with the *i* short, as in 'mill,' thus making the word rhyme with 'rich,' a pronunciation unknown to us Poole boys.

The 29th of May, Oak-apple Day, was called Shicsack Day,¹ when all loyal urchins were expected to display a bit of oak in their hats or caps. A mere twig of oak leaves was sufficient, but if an oak-apple was attached it was better, while those who wished to be altogether 'the cheese' wore leaves or apples on which a fragment of gold leaf was gummed. There was a considerable demand for gold leaf just before the day at the stationers' shops, and for boys whose 'tin' was scarce there was an inferior kind of foil provided called Dutch gold, while in the little hucksters' shops bits of oak duly gilt could be obtained 'for a consideration.'

Rude doggerel rhymes were repeated on occasions among the boys, and learned from one to another. Thus a boy would come suddenly behind another, and seizing him by the shoulders, proceeded to dig his knee into the posteriors of the other, at every line of the following :

I owed your mother
A pound of butter ;
I paid her once,
I paid her twice,
I paid her three times over ;

the last line accompanying a kick of double vehemence.

In games in which one lad was set in antagonism to the rest, or had to be 'he,' as it was termed, such as the game of Touch,

¹ Mr. Hardy says : 'It is still called "Sic-sac day" by the peasantry ; I have no notion what the words mean.'

the individual was determined by all standing in a circle, while one within repeated the following nonsense, touching a boy in succession at every word, and so going round and round the circle, when the one on whom the last word fell was 'he.' There used to be what might be called a *lectio varia* in the second line, as I indicate.

One-ry, oo-ry, ick-ry, an ;
 Bipsy, bopsy, { Solomon san ;
 { Little Sir Jan ;
 Queery, quaury,
 Virgin Mary,
 Nick, tick, tolonon tick,
 O, U, T, out ;
 Rotten, totten, dish-clout,
 Out jumps—He.

The word FINIS at the end of books was turned into the following poetic flight :

F for Finis,
 I for inis,
 N for nuckley-bone,
 I for Johnny Waterman
 S for Samuel Stone.

The next, I suspect, the boys learned from their little sisters, since the imagery is of a decidedly feminine cast :

My needle and thread
 Spells Nebuchadned ;
 My bodkin and scissors
 Spells Nebuchadnezzar ;
 One pair of stockings and two pair of shoes
 Spells Nebuchadnezzar the king of the Jews.

One boy meeting another would address him with these queries ; the other giving the replies :

' Doctor ! Doctor ! how's your wife ?'
 ' Very bad, upon my life.'
 ' Can she eat a bit of pie ?'
 ' Yes, she can, as well as I.'

Having gathered a tuft of the shepherd's purse (*Thlaspi bursa-pastoris*), so abundant by waysides, a boy would invite his unsuspecting fellow to pull off one of the triangular capsules. Then he would immediately cry :

Pick-pocket, penny nail ;
 Throw the rogue into gaol !

suiting the action to the word by catching him hold, and dragging him off.

Whenever a crow (or rook) was seen, it was considered a kind of sacred duty incumbent on us, to shout :

Crow ! crow ! get out o' my sight ;
Or else I'll have your liver and light !

And it was scrupulously inculcated, that how distant soever the bird might be, it would immediately obey ; and this in the face of a thousand experiences to the contrary.

In the gravel formations around Poole, perforated pebbles are not uncommon, and the occurrence of one of these was considered 'lucky ;' such a stone being denominated a 'lucky stone.' But in order to realise to the full the felicitous results of such a find, it was important to go through the following ceremony. The stone was picked up, spat upon, and then thrown backward over the head of the fortunate finder, who accompanied the action with the following rhyme :

Lucky stone ! lucky stone ! go over my head,
And bring me some good luck before I go to bed.

There are certain tricks that can be practised on the same person only once. Of this kind were two insidious *ruses*, always held in reserve for a fresh boy. One of the initiated would attack the new-comer with an invitation to play at a pretty game, saying,

'Now I'll begin. I one my mother.'

The other is to reply,

'I two my mother.'

And they run the cardinals in alternation till the unsuspecting urchin comes to,

'I eight my mother.'

Immediately the artful tempter shouts,

'Here's a wicked footer ! He says he hates his mother !'

Or the device would be varied thus : the dialogue would run down the alphabet, beginning—

'I'll go to A.'

'I'll go to B.'

till the stranger comes in due course to—

'I'll go to L.'

when, as before, a cry of affected surprise is raised—

'Lo ! what d'ye think ? he says he'll go to hell !'

In both cases the trifling difference of the absence of the aspirate being of no moment.

While I was at Sells's school I was troubled with large warts on my fingers. One of these under my thumb-nail, I saturated frequently with ink, as advised by a schoolfellow, and at length it came away bodily, leaving a cavity lined with healthy skin, which soon filled up, and left no trace of the wart. Another I *charmed* away. I was told to rub the wart with a bit of cheese, which was then to be buried secretly, and was assured that as the cheese decayed so would the wart. I followed the directions implicitly, and the wart did disappear, totally, within a few days, with no further process; but how much of the result was owing to the magic I will not dare to say. *Post* is not always *propter*.

It was soon after I joined Mr. Sells's school that I learned to whistle. I distinctly recollect the very spot where I was when I first succeeded. I had often before this, as I walked with W., shaped my mouth when he whistled in the street, in order that I might dishonestly share in the reputation of the coveted accomplishment; but one afternoon, as I was going to school alone, just as I came in front of the row in Perry Garden, beyond Globe Lane, I succeeded, to my delight, in whistling the tune to which

Jesus, lover of my soul!

was ordinarily sung at Meeting. With great delight and pride did I achieve this feat.

My recollections of my schoolfellows are naturally confined principally to those in whose conduct or appearance there was some marked peculiarity. As a rule the boys at Mr. Sells's were all on one level, but there were two little fellows, Charley and Tom D——, the grandsons of a wealthy lady, who were in a manner privileged, and therefore disliked by the rest of us. Charley was a self-conscious, priggish urchin, a very fussy little fellow. On entering the schoolroom in the morning, instead of the quiet bow, he would bustle in with 'Good morning, Mr. Sells!' He one day volunteered to blab on John Brown and me, but confounding our names in his excitement he shouted, 'John Gosse and Philip *Bra*own, sir, talking!'

At the window farthest from the master's desk sat Fred Fox, son of a dyer in New Street, a tall and silent lad, who used to come to school with his hands deeply empurpled with home-work at the dyeing vat, and who would hide his hands under the desk to avoid our observing them. A poor little starveling named George G——, stepson of Bob Randall, the cabinet-maker in Market Place, greatly excited our sympathy and compassion, for though he was a gentle, timid little fellow, we all knew that his

stepfather was addicted to the bottle, and that his mother cruelly beat and starved him.

There were three stout lads, the sturdy sons of a stalwart French emigrant, who lived at a pleasant cottage at the end of the Parade. They and their father were always dressed in hodden-grey. These boys were among our private friends. Not so the four brothers H——, William, Henry, Haviland, and Peter, the sons of a sort of rustic squire or gentleman-farmer, who owned an estate on the Wimborne road, just where it leaves the head of Holes' Bay. These lads were very boorish, Harry especially, whose forehead was 'villainously low.' One day when Haviland and Peter were standing side by side in class, the former found himself somewhat crowded, and turning sharply to his young brother said, 'What d'ye funch I for? Peter, sir, a-funchin'!' There was a lad named George Harris, whose father owned a stoneyard in High Street, in front of the Wesleyan Chapel. George was a big-built, heavy, hulking lad, rather dull in intellect, if not indeed half-witted. Yet had he managed to learn the Multiplication Table, which he repeated *suo more*. Every item he invariably introduced with the conjunction disjunctive:

'But 7 times 9 is 63;

'But 7 times 10 is 70;

'But 7 times 11 is 77;' with a strong emphasis on the 'But,' and a ducking of his head and a blinking of both eyes at each statement. Poor simple harmless George was rather a favourite amongst us boys. One day much later he and another youth took a small skiff and sailed to Studland Bay; a squall capsized it and they both were drowned.

Jerry, Charley, and Tom H—— were queer fishes. Each of these brothers had a gait of his own—three varieties of elegance. Jerry leaned forward as he walked, so that you expected to see him at every moment come down upon his face; Charley hung behind, so that he looked as though he were going to sit down at every step; while Tom cherished the graceful habit of striking the fellow-ankle with each foot as he lifted it, slavering his lips with his protruded tongue as he walked withal. The idea of correcting these peculiarities never occurred, I think, to Mr. Sells or to the lad's parents. A rather poor boy named Bill Jewell, whose parents kept a little huckster's shop in Towngate Street, just opposite the burial-ground gate, one day let fall his slate from his hand. Poor Bill looked towards Mr. Sells, and said in an apologetic tone, 'It tumbled down.' This gave Mr. Sells occasion

to explain the difference between 'tumble' and 'fall,' illustrating the use of each by examples. What the effect was on Bill Jewell I know not, but the little casual lecture sank deep into *my* brain, and was never obliterated. This was a sample of Sells's interesting manner of instruction.

I find I can recall as many as fifty of Sells's boys with more or less distinctness. I shall mention in particular but one more, an Irish boy named Dan Duggan, from Portsmouth. This lad was a square-set, active, broad-visaged chap, with a great fund of animal spirits, and that readiness of repartee and fondness for broad buffoonery which characterise Irish boys generally. He comes up before my memory most vividly, however, as the subject of a terrible thrashing which he suffered from Sells. He had several times got into trouble for his idleness and mischief and aversion to learning. For this he took it into his head to run away, he being a boarder. Mr. Sells missed him suddenly one day, and having some suspicion of his hopeful pupil, he went straight on board one of Manlaw's boats, then at the quay, on the very point of sailing for Portsmouth, where he found the truant coiled away among the sails in the hold. Dan was dragged back to school, when a solemn arraignment was made, judgment pronounced, and punishment executed forthwith, before us all. He was horsed on another boy's back, and received a wholesome caning, during which he squealed uproariously. The moment he was down, however, the very instant, as Sells had turned to walk back to his desk, my young gentleman, squatting on his heels, began his grimaces, moping and mowing, and lolling out his tongue at his master. Whether from some expression on the wondering boys' faces, or from some other cause, Sells suddenly turned round, caught the unrepentant urchin *flagrante delicto*, hoisted him a second time, put his head into a green satchel, and administered to the still tingling frame a caning which left no room for buffoonery this time. Then, bag still on head, Dan was thrust up a staircase which opened from the schoolroom, and of him we saw no more.

We told this story at our homes with a great deal of sympathy and compassion for Dan. We talked of it day after day; we narrated it to female relatives, and elicited from them expressions of pity. It was even proposed and discussed among us that we should write a placard—

WHO BEAT THE POOR BOY?

and, going by night to the Parade, should paste it on the shutters

of Sells's school, thinking to crush him with the verdict of public opinion. But whether this was felt to be too terrible an infliction, or whether we dared not to resort to it, it never went beyond discussion. It should be said that it was not the whipping, which was ordinary enough, but the muffling of the culprit with the green cap of execution that mainly moved our boyish indignation, though the young rogue richly deserved what he got; and even this, after what had occurred before, was no more than a just retribution. Pedagogue and pupil must have healed their breaches, for I heard of their meeting again many years later, and drinking a bottle of wine together.

Of the primitive Dorset dialect, such as I have since seen it written down in the poems of Mr. Barnes, I recollect many examples at Sells's. Among the oddities of pronunciation which prevailed among the less cultivated of the boys, there were two which doubtless were lingering remnants of the old Anglo-Saxon. The rural and more vulgar Poole boys used the word 'thik' for the pronoun 'this,' the 'th' being sounded hard in each case. The other word was 'ich' (with the *i* long as in 'ice'); this was heard mainly in the form 'ichy,' and always in a sort of simulated humbleness in begging, as when one lad, seeing another eating an apple or a cake, would hold out his hand, saying, 'Gi' ichy a bit!' 'What, none for poor ichy!' But when Abbotsbury people came to Poole they amused us with a further peculiarity, for among them 'ich' was the word commonly used for the personal pronoun 'I.' And we used to repeat, as traditionally recited in a rapid and laughably unintelligible way, the following reply of an Abbotsbury lad to the question, 'What had you for dinner?' 'Br'd and cheese ich had; what ich had ich ate; ich 'd ate more if ich 'd had 't.' This, rolled off the tongue with all possible haste and with every 'i' elided, made a most extraordinary utterance. The interesting point is the preservation of the Teutonic form 'Ich.'¹

Sells occasionally took his boys, though almost all of us were but day-scholars, for a long walk. On one occasion we went to Wimborne, six miles there and six miles back; but at Plainfield, on the way, we borrowed a donkey, which gave some relief as well

¹ Mr. Thomas Hardy writes to me: 'This and kindred words, e.g. "Ich woll," "er woll," "er war" (I will, he will, he was), &c., are still used by old people in north-west Dorset and Somerset. (Vide Grammer Oliver's conversation in *The Woodlanders*, which is an attempted reproduction.) I heard "Ich" only last Sunday, but it is dying rapidly. I know nobody now under seventy who speaks so, and those above it use the form only in their impulsive moments.' It does not appear to occur in Mr. Barnes's Vale of Blackmore dialect-poems.—E. G.

as aided the fun. The donkey had to carry six of us at a time; the hindermost one would enjoy rather a precarious seat, certainly; but this did not matter, and the mirth was uproarious. Another time he took us along the Wareham road, but possibly not to Wareham itself, which was ten miles off; yet we returned after dark, for I recollect that on the way home Mr. Sells surprised us by suddenly calling out, 'I see the American moon!' thus bringing home to us the fact that the orb which we saw was shining at that moment upon America also.

During the time I speak of, Sells's was certainly the principal day-school in Poole; but Mr. John Hosier, who kept a school of somewhat lower grade in Cinnamon Lane, enjoyed considerable local reputation for his teaching of writing, ciphering, and navigation. Hosier was an old man who had knocked about the world a good deal in a rough way; had been a sailor, had filled some maritime situation in the port of Bonavista in Newfoundland, and in many ways had acquired the sympathies of a marine population. He was a Wesleyan, and used to tell his boys how he had lain across a table all night on one occasion, weeping in agony on account of his sins. He was notwithstanding a cheery, well-meaning old fellow, fond of merriment, and easily induced in the middle of school-time to produce a repertory of stale jokes. His wife, a gaunt masculine woman, used to call in a piercing shout up the schoolroom stairs, 'Hosier!' 'What, my dear?' 'What's a clock?' 'A pretty round thing up a-top o' Market-house.' Hosier used to jest with his castigations. When he had applied the ferula, he used to say to the criminal, referring to his smarting hand, 'Put that in your pocket against Poole Fair!' and he would sometimes make his boys say, on pain of a second edition, 'Thank ye, sir, for the good you've done me!' As we used to pass Hosier's window coming from Sells's, we lingered to admire the specimens of penmanship which were exhibited in it; and particularly a sheet containing two winged babes, done in 'flourish,' with a sailor beneath, and the inscription, for the grammar of which Dibdin was scarcely responsible:

These are sweet little cherubs what sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

But in 1823 I was sent off to more serious schooling at Blandford, and both Sells and Hosier passed out of my experience.

P. H. GOSSE.

Lady Car: the Sequel of a Life.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

LADY CAROLINE BEAUFORT was supposed to be, as life goes, an unusually fortunate woman. It is true that things had not always gone well with her. In her youth she had been married almost by force—as near it as anything ever is in an age when parental tyranny is of course an anachronism—to a man unlike herself in every way—an uncultured, almost uncivilised, rich boor of the neighbourhood, the descendant of a navvy who had become a millionaire, and who inherited all the characteristics of his race along with their money, although he had never known anything of navvydom, but had been born a Scotch country gentleman with a great estate. It is to be supposed that her father and mother believed it to be for her real good when they placed poor Car, fainting with fright and horror, in the arms of a man whose manners made even them wince, though they were forced into no such constant contact with him, for they were far from being wicked parents or bad people in any way. There is nothing in the world so difficult to understand as the motives which lead fathers and mothers to such acts, not so common as they used to be, yet not so rare as they ought to be. They think, perhaps, that a little aversion at first tells for next to nothing in the long run, and that an affectionate, gentle creature, submissive to law and custom, will end by loving any man who belongs to her, or having at least some sort of sentiment which will answer for love; and that, on the other hand, no fantastic passion of youth is to be trusted to surmount all the risks of life in the lottery of marriage, which affords so many changed points of view; whereas wealth is a solid and unchangeable good which outlives every sentiment. These, I suppose, were the conclusions of Lord

and Lady Lindons when they married their daughter to Mr. Thomas Tonance—or, rather, these were the conclusions of the Earl, in which his wife concurred very doubtfully, and with much reluctance, rather failing in courage to support her child in any effort for liberty than helping to coerce her. If Lord Lindons was determined as to the value of wealth, Lady Lindons was one of those women who have come to the silent conclusion that nothing is of any great value, and that life has no prizes at all. What does it matter? she was in the habit of saying to herself. She did not believe in happiness—a little less comfort or a little more was scarcely worth struggling for; and no doubt, as Lord Lindons said, wealth was one of the few really solid and reliable things in the world, a thing with which many minor goods could be purchased—relief to the poor, which was always a subject of satisfaction, and other alleviations of life. Lady Car was sacrificed to these tenets. But Providence had been good to her: and while she was still young her husband had died. If he did not justify Lord Lindons' expectations in his life he did in his death. For he left everything in his wife's hands; not only had she the excellent jointure which her settlements secured her—a jointure without any mean and petty clause about marrying again—but everything was left in her hands—the control of the property during little Tom's minority, and almost every advantage which a queen-mother could have. Tom was a little fellow of six, so that a long period of supremacy was in Carry's hands, and the rough fellow whom she had almost hated, from whom her very soul had shrunk with a loathing indescribable, had done her the fullest justice. It is doubtful whether Lady Car was at all touched by these evidences of devotion on the part of a man who had bullied and oppressed her for years. But she was startled into violent and passionate compunction, extraordinary in so gentle a person, by the still wilder and more impassioned joy which swept over her soul when she heard of his sudden death. Poor Lady Car had not been able to resist that flood of exultation which took possession of her against her will. What did she want with his money? He was dead and she was free. It filled her with a guilty, boundless delight, and then with compunction beyond expression, as she tried to return from that wild joy and took herself to task.

And then, after a very short interval, she had married again; she had married what in the earlier years of the century people called the man of the heart—the lover of old days who

had been dropped, who had been ignored when Lord Lindons came to his title and the prospects of the family had changed. How much Lady Caroline knew or did not know of the developments through which Mr. Beaufort had passed in the meantime no one ever discovered. She found him much as he had been when her family had dropped him, only not so young. A man who had made no way, a man without reproach, yet without success, who had kept stationary all the time, and was still a man of promise when his contemporaries had attained all that they were likely to attain. Beaufort was poor, but Lady Car was now rich. There was not the least reason why they should not marry unless he had been fantastic and refused to do so on account of her superior wealth. But he had no such idiotic idea. So that Lady Car was considered by most people, especially those who had a turn for the sentimental, as a very lucky woman. There had been the Tonance episode when she had not been happy, and which had left her the mother of two children, destined, perhaps, some time or other, to give her trouble. But they were children amply provided for, and she had an excellent jointure and had been able to marry at thirty the man of her heart. She was a very lucky woman, more fortunate than most—far more fortunate than three parts of those women who make, compulsorily or otherwise, ill-assorted marriages to begin with. In very few cases indeed does the undesirable husband die, leaving his wife so much money as that, unburdened by any condition as to marrying again; and very seldom indeed does the woman so happily left pick up again in the nick of time her first love, and find him unchanged. It was quite a romantic story, and pleased people: for, however worldly minded we may be, we all like to hear of a fortunate chance like this, and that all is well that ends well, and that the hero and heroine live happy ever after, which was the conclusion in this case.

The first part of Lady Car's history has been written before: but probably the reader remembers nothing of it, and no one would blame him; for it is an old story, and a great many episodes of that human history which we call fiction have been presented to his attention since then. She was tall, of a pliant, willowy figure, soft grey eyes, and an abundance of very soft light-brown hair. Her complexion was pale but clear, and her nose a trifle, the merest trifle, longer than the majority of noses. This conduced greatly (though I don't deny that it was a defect) to the general impression made by Lady Caroline, who was what

is called aristocratic in appearance from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. It was the grand distinction, an air such as some of the humblest-minded and most simple of women often have of that ethereal superiority of race which we all believe in. As a matter of fact, her brother, Lord Rintoul, had a great deal less distinction in his appearance than many a poor clerk. But Lady Car might have been a princess in her own right, and so, to be sure, she was. Unfortunately, I am obliged to describe her to begin with, since it is impossible to bring her forward in her own person until I have told a little of her story. She was amazingly, passionately happy in her second marriage—at first. If she saw any drawbacks she closed her eyes to them, as passionately determined to admit nothing that went against her bliss—but perhaps she did not see anything. And, after all, there was not much to see. Mr. Beaufort was a gentleman. He was a man of great cultivation of mind, an excellent scholar, understanding every literary allusion that could be made, never at a loss for a happy phrase or quotation, quite an exceptional man in the way of culture and accomplishment. He was extremely good-looking, his manners were admirable, his character without reproach. Nothing seemed wanting in him that a woman could desire. And, notwithstanding the uncomfortable episode of her first marriage, and the two black-browed children, who had [not a feature of their mother's, he was Lady Car's only love, and, so far as anybody knows, or as was ever known, she was his. By how many devious ways a pair may be led who are destined to meet at last! He in various wanderings over the world; she, in the blank of her dreadful life, through all her martyrdoms, had all the time been tending to this. And now they were happy at last.

'No,' she said, 'Edward; don't let us settle down; I can't: a house would not contain me. I want the grand air, as the French say. I should be making horrible comparisons, I should be thinking'—she stopped with a shiver—'of the past. Let us go abroad. I have not been abroad since we were parted; it will look like taking up the story where it dropped.'

Beaufort gave a half-conscious glance towards the spot outside where the black-browed children were playing. He felt, perhaps, that it would not be so easy to take up the story where it had dropped; but he assented, with quiet gentleness soothing her. 'I am always fond of wandering. I have done little else all my life—and with you!'

'Yes, with you!' she repeated. She was accustomed to the

children, and did not think of the anachronism of their presence at the moment of taking up the story. 'You shall take me to all the new places where you have been alone, and we'll go to the old places where we were that summer together; we'll go everywhere and see everything, and then when all the novelty is exhausted we shall come back and make a home of our own. And then, Edward, you shall be left free for your work. How we used to talk of it *that* summer! You have not done much to it yet?'

'Nothing at all,' he said, with something like a blush.

'So much the better,' cried Lady Car. 'I should have been jealous had you done it without me—you could not do it without me. You shall not touch a pen while we are away, but observe everything, and investigate mankind in all aspects, and then we'll come home—and then, Edward, what care I shall take that you are not disturbed—how shall I watch and keep off every care! You shall have no trouble about anything, no noises or foolish interruption, no one to disturb you but me. And I will be no interruption.'

'Never, my love,' he said fervently; but this was the only thing to which he responded clearly. He had not, perhaps, the same intentions about that great work as once he had. He did not see it in the same light; but it gave him a certain pleasure to see her enthusiasm. It surprised him, indeed, that she could be capable of that enthusiasm just as if the story had never dropped. Women, sweet souls! are so strange. There had been nothing in his life so definite as the Tonance marriage and the black-browed children; but yet she was capable of taking up the dropped story just where it had been thrown aside. So far as love went he felt himself capable of that too, but then he had not dropped the love when the story was dropped. Whereas she— In all these records there was something to be got over with a faint uneasiness, to be ignored if possible. He could not return with the same unity of mind as she displayed to the half-forgotten things of the past. But he was sure that her presence would never be any interruption, and he was pleased to fall into her eager, delightful plans, and to think of wandering with her wherever two people can wander, and when the two people are man and wife that is virtually everywhere. He was very ready for that dream of life.

Besides, if there is anything out of the way in the conditions of a new beginning, it is always a good thing to go abroad.

Little anomalies which stand out from the surface of quiet life at home look so much less in the atmosphere of strange places and among the varieties of travel. The best way to forget that there has been once a great gap between two who are to be one, and a lifetime passed by each in surroundings so different, is to go far away and make new joint associations for each which will bridge over that severance. Neither of them gave this reason: she, perhaps, because she was unconscious of it; he, because he had no desire to state the case either to the world or to her—or even to himself. He was, in his way, with the many precautions which he had taken to keep disagreeable subjects at a distance, a genuine philosopher in the old-fashioned sense of the word.

Accordingly they went abroad, for something more than the longest honeymoon, the black-browed children accompanying them more or less, that is, they performed certain journeys in the wake of the pair, and were settled here and there, at suitable centres, with all the attendance of skilled nurses and governesses which wealth makes it so easy to procure, while Lady Car and her husband pursued their further way, never altogether out of reach. She never forgot she was a mother even in the first rapture of her new happiness. And he was very good to the children. At their early age most children are amusing, and Mr. Beaufort was eminently gentle and kind. His wife's eyes shone when she saw him enter into their little lives as if they had been his own. What a thing for them to have such a man from whom to derive their first ideas of what a man should be! What a thing! She stopped and shuddered when she realised her own meaning; and yet how true it was—that the instructor they might have had, the example, the warning, the man who was their father, had been taken away, to leave the room open for so much better a teacher, for a perfect example, for one who would be a real father to them! Poor children! Lady Car felt for them something of the conventional pity for the fatherless even in the midst of the swelling of her heart over this great gift that had come to them. Their father indeed!

The years of the honeymoon flew like so many days of happiness. They went almost everywhere where a sea voyage was not indispensable, for Lady Car was a very bad sailor. They avoided everything that could have been troublesome or embarrassing in the conversations, and were quite old married people, thoroughly used to each other, and to all their mutual diversities of feeling and ways of thinking, before they returned home. They were

both vaguely aware that the home-coming would be a trying moment, but not enough so to be afraid of it or resist the conviction that the time had come when it was no longer possible to put it off. It was before they returned home, however, in the first consultations over their future dwelling, that the first real divergence of opinion arose.

CHAPTER II.

'WE must think of where we are going to live,' Lady Car said; 'we have never discussed that question. The world is all before us where to choose—'

The boat lay faintly rocking upon the little wavelets from which the ruddy reflection of the sunset was just fading. The beautiful outline of the mountains on the Savoy side stood out blue and half-cold against the glowing west, the Dent du Midi had still a flush of rose colour upon its pinnacles, but had grown white and cold too in the breadth of its great bosom. Evening was coming on, and, though there was still little chill in the air, the sentiment of the September landscape was cold. That suspicion of coming winter which tells the birds so distinctly that it is time to be gone breathed a hint to-night into human faculties more obtuse. Carry threw her shawl round her with a little shiver which was quite fantastic and unnecessary. She did not really mean that it began to be cold, but only that something had made her think of a fireside.

He was seated in front of her with his oars resting idly in the rowlocks. It was a lovely night, and they were close to their temporary home, within a few minutes of the shore. 'Where we are going to live?' he said. 'Then you don't think of going to your own house.'

She started a little. He would never have found it out had they been on solid ground, but the boat responded to every movement. It was only from this that he knew he had startled her, for she recovered herself immediately, and said, 'Would you like that, Edward?' in a voice which she evidently meant to be as easy as usual, but from which consciousness was not altogether banished.

'Well,' he said, 'my love, it will be the time of year for Scotland, and I suppose there is plenty of game; but I neither like nor dislike Car. I have not thought about it. I suppose I had taken

it for granted that your own house would be the place to which you would go.'

'I never thought of it as my own home,' she said, in a low, hurried tone, which he could scarcely hear. 'Oh, no, no. I could not go there.'

'Well,' he said cheerfully, 'then of course we sha'n't go there. I don't care where we go; wherever you are, there is my home. I had not known one till I had you: it is for you to choose.'

She said nothing more for a time, but leant a little over the side of the boat, putting down her hand into the darkening ripples. 'After all, the lake is as warm as if it were summer still,' she said. It was she who had introduced the subject, but something had blown across her, a breath from the past, which had taken all the pleasure out of it. She shivered a little again, with a contradictoriness of which she was unaware. 'There must have been snow somewhere, I think, up among the hills.'

'It is you who are blowing hot and cold, Carry,' he said, smiling at her. 'I think myself it is a perfect evening. Look at the last steamer, passing along against the line of the hills, with its lights, and crammed with tourists from stem to stern. Shall we go in? There's time enough before it gets here, but I know you don't like the wash.'

'I don't like anything that agitates the water, or anything else, perhaps.'

'Not so bad as that; it is I who am most tolerant of the dead level. You like a little agitation, or commotion, or what shall I call it?'

'Do you think so, Edward? No, I love calm; I am most fond of peace, the quiet lake, and the still country, and everything that goes softly.'

'My love,' he said, 'you like what is best always, and the best has always movement in it. You never liked monotony. Let things go softly, yes, but let them go; whereas I can do very well without movement. I like to lie here and let the water sway us where it pleases; you want me to take the oars and move as we will.'

'Yes,' she said, with a soft laugh, 'perhaps I do. You see through me, but not altogether,' she added, with another hasty movement, betrayed once more by the boat.

'No, not altogether,' he said, with a look which, in the gathering dimness of the twilight, she did not perceive. Besides, his head was turned away, and his mind also. She hoped indeed

he did not, he would never divine the almost horror that had sprung up in her at the idea which he had taken so calmly, that of going back to what he called her own house. Her own house! it had never been hers. She thought that she would never go back then to a place full of the old life that was past, thank God! yet never could be quite past so long as her recollection so ached at the thought of it. It seemed to Lady Car that if she went back she might find that *he* was still there, and that everything that had been since was but a dream.

The night falls faster in these regions than in the lingering North. It was almost dark already, though so short a time since the sun set. The steamer came rustling along, more audible than visible, a bustling shadow against the opal gleam of the water and the cold blue of the hills, with its little bright lights like jewels, and swift progress, throbbing along through the heart of the twilight. Lights began to appear in the windows of the tall houses along the bank. The night was gradually stealing into the vacant place of the day. The steamer came on with a rush of purpose and certain destruction, and roused her from her thoughts to a little nervous tremor. 'I wish you would take the oars, Edward, as you say, and let us go in, please. I know it will do us no harm; but——'

'You are frightened all the same,' he said, leisurely settling to the oars.

'It is like a spirit of evil,' she cried.

He took the boat in, making haste to free her from that little nervous thrill of apprehension, though with a laugh. She was aware that she was fantastic in some things, and that he was aware of it. It was a little imperfection that did no harm. A woman is the better of having these little follies. He felt a fond superiority as he rowed her in with a few strokes, amused at her sense of danger. And it was not till some time later, after they had climbed a somewhat rugged path to their villa among the trees, and had looked into the room where little Janet lay fast asleep, and then had supped cheerfully at a table close to the broad window, that the subject was resumed. By this time all the noises were stilled, a full moon was rising slowly, preparing to march along the sky in full majesty in the midst of the silent tranquillity of the night; there was not a breath of air stirring, not a cloud upon the blue heavens, which were already almost as clear as day by the mere resplendence of her coming over the solid mountains, with their many peaks, which 'stepped along the deep.'

The steamer had rustled away to its resting-place, wherever that was. The tourists had found shelter in the hotels, which shone with their many lights along the edge of the lake. These big caravansaries were unseen from the villa, all that was noisy and common was out of sight; the lake all still, not a boat out, with a silver line of ripples making a straight but broken line across the large glimmer of its surface; the dark hills opposite, with a silver touch here and there, and the great open-eyed, abundant moon above looking down upon them, they and she the only things living in that wonderful space which was all beauty and calm. They sat looking out for some time without saying anything. Such a night is in itself a sort of ecstasy, especially to those who want nothing, and with whom, as with the whole apparent world stretched out before them, all is well.

‘And to think we shall have to leave all this presently and enter into the fret and care of settling down!’ he said, with a half-laugh. ‘I interrupted you, dear, to-night when you were talking of that. I suppose it was I that diverted your thoughts. Since it is not to be your Towers, where is it to be?’

‘Not my Towers,’ she said, with a little half-reproachful look at him and a sudden clasping together of her lightly interlaced fingers.

‘Well, let us say Tom’s Towers; but in present circumstances it is very much the same.’

Once more a little shiver ran over her, though there was no chill at all in the soft air that came in from the lake and the moonlight. But her voice was a little uncertain with it, as if her teeth had chattered. ‘Don’t talk of it,’ she said; ‘I want no Towers. I want not a *place* at all, or any quarters, but a house, a pretty house, just big enough for us and them, somewhere, wherever you would like, Edward.’

‘I shall like what you like,’ he said.

‘But that is not what I wish at all; I want you to tell me what will please *you*. You would like to be within reach of the great libraries, within reach of what is going on. No one can write what is to live without being within reach——’

He shook his head. ‘You are too partial in your estimate of what I am likely to do; so long as I am within reach of you—and thank God nothing can put me out of that!—I don’t know that I care for anything more.’

‘That is what I should say, Edward,’ she said, with some vehemence, ‘not you. Do you think I am such a silly woman as

to wish you to be entirely occupied with me? No, no; that is the woman's part.'

'Well,' he said, with his usual soft laugh, 'mine is the feminine rôle, you know, to a great extent. Fortunately, my disposition quite chimes in with it.'

'What do you mean by the feminine rôle?'

'My love, I don't mean anything. I mean that life was too many for me when you and I were parted. I was the divided half, don't you know, "of such a friendship as had mastered time." Being sundered from my mate, time mastered me: I took to floating, as you don't like to do, even on the lake.'

'Edward,' she cried, 'if anything could make it more dreadful to me to think of that time, it would be hearing you speak so.'

'Don't,' he said, 'there is no occasion; after all, neither time nor anything else masters one if it is not in one's nature. You think too well of me, Carry. Some people are made to float.'

'And what was I then?' she said. 'I was swept away. I could not resist the force against me. It was worse for me, oh! far worse, Edward, than for you. I was caught by the torrent: there was no floating in my case. Perhaps you will say I was made to be carried away.'

'My darling,' he said, 'that's all over and past. Don't let us think of what is done with. Here we are now, two people, not very old, quite able to enjoy all the good things of this life, and who have got them, thank Heaven! in a large share. What would you and I have attained with all the fighting possible, compared to the happiness of being together, having each other's constant company? And we have got that, with many pretty things besides,' he added, with his gentle laugh.

Lady Car felt the words like a flood pouring to her lips, but she was silent; how could she speak? Did it never occur to him how these pretty things were attained—how it was that he and she sat out here by this window looking out upon Lake Lemman and the moonlight in circumstances such as only rich people can secure, both of them to start with being so poor—how it was that they had been able to wander about together, a pair of lovers, for years, with all the accessories of happiness as well as the happiness itself? She clasped her slight fingers together till the pressure hurt; but she said nothing, having nothing—having far too much to say. Such thoughts had glanced across her mind before, faintly, for a moment. She could not have told why they had become so much more vivid now. It was, no doubt, because of the change

which was about to take place in their life, the giving up of the wandering, the settling down. Her thoughts carried her away altogether as she sat gazing out with vacant eyes at the lake and the moonlight, forgetting where she was and that she had an answer to make to the question addressed to her. At last her husband's gentle voice, so refined and soft, startled her back to the reality of the moment.

'You don't say anything, Carry. If I were of a jealous temper I might ask whether, perhaps, you were beginning to doubt? but I don't, I don't, my love; you need not defend yourself. We both know that is the best that life could give us, and it has come to us almost without an effort. Isn't it so? For my part, I've got all I want, and the rest of the circumstances are indifferent to me—where we live or what we do—you in my house and my home—and my occupation—and my content. I want no more.'

Could anything be said more sweet to a woman? According to all the conventionalities, no—according to many of the most natural feelings, no. What could be better than each other's constant society, to be together always, to share everything, to own no thought that was not within the charmed circle of their happiness? As he said these words slowly, with little pauses between, she took in all the sweetness of them, with a commentary in her mind that was not sweet, an impatience which scarcely could be controlled, a blank sensation as of impossibility which held back the impatience. Was there not something more to be said—something more?

Mr. Beaufort had lit his cigarette, which was so habitual to him, so completely the breath of his reflective leisure and gentleness and calm, that the most sensitive of women could not have objected to it; nothing so aggressive as a cigar ever touched his lips, as little as any lady could he tolerate a pipe. The little curl of blue smoke, the pungent but aromatic odour, the very attitude of the shapely hand holding it, were characteristic. The smoke curled softly upwards from his soft brown beard and moustache. He was a very handsome man, handsomer in his way than Carry, whose nose was a trifle too long and her mobile lips a trifle too thin. She was, indeed, a little too thin altogether, whereas he was perfect in the fullness of his manhood, just over forty, but as young and strong as, and enjoying his youth and strength more than, at twenty-five. She looked at him and was silent. Is not a man better than a woman at that age above all? Is not he more likely to have discovered the real secret of life? Was not he better able

to judge than Carry, a creature who had never been wise, who had been hurried, passive, through so many horrors, and dragged out of a tragedy of awful life, to be landed at last on this pleasant shore? Surely, seeing it must be so, her troubled mind made a wild circle from the point where they had parted until this, when they were one, and for a moment, in the dimness behind his chair, it seemed to Lady Car that she saw a spectre rise. She almost thought a shadowy face looked at her over Beaufort's head—a face black-browed, with big, light, fiery eyes, burning as she had often seen them burn—the same eyes that were closed in sleep in little Janet's crib—the same that sometimes gloomed out from her little boy's dark countenance. Her faithful recollection made his picture on the air while Beaufort took dainty puffs of his cigarette. He had no such ghost to daunt him, his memory was pure and calm, while hers was filled with that dreadful shadow, and with reason, for without that shadow this happiness could never have been. What a thought for a woman—what a thought! and to think that it should never once cross the imagination of the man who was enjoying all the other had lost—all and so much more, and that but for the other this happiness could never have been!

These thoughts came like a wave over Carry while she sat with her fingers clasped tight, arrested, dumb, incapable of any reply. What a blessed thing that even one's nearest and dearest cannot divine the quick thoughts that come and go, the visions that flash across us, while we sit by their side and reveal nothing! If Beaufort could have seen that black-browed spectre, and realised all that Tonance had brought for him, would he have maintained that attitude of thoughtful leisure, that calm of assured satisfaction and happiness? To be sure he did know; there was no secret in it; everybody knew. There was nothing wrong, no guilt, nothing to blush for. The shame was all fanciful, as was that sense of her husband's strange obtuseness and want of perception which had seized upon Carry, as if they had been horrible things, when they were quite innocent, natural things, which she ought to have most desired for him. It was curious, too, to think that between two people who loved each other so, who were so entirely in sympathy, one could be so unimpressed by the feelings of the other; that the air should be so full for her of ghosts, of passion, and misery past, of the strange, horrible thought that it was by those passions and miseries that she had purchased both for him and herself this calm, and yet that he should divine nothing, but think it only a

light question of locality, of where to settle down, of a desirable neighbourhood! Apparently the lightness of the decision they had to make, its entirely unimportant character, struck him as he lay back in his chair with his face towards the lake and the moonlight, and the faint blue curl of fragrant smoke rising in the air. 'I'll tell you what we'll do,' he said suddenly, with a laugh, 'to facilitate this tremendous decision. We'll take a succession of houses in different places, and find out by experiment which we like best.'

She brought herself back to the triviality of the discussion with a gasp, as if she had fallen, and with a great effort to dismiss those other thoughts. 'But that would be no better than travelling,' she said, 'of which I am a little tired. I want a home of my own, a house which belongs to no one else,' she added, with a slight shiver, 'but you and me, Edward, no ghosts of other people in it.'

'Do you call their little pictures ghosts?' he said, looking round at the dim walls, which were hung with portraits of the Swiss family to whom the villa belonged; 'not lovely ones certainly, but quite innocent. Then, Carry my love, do just as you please. I shall come with you, like Tom and Janet, to see the new place. If you choose one that's very ugly and out of the way, we will all protest. But, so far as I am concerned, it can't be ugly while you are there,' he said, putting his hands upon hers with a tender pressure. Then added, with a look of solicitude, putting away the cigarette, 'Why, you are in a fever, Carry. Your poor little hands are like fire. I hope you haven't taken cold on the lake.'

'I never take cold,' she said, smiling. 'I suppose it is mere silliness, thinking that this time is over, and that we are going back to the world.'

'If that vexes you, my darling, don't let us go back to the world.'

'Edward, you make me wild, you are so indifferent! You speak as if nothing mattered, as if we could go on and just please ourselves and think of nothing else for ever.'

'Well, my love, I tell you nothing matters to me except yourself, and I don't think the world would mind much. But don't be vexed, Carry. I know the boy must go to school and all the rest of it. We'll do our duty like men—I mean like women, which is far more thorough. And, for my part, I'm not a bit afraid of the world. Even London I can face quite tranquilly with you by my side, especially as at this time of the year there's nobody there.'

‘Oh, Edward!’ she said, with a tender exasperation; ‘it is very soothing to be everything in the world to the man you love; and yet—’

CHAPTER III.

THEY all came home, as people say—though it was no home to which they were coming, and they had been very much at home in their Swiss villa, notwithstanding the portraits of the Swiss owners of the place on all the walls. It is very delightful after a long absence to come home when that familiar place is open and waiting for you, and the children run about the rooms in a tumult of joy, recognising everything, and you settle into your old chair, in your old corner, as if you had never been away. It is quite a different thing when a family comes home to settle down. Looking for a house is apt to be a weary operation, and a small house in London in autumn, in the meantime, is not very gay. But, on the other hand, in October London is not the dismal place it often appears to the stranger: there are still days of bright and sunny weather; the brown grass in the parks has begun to recover itself a little, the trees grow red and yellow, and lend a little light of their own to supplement the skies. Though St. James's Park is rarely more than in monotone, like a drawing in sepia, the wider breadths between the Marble Arch and Hyde Park Corner are brighter, and there is a little stir in the air of people coming back. It was rather a depressed and downcast family party that arrived after a brief but rough crossing of the Channel and all the wear and tear of the journey—Lady Car very pale, with lines on her forehead that showed all the freshly awakened anxiety with which the sight of her native country, involving, as it did, the renewing of many responsibilities and of life in its commonplace aspect after a long holiday, had filled her; little Janet, very fretful and tired, almost paler than her mother, with her black brow and black hair, and big blue lips accentuating the whiteness of her face; Tom, distracted with the confinement and the impossibility of any play or commotion beyond that which could be carried on within the limited space of a railway carriage, exasperated and exasperating; and an attendant group of tired maids, rendered half frantic by his pranks and the impossibility of keeping him in order. Mr. Beaufort had an immense superiority amid this group. He had not turned a hair, the rough crossing

had no effect upon him. He was very kind to little Janet, who had succumbed, and was quietly miserable, lying on a bench, and he took the tenderest care of his wife, who never at the worst moment lost her air of distinction or was humbled to a common level even by the waves of the Channel. His tall figure, in a long ulster, with his fine brown beard blowing a little in the wind, his cigarette always giving forth a curl of dainty smoke, was a comfort to see, even at a distance, facing the breeze at the other end of the ship. Tom, who would not be kept down, clung to his stepfather, whom on other occasions he showed no great love for, trotting after him, standing in his shelter, with little legs set well apart, and now and then a clutch at the ulster to steady himself, characteristically selecting the most sturdy member of the party to hold by. When the party tumbled into the hotel in the winterly evening, half dazed with fatigue, Beaufort was still the master of the situation. He was quite fresh and self-possessed. Coming back to England, which oppressed Lady Car with so many thoughts, did not affect him any more than crossing to Paris, or to Vienna, or to any other capital. The fact of beginning a new chapter of existence did not affect him. He felt it, indeed, to be no new chapter of existence, only a continuance of the former. He was pleased enough to arrive, not sorry to end the wandering, glad enough to settle down. It meant rather rest to him than any excitement of a new beginning. He was half amused at and altogether indulgent and tolerant of Carry's fancy about not going to her own house. It was, perhaps, a little absurd, for Scotland, of course, was the right place to go to at this time of the year; and to look for a new house in a new place, when a house that belongs to you, in the most eligible position, is standing vacant, was, no doubt, a strange caprice. But if that was how she felt, far should it be from him to cross her. He was not a great sportsman. A day or two's shooting, even a week or two, perhaps, could not harm any man, but he did not very much care if he never touched a gun. Still it was so obvious that it was the natural place to go to. He smiled to himself as he walked to the club after dinner, taking himself off that she might get to bed, to the rest she wanted so much, at this caprice of hers. Dear Carry, if it had been a much greater matter, so far as he was concerned, she should have her way; but he allowed to himself, with a smile, that it was a little silly. When you have been married for a time you are able to allow this without any derogation to your divinity. He admired and loved

her as much as a man could do, but it was a pleasure to feel that a little indulgence had to be exercised, to mingle now and then with his chivalrous reverence and love. He would do nothing to cross her. She should get her house where she pleased, furnish it—with some aid from his own taste—how she pleased, and be happy as she would. He smiled as he walked along the familiar streets: it was a pleasure to be in London again. It was a pleasure to be so well off, he who had often been poorly enough off, doubtful sometimes whether he could afford to order his dinner at the club. All that was over now, and he had no objection to owe it to his wife. What did it matter which of them had the money? Had he possessed it, how gladly would he have spent it upon Carry, to give her everything that heart could desire! This is, when one comes to think of it, the real generosity, the most noble way of taking such a matter. To think that it was not Carry's money, but the money of Tonance, that made everything so comfortable for them, happily did not dwell in his mind as it did in hers. He did not even think of it—it was so of course, and of course she had purchased this competence which she shared with her second husband by being an excellent wife to the previous husband, and winning his trust and confidence. Mr. Beaufort luckily did not feel that there was any reason for dwelling upon that side of the question.

Next morning the whole party was revived and cheerful. The children, when they burst into the room, after a long enforced waiting in the temporary nursery which looked to the back, and from which they saw nothing but chimneys and the backs of other houses, rushed to the large window of the room in which Lady Car was breakfasting, with a scream of pleasure. To look out upon the busy road full of carriages and people, and the trees and space of Hyde Park beyond, delighted them. Little Tom stood smacking the whip which was his perpetual accompaniment, and making ejaculations. 'Oh, I say! What lots and lots of people! There's a pony! but he can't ride a bit, that fellow on it. Where's he going to ride? What's inside those gates? is it a palace or is it a park, or what is it? I say, Beau!—what a liar he is, Jan! he said there was nobody in London—and there's millions!'

'Tom,' said Lady Car; 'if you say such things you will be sent away.'

'Let him talk,' said Beaufort; 'he is quite right from his point

of view. You must remember, Tom, that, though you're a clever fellow, you don't know everything; and there may be millions of people in London though there's nobody.'

They both turned upon him incredulous faces, with that cynicism of childhood which is as remarkable as its trust, overawed by a sense of his superior knowledge, yet quite unconvinced of his good faith. Their faces were very like each other—rather large and without colour, their eyebrows shaggy and projecting, their large round eyes à *fleur de tête*. Janet's little red mouth, which was her pretty feature, was open with suspicion and wonder. Tom's bore an expression of half-assumed scorn. He was a little afraid of 'Beau,' and had an alarmed belief in him, at the bottom of much doubt of his meaning and resistance generally.

'You seem to have a great budget of correspondence this morning, Car.'

'From the house-agents; there seem to be houses to be had everywhere. Instead of any difficulty in finding one, we shall only be troubled where to choose. What do you say to Richmond? the river is so lovely, and the park so delightful for the children, and——'

'If Tom is going to school, as I suppose he is, there will only be one child to consider, and little Jan is not *difficile*.'

'Am I going to school, mother?' Tom faced round again suddenly from the window and stood against the light with his legs apart, a very square, solid little form to reckon with.

'You must, my dear boy; your education has been kept back so long. To be sure, he knows French,' said Carry, with a wistful look at her husband, seeking approval, 'which so few boys of his age do.' Mr. Beaufort had considered that it would be advantageous for Tom to be at school before now.

'I don't mind,' said the boy. 'I like it. I want to go. I hated all those French fellows—but they're different here.'

'The first thing they will ask you at Eton is whether you will take a licking,' said Beaufort; 'that was how it was in my day.'

'I won't,' cried Tom; 'not if it was the biggest fellow in the school. Did you, Beau?'

'I can't remember, it's so long ago,' said the stepfather. 'No, not Richmond, if you please, Car; it's pretty, but it's cockney. Sunday excursions spoil all the places about London.'

'Windsor? One would still have the river within reach, and rides in the forest without end.'

'Windsor still less, Carry my love. It's a show place. Royal

persons always coming and going, and crowds to stare at them. If you love me, no.'

'That's a large argument, Edward. We should not live in the town, of course, and to see the Queen driving about would always be a little excitement.'

'Does she drive in a big umbrella like the gentlemen upon the omnibus?' said Janet, whose eyes had been caught by that wonder. Tom had seen it too, and was full of curiosity, but kept his eye upon Beaufort to see whether he would laugh at the question.

'Much grander, with gold fringe and a little royal standard flying from the top,' said Beaufort gravely. 'You know the Doge at Venice always had an umbrella, and other great princes.'

Tom stared very steadily, with his big, round eyes, to watch for the suspicion of a smile, but, seeing none, ventured, with a little suppressed doubt and defiance of the possibly 'humbugging' answer, 'Who are the men on the omnibuses? They can't all be princes; they're just like *cochers*,' cried Tom.

'Don't you trust to appearances, my boy. Did you never hear that the greatest swells drove mail coaches? Not Windsor, Car, not Windsor.'

'Surrey, Edward? Guildford, Haslemere, Dorking—some-where in that direction?'

'At Dorking we should be in the way of the battle, Tom.'

'I should like that,' cried the boy; 'and I suppose *you* can fire a gun, Beau,' he added, after a moment's hesitation, scrutinising his stepfather closely, glad to have the chance of one insult, but something afraid of the response.

'Tom!' cried his mother, in a warning tone.

'More or less,' said Beaufort languidly; 'enough to hit a Dutchman if there was one before me—you know they're very broad. At Guildford people are buried on the top of a hill for the sake of the view. Yes, I think Surrey would do.'

'Am I to go to Eton straight off, mother—is that in Surrey? I want to go a good long way off. I don't want to be near home. You would be coming to see me, and Jan, and kiss me, and call me "Tom," and make the other fellows laugh.'

'What should you be called but Tom?' said Lady Car, with a smile.

'Tonance!' cried the child with pride, as who should say Plantagenet. She had been looking at him, smiling, but at this utterance of the boy Lady Car started and turned burning red, then

coldly pale. Why should she? Nothing could be more fantastic, more absurd, than the feeling. She had done no harm in making a second marriage, in which she had found happiness, after the first one, which had brought nothing but misery. She had offended against no law, written or unwritten. She had wiped out Tonance and his memory, and all belonging to him (except his money), for years. Why should the name which she had once borne, which was undeniably her son's name, affect her so deeply now? The smile became fixed about the corner of her mouth, but the boy, of course, understood nothing of what was passing in his mother's mind, though he stared at her a little as if he did, increasing her confusion. 'The fellows never call a fellow by his christened name,' said Tom, great in the superiority of what he had learned from various schoolboys on their travels. These were things, he was aware, which of course women didn't know.

'You'd better come and have a stroll with me, Master Tom,' said Beaufort. 'I'll show you Piccadilly, which is always something; as for the park, you wouldn't care for it: there are no riders in the Row now. You see, as I told you, there's nobody in London. Come, get your hat, quickly.'

'Me too,' said little Janet, with a pout of her small mouth.

'Not any ladies to-day, only two fellows, as Tom says, taking a stroll together.'

'In a moment, Beau!' cried Tom, delighted, rushing to get his hat. 'I told you, Jan, old Beau's a gentleman—sometimes,' the boy added, as his sister ran after him to see what arrangements of her own she could make to the same end.

'You are very good to them, Edward—oh! very good. How can I ever thank you?' said Lady Car, with tears in her eyes. Her nerves had been a little shaken by that shock, and by the vain perception that stole over her of two parties in the family, two that would become more distinctly two by the progress of years, unlike in nature and constitution, and even in name. It is not necessary to insist upon the family name of children travelling with their mother. No one had been much the wiser during these years of wandering. But Tom's 'Tonance!' was a revelation, and opened before her possibilities unknown.

'Good, am I? That's all right, that's something to the credit side, but I was not aware of it,' said Beaufort, in his easy way; 'all the same,' he added, laughing, 'Master Tom will want looking after if we are to make anything of him. He will want a tight hand, which, I fear, does not belong either to you or me.'

It cost Lady Car a pang to hear even this mild expression of opinion about her boy. A mother says many things, and feels many things, about her children which no one else may say before her. She looked at him wistfully, with a faint smile, which was full of pain. 'He is only a child,' she said, apologetically, 'and then he will get that at school.' She could not contradict him, and she could not argue with him. Poor little Tom! he was her own, though he might not be all she wished him to be—he plea rose to her lips unconsciously that he was fatherless, that he had drawbacks to contend against, poor child. What a plea to form even unconsciously in her mind! She looked at her husband with such a troubled and wistful appeal that his heart smote him. He laid his hand upon her head caressingly, and stooped to kiss her.

'To be sure,' he said; 'the boy will be all right, Car. He has plenty of spirit, and that is the best thing, after all. Ready, Tom? Come along, then. I'm ready too.'

Lady Car followed him with her wistful eyes. They were not full of admiring delight, as when a mother watches her children going out with their father, proud of both him and them, and of their love for each other. What it must be to have a life without complications, full of unity, in which a woman can feel like that! Carry longed to whisper in her child's ear, to bid him, oh! to be good, to mind what Beau said to him, to behave like a gentleman to one who was so kind—so kind! But she had to let him go without that warning, fearing that he would be disrespectful, and come back in disgrace, though Edward was so gentle with him, and never complained, except to say that he would want a tight hand. How well she knew that he wanted a tight hand! and how certain she was that it was not from her he would get that needful restraint! And from whom, then? At school, from some master who would know nothing about him, nor give him credit for the complications in his lot, his having no father. Perhaps, she said to herself in her troubled thoughts, it is better for a boy to have any kind of a father than no father at all. His father would have flogged him, had no mercy upon him, taught him to swear and swagger, and ride wild horses, and run wild about the country. Would that have been better? She stopped, with a shudder, unable to pursue the question. Better—oh heavens! But for her what would it have been? She turned to meet little Janet's large eyes fixed upon her, and started with alarm and a kind of horror. It seemed to her that the child must have read her thoughts.

'Are you cold, mozer?' Janet said. Though she was eight, she

had still difficulties with the 'th,' difficulties perhaps rather of a foreigner than a child.

'No, dear,' said Lady Car, again shuddering, but smiling upon the little girl. 'It is not at all cold.'

'Mozer, take me out with you, since Tom has gone with Beau. I don't want to go out with nurse. I want to be wiz you.'

'Dear,' said Carry, wooing her little daughter for a favourable reply with soft caresses, 'isn't Beau kind to Tom? Don't you love Beau?'

The child searched her face, as children do, in an unconscious but penetrating search for motives unknown. Janet saw that her mother was wistful and unassured, though she did not probably know how to name these motives. 'I do well enough,' she said. 'I don't think of him. Mozer, take me out with you.'

And this was all that could be got out of Janet. The black brow and the dark hair made her look so much more resolute and determined than usual that poor Carry was almost afraid of her little girl, and believed that she hid beneath that careless answer thoughts and feelings which were quite determined and well-assured.

CHAPTER IV.

THE house was found after a great many not unpleasurable researches—little expeditions, now and then, which Lady Caroline and her husband took together, with reminiscences of their first honeymoon travels, which had been so sweet. She forgot, as a woman is so ready to do, all the little deceptions and disappointments of the intervening years, and when they found at last the very thing they wanted the elation and exhilaration of a new beginning entered fully into Carry's mind. If Edward had shown himself too contented with his life, too little ambitious, too indifferent to any stimulant, there was something in the fact of being unsettled, of having no certain motive of his life, of moving about constantly from one place to another, which would very well account for that. But when he was no longer subject to interruption, when his time and his thoughts were free, who could doubt that a new spring of energy would burst forth? In the old days, when they had first met, he had been full of projects. Was not that one of the charms that had caught her girlish heart? He had so fully meant to make himself a great influence

in the world, to help to sway the course of events, to make the world a better place. They had talked of that before even they talked of love—and her enthusiasm had been roused and fired by his. He had told her—how well she remembered!—that it was a mistake of dull minds to think that it was hard to obtain an influence upon one's fellow-men. On the contrary, if you are but in earnest—in such earnest that none could mistake your sincerity and true feeling—then the response, especially of the young, especially of the working people, whom it was of so much importance to influence for good, was most ready, almost immediate. So he said, discoursing for hours as they wandered about the Swiss valley in which they had met, Carry Lindons all in a flame of enthusiastic listening, responding with her whole heart. What a beautiful lot it had seemed to her to share this work and this life of this new crusader, this chief of men! She was not Lady Caroline then, but a poor little girl in a faded frock, her father far out of the succession, and no grandeur of rank or anything else surrounding the wandering family. Carry's imagination went back to that moment with a leap, ignoring, oh so thankfully! all that had gone between. She had hardly done much with her unfaithfulness to congeal her Edward's enthusiasm, to turn him from his hopefulness to misanthropy and pessimism. He had fallen into apathy because he had been forsaken and unhappy. But now everything was to begin anew—a settled home on English ground, a position of his own in which his leisure and his peace should be undisturbed and his mind free to throw itself into the old studies. Who could doubt that with all this his energy and his enthusiasm would come back to him again?

The house was near one of the charming little towns of Surrey. It was on the slope of a hill, a house partly antique for beauty, and with a new part built on behind, happily out of sight, for comfort. A wide landscape of breezy undulations stretched before the windows; the town, upon another low hill, all its red roofs picturesquely outlined among the trees, stood out a charming object in the view, not near enough to add any association of noise or gossip. The very railway ran in a cutting, invisible, though near enough to be exceedingly convenient, nothing but a puff of steam showing now and then over the trees. The landscape embraced, as it were, two worlds—heather and fir trees on one side, luxuriant English cornfields, woods, and villages on the other. The altitude of their hillside was not great, but as there was nothing greater about it, it might have been Mont Blanc for

the feeling of wide atmosphere and sky ; yet they were within a mile or two of the little country town, and within an hour and a half of London ! What could be more delightful, combining every advantage ? Carry had all the delight of a bride in furnishing her house—nay, of a bridegroom too, for one of her chief cares was to fit up a study for Beaufort, in which every taste should be satisfied. Though she was by nature so gentle and yielding a woman, she it was who was the purveyor of everything, who had the purse in her hands. The only thing upon which Beaufort had made a stand at the time of his marriage was this—that the money which was hers should remain with her, that he should have nothing to do with its expenditure. He had his own little income, which was very small, yet sufficed for his personal wants. He lived a fairy life, without any necessity for money, his house kept for him, his living all arranged, everything that he wanted or could desire coming without a thought ; but he preserved his feeling of independence by having nothing to do with the expenditure. Thus Carry combined everything in her own person, the bride and the bridegroom—even something of the mother. Her drawing-room was fitted up according to all the new lights. She had weaknesses towards the æsthetic, and something of the delicacy of those heroines of Mr. Du Maurier whose *bibelots* are their religion, and who cannot be happy in a room which has curtains not of the right tint. But even the anxiety to secure everything right in the drawing-room was secondary to her anxiety about the library, which was to be Beaufort's room, the future centre of all his occupations. He had himself a number of books laid up in various stores, and they had bought a number more in their wanderings—fine old examples in delicate old vellum-like ivory and luxurious editions. Carry was occupied for weeks in arranging them, in procuring the right kind of bookcases, and hanging and decorating the room in just the subdued beauty which is appropriate for a place of study. There was one great window commanding the finest view, there was another looking into a sunny nook of the garden. The writing table stood within reach of the fire, and near that sunny window, so that it might always command both warmth and light. The chairs were few, but luxurious to sit in, and moving at a touch, without noise, upon the deep, mossy softness of the carpet. The bookcases were inlaid and exquisite with lines of delicate sculpture and gilding between the shelves, out of which the mellow gold of the old bindings and the sober background of Russia leather and the tempered

ivory of the vellum showed like a picture. He had not even seen it till it was completed. No lover ever spent upon his lady's boudoir more tender care and delicate fancy than Carry lavished upon her husband's study. When they went down finally to take possession of Easton Manor there were various things incomplete in the rest of the house, but this was perfect. She took him by the arm and led him to the door. 'This is my present to you, Edward,' she said, a little breathless with happiness and anxiety to know if it would please him. At this period when furniture is supposed to make so great a part of our comfort, the moment was intense—would it please him, after all?

It did please him, or, at least, he graciously declared it did, with an enthusiasm perhaps a little strained, but Carry, who was half crying with joy and pleasure, never found this out, if, indeed, there was anything to find out. She ran about the room, pointing out everything—all the details of the arrangements, the drawers for papers, the portfolios for prints, the shelves that could be filled at pleasure, the space that still was vacant to be filled up. Everything that heart could desire was in this dilettante shrine. There was a little picture on the mantelpiece, an original, a lovely little Fra Angelico, in the daintiest of carved shrines, which good luck had thrown in their way in Italy—a gem for an emperor's closet. He gave a little cry when he saw this. 'Carry, your own picture—the one you love best!'

'I shall love it better here than anywhere else,' said Carry, falling a-weeping and a-laughing with a joy that was not hysterical, but only driven to the bounds of all things to find expression. She was so happy! She had never in all her life been so happy before. In her own house, her own home, all hers and his, the sanctuary of their joint life to come. When a woman comes to this climax of happiness, she generally does so more thoroughly with her *arrière-pensée* than a man. Only one thing could have made Carry's bliss more exquisite—if he had done it for her—and yet, on the whole, I am not sure that to have done it for him was not a higher pleasure still. Little Janet had held by her mother's dress coming into the new, strange house, and thus had been swept into this rapture without intention, and stood gazing at it with great eyes, half wondering, half critical. What there was to cry about Janet did not know. She was a spectator, though she was only a child, and broke the spell. Lady Car felt more than Beaufort did what the interruption was. And thus the edge was a little taken off her delight. But in the evening, when Janet

was happily in bed, she led her husband back to his beautiful room. He would rather, perhaps, as a matter of fact, have remained in the uncompleted drawing-room with her. A thing which is incomplete has a charm of its own. He was suggesting various things which were needed to fill up, and enjoying the occupation. He had even made a few rough sketches, rough, yet full of 'feeling,' showing with only a line or two how many improvements could still be made. She was delighted by the suggestions, but a little impatient, longing to make sure that he had seen all the many luxuries provided for himself. She took his arm when he had shown her where he would place the little fantastic Venetian *étagère*. 'Yes, Edward; but I don't want to stay here any longer: I want to spend the first evening in the library, in your own room.'

'In the library,' he said, with a slight vexation; then recovering himself he followed her impulse with the best grace in the world. Poor Carry! it would ill become him not to humour her. 'But is there a lamp there?' he said. She laughed for pleasure at the question. A lamp! There was the most beautiful arrangement of lights which the art of that period had yet devised. The reign of the electric light had not begun, but candles with every kind of silvery shading that had been then invented were round the walls, and the light was so soft, so equable, so diffused, that no electric lighting could have been more perfect. 'You who are so fond of light, how could you think I would forget that?' she said.

'You never forget anything: you are my good angel,' he said, holding her in his arms: the perfect tenderness and the perfect taste went to his heart. 'You are too good to me—and all this is far too good for a useless fellow who never did anything.'

'It is the circumstances that are to blame for that,' she said, vaguely. 'You have never had the leisure and the ease that is necessary for great work.'

He laughed a little, and perhaps coloured too, could she have seen it in the flattering soft glow of the shaded light. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'that a man who is overcome by circumstances is rather a poor sort of creature; but we won't enter into that.'

'No, indeed,' she said; 'there is no such question before the house, Edward. Now sit down in your own chair and let us talk. How many talks we are to have here! This is the place where we shall discuss everything, and you will tell me how your thoughts are taking shape, and read me a page here and there, and here I'll bring my little troubles to be calmed down, but never to interrupt anything, you may trust me for that.'

'My love,' he cried, 'I trust you for everything; but, Carry, I am sadly afraid you are preparing disappointment for yourself. I am by no means sure that I could write anything were I to try; and as for plans——'

'Don't say that, Edward. Don't you remember how we used to talk in the dark old Kander Thal long ago? You had planned it out all so clearly. I think *I* could write down the plan, and even the names of the chapters, if you have forgotten. But I am sure you have not forgotten. It has only been suspended for want of time—for want of the books you needed—for want—oh! if I might flatter myself so far?—for want, perhaps, of me; but that's the vainest thing to say.'

'It is the only truth in the whole matter,' he said—'for want of you! I think I must have invented that plan on the spot to please you.'

'Hush, hush!' said Carry, putting up her hand to his mouth. 'Don't blaspheme. You were full of it, it was a new world to me. First to think that I *knew* a man with such great things in his mind, then that he would talk to me about it, then that my enthusiasm helped him on a little, that he looked to me for sympathy. Edward,' she said, with a little nervous laugh, changing colour, and casting down her eyes, 'I wrote some little verses about it in the old days, but never finished them, and this morning I found them, and scribbled a little more.'

'My love, my love!' he cried, in a troubled tone, in which love, shame, compunction, and even a far-off trembling of ridicule had place. What could he say to this? The romance, the sentiment, the good faith, the enthusiasm, altogether overwhelmed him. He could have laughed, he could have wept, he did not know what to say. How he despised himself for being so much below her expectations, for being, as he said himself, such a poor creature! He changed colour, her moist eyes, her little verses filled him with shame and penitence, yet a rueful amusement too. The verses were very pretty: he did not despise them, it was only himself whom he despised.

'My darling, that's so long ago! I was a fool, puffed up by your enthusiasm and by seeing that you believed in me. A young man, don't you know, is always something of an actor when he begins to see that a girl has faith in him. It is—how long, Carry?—fifteen years ago?'

'And what of that?' she said. 'If I could pick up my little thread, as I tell you, how much more easily could you pick up your

great one? This was why I wanted to be within reach of London, within reach of the great libraries. It is quite easy to run up for the day to refer to anything you want—indeed, I might do it for you if you were very busy. And I can see that you have no interruptions, Edward. We must settle our hours and everything from that point of view.'

He felt himself at liberty to laugh as she came down to this more familiar ground. 'I fear,' he said, 'all my plans were in the air—they never came to execution of any kind. I don't know even, as I told you, whether I can write *at all*.'

'Edward!' she cried, in an indignant tone.

'Well, my love'—the flattery went to his heart, notwithstanding all he knew against it—'that is the easiest of the matter to be sure; but everybody can write nowadays, and why should the world listen to me more than another? Besides, my favourite questions of social economy, as against political, have all been *exploités* by other hands since then.'

'Not by other hands so capable as yours.'

'Oh, Carry!' he cried, with a laugh in which there was pleasure as well as a little ridicule; 'I fear you have a quite unwarrantable confidence in me; I am only——'

'Hush!' she said, again putting up her hand to his mouth; 'I don't want to hear your opinion of yourself. I am a better judge than you are on that point. Besides, let us hear who have written on that question?' She sat quite upright in her chair. 'Bring them forward, and let them be judged,' she said.

'I cannot bring forth a whole school of writers before your tribunal, my lady. Well,' he said, laughing, 'there's Ruskin for one—who has said all I once wanted to say, in an incomparable way, and gone a great deal further than I could go.'

'Ah!' she cried; 'that is just the whole matter. Mr. Ruskin is incomparable, as you say, but he goes a great deal too far. He is a poet. People adore him, but don't put serious faith in him. Mr. Ruskin has nothing to do with it, Edward: he could not forestall *you*.'

'No, no more than the sun could forestall a farthing candle. Carry, my dear, don't make me blush for myself. Come,' he added, 'let me see the little verses—for the moment that is more to the point. Perhaps when you have showed me how you have picked up your threads I may see how to pick up mine.'

'Should you really like to see them, Edward? They are

nothing: they are very little verses indeed. I have left them in my writing-book.'

'Get them, then,' he said, opening the door for her, with a smile. Poor Lady Car! She raised a happy face to him as she passed, with eyes glistening, still a little moist, very bright, full of sweetness and gentle agitation. The soft sound of her dress, sweeping after her, the graceful movement, the gracious turn of the head, were all so many exquisite additional details to the exquisite room, so perfect in every point, in which she had housed him. But Beaufort's face was full of uneasiness and perplexity. He had floated so far away from those innocent days in the Kander Thal. He had ceased to believe in the panaceas that had seemed all-powerful to him then. The wrongs of political economy and the rights of the helpless had ceased to occupy his mind. He had become one of the helpless himself, and yet had drifted, and been not much the worse. Now he had drifted into the most charming, sunshiny, landlocked harbour, where no fierce wind could trouble him more. He had no desire to invent labours and troubles for himself, to spend his strength in putting up beacons and lighthouses to which the people whom they were intended to help would pay no attention. He opened one of the windows and looked out upon the night, upon the soft, undulating landscape, half-lighted by a misty moon. Everything looked like peace out of doors, peace and every tranquil pleasure that the soul could desire were within. He gave an impatient laugh at himself and his wife, and life in general, as he stood cooling his hot forehead, looking out waiting her return. He was quite contented; why should he be goaded forth to fight with windmills which he no longer believed to be knights in armour? Don Quixote disenchanted, ready himself to burn all his chevalier books, and see the fun of his misadventures, but urged to take the field by some delicate Dulcinea, could not have been more embarrassed and disturbed. It was too annoying to be amusing, and too tender and beautiful either to be angry with or to laugh at. What under these circumstances was a man who had long abandoned the heroic to do?

(To be continued.)

At the Sign of the Ship.

THE most valuable information, from the most distinguished sources, is occasionally neglected. For example, the news that the celebrated house in Berkeley Square is *not* haunted has of late been published abroad in Messrs. Cassell's *Saturday Journal*, and has been welcomed rapturously by Mr. James Payn in the *Illustrated London News*. Yet nobody should have known better than Mr. Payn the real state of affairs, and that some years ago the mansion in 'Buckley Square' which so long stood empty, but by no means swept and garnished, was the joy of the psychical. Country visitors were taken to see the grimy outside of the building, and were informed that here the young guardsman died, of sheer fright, in the presence of the supernatural. The narrative may be read in Miss Broughton's *Tales for Christmas Eve*. In point of fact there was no ghost, and no guardsman. The house was merely unlet in consequence of the terms of a will; and its owner, being unable to dispose of the lease, preferred to live in another house of her own. So it stood empty. But the mind of mankind, unable to account by natural causes for a valuable house eating its head off, invented an ætiological myth, as the learned say, to account for the circumstance. That myth included a ghost, or ghosts, so prone is man to fly to the supernatural. All this has now been stated in print, but I, for one, knew it all long ago. It was, indeed, communicated to the world by nobody less than a spectre himself, in a treatise called *Castle Dangerous*, and published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, edited by Mr. James Payn, who is now so pleased and surprised by the information. We must presume that this intelligent sceptic would not take it as the evidence of a spectre: he did not like the ghost's security. But who should have known better than the affable appearance, who despised the sham ghost of Berkeley Square, and stated the actual truth to the present writer? Naturally, a real ghost condemned the untradesmanlike imitation. But it is certainly peculiar, as Mr. Payn says, that, when there are so many haunted houses, the Psychical Society cannot find a good healthy example. In one case, as I am informed by an investigator, the Society, or a few of it, occupied a haunted house, but nobody saw anything

except the dog. *His* life was made a burden to him, and his bristles were in the erect attitude of superstitious dismay all the time he was there. Dogs have a splendid smell for ghosts, but there is a difficulty in taking their evidence. One would like to see experiments tried by introducing dogs at *séances*: not valuable dogs, for they often die of mere alarm. But this plan, though scientific, may distress Miss Cobbe and the *Spectator*. It seems to partake of the nature of experiments on living animals. That animals can see bogies is attested by universal opinion, and may be read about in a chapter on 'Animism' in *Primitive Culture*. Yet the Psychical Society seems never to have tried any experiments in this direction. Mr. Romanes might do it. His eminent monkey, which discovered the principle of the screw (see *Mental Evolution*), might be shut up alone in a haunted house. The results could not but be important, and might, according to some advanced theorists, awaken religious instincts in the intelligent little creature. For, if man came from the ape, and if man's religion began in ghosts (two theories very much in the air), then to confront a ghost and an ape could not fail to be instructive.

* * *

Perhaps there is room for the following lines, which are *not* a ballade, very much the reverse, though possibly the hasty observer may detect something nefarious in the reference to a 'Prince.' The food of fiction, as the author says, is often excellent. There is a wonderful cold pie in Lord Tennyson's works, perhaps the reader may remember it? But there is not much about meat and drink in Byron. Who can write a poem to hard biscuits and soda-water, the regimen prescribed for his lordship by himself?

THE FOOD OF FICTION.

To breakfast, dinner, or to lunch
 My steps are languid, once so speedy;
 E'en though, like the old gent in *Punch*,
 'Not hungry, but, thank goodness! greedy.'
 I gaze upon the well-spread board,
 And have to own—oh, contradiction!
 Though every dainty I afford,
 There's nothing like the food of fiction.
 'The better half'—how good the sound!
 Of Scott's or Ainsworth's 'venison pasty,'
 In cups of old Canary drowned
 (Which probably was very nasty).

The beefsteak pudding made by Ruth
 To cheer Tom Pinch in his affliction,
 Ah me! in all the world of truth
 There's nothing like the food of fiction.

The cakes and ham and buttered toast
 That graced the board of Gabriel Varden,
 In Bracebridge Hall the Christmas roast,
 Fruits from the Goblin Market garden.
 And if you'd eat of luscious sweets
 And yet escape from gout's infliction,
 Just read 'St. Agnes' Eve' by Keats—
 There's nothing like the food of fiction.

What cups of tea were ever brewed
 Like Sairey Gamp's—the dear old sinner?
 What savoury mess was ever stewed
 Like that for Short and Codlin's dinner?
 What was the flavour of that 'poy'—
 To use the Fotheringay's own diction—
 Ate by Pendennis, love-sick boy?
 There's nothing like the food of fiction.

Envoy.

Prince, you are young—but you will find
 After life's years of fret and friction,
 That hunger dies—but never mind!
 There's nothing like the food of fiction.

J. G.

* * *

A large number of correspondents have kindly sent variants of a numerical song. A Chaldaic version, which Mr. Cohen forwards, has a kind of rude rhyme, but in substance answers better to *The House that Jack built*, than to the nonsense-creed. 'A Lady's Birth,' 'a Trinity,' 'a Jewry,' and 'a Crucifix' run through another form. The mysterious 'waiter' appears as 'a Cherubim waiter,' and 'a blcoming waiter,' and 'the proud street-walker.' Persons curious in Chaldaic may consult the preface of Henderson's *Lancashire Legends* (1831). Another correspondent suggests that the five symbols are the Hands, Feet, and Heart of our Lord, which were often carved on bosses in the ceilings of churches, for example at Eglwys Rhos, near Llandudno, before that form of destruction known to the clergy and architects as

'restoration.' Once more, it is thought that the 'cheerful waiter' may refer to

*Sex sunt hydræ
Plenæ posite
In Cana Galilæa—*

the water vessels of Christ's first miracle: 'waiter' and 'water' have been confused. On the whole it seems probable that the chant is old, and at first of a religious character. Whether originally Semitic, or originally Christian, it has apparently been borrowed by the Hebrew service from that of Rome, or *vice versâ*. The nonsense comes from guesses at the meaning of words forgotten, as in the song of the Arval Brothers in early Latin. Perhaps no more can be learned about the matter, unless we find a similar chant in the speech of non-European peoples, as M. Henri Gaidoz writes that there is a kindred chant in the Moslem service. I must ask many correspondents who have good-naturedly copied local variants to accept my thanks. Any English *märchen*, such as *Cap o' Rushes*, published in the February *Ship*, will be most warmly welcomed. Schoolmasters, and the clergy of all denominations, must surely have chances of rescuing our old English Popular Tales.

* * *

Speaking of English fairy tales, one has often marvelled why they are so scarce and so dull, just like the ballads of England. Both ballads and tales have suffered horribly from chapbook editions. Very early, as it seems, they were made spoil of by very dull men, who wrote them out with idiotic bits of 'gag' or of parochial moralising for the cheap booksellers on London Bridge. These bad printed versions killed the native oral versions; at least this is an explanation which seems plausible. Mr. G. L. Gomme has published certain chapbook stories for the Villon Society, with notes. These are useful, as genuine chapbooks are so expensive, and the notes are valuable. *Tom Hickathrift* seems not to be a *conte* of the old traditional cycle at all, but a local tale. A stone in a church is carved with a 'cross pattée' on the summit of a staff. The rustics, to explain this symbol, have interpreted it as an axle-tree and wheel, used as sword and buckler by a giant, Tom Hickathrift, an assailant or defender of popular rights in a region of marsh-land near Ely. As Hickathrift lived 'in the reign before William the Conqueror,' he may (perhaps) have got mixed up with Hereward the Wake in tradition. But a better case of a myth made to explain a work

of art of forgotten significance could hardly be found. The chap-book, *Jack the Giant Killer*, is full of vulgar 'gag' and Fescennine low comedy. As to *Jack in the Beanstalk*, familiar as he is, a version at once good and traditional is very hard to come by, while *Valentine and Orson* is often touched with Radicalism, as George Cruikshank's fairy tales were made into Temperance tracts.

* * *

As to the capital sea-song, *Time for us to Go*, Mr. Leland writes that he is not the author. He picked it up in Philadelphia before the war, and only made one or two slight corrections. Mr. Leland has patched together a pirate's song from floating fragments. Unluckily he thinks it 'too devilish to publish;' but as none of us on this side the water are going pirating, it could not corrupt our young minds. Here is a verse, one of the most pleasing and idyllic:—

Over the quarter,
Over the rail,
Into the water,
Dead as a nail,
Flung like a biscuit,
Hot as a coal,
Where the sharks may take the body
And the devil may take the soul.

This is full of promise; the rest must be very touching, but likely to daunt a superstitious mariner.

* * *

The comparative advantages of being dead or alive have often been debated. The poet, in the following composition, advances reasons for the less popular side, but they seem to have no logical basis, as the dead speaker, *ex hypothesi*, would be incapable of stating his own case in melodious numbers.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

Under the grass and the graveyard clay
Faint fall the voices from overhead.
Rough is the road for the quick to tread.
Breasting the tide and the tempest they—
Mine is the haven of life's hey-day.
They are dying, but I am dead!

Oh, but the daisies and long grass under,
 I, with my myriad lives instead,
 Listening, laughing, I hear them wonder—
They are dying, but I am dead!

I, with my myriad lives again,
 Grass and roses, and leaves and rain,
 They with their struggle with doubt and pain,
 They with the strangling throes to come,
 They with the grip of the grave to dread.
 Ah! how I laugh in my quiet home—
They are dying, but I am dead.

Oh! but the life of me gathering, growing,
 Emmet and butterfly, flower and thorn,
 Poppy and rose in the gold sun glowing,
 Over and over unmade, re-born.

One with the grey of the winter day,
 One with the glint of the sunset gold.
 One with the wind and the salt sea-spray,
 One with the dun of the furrowed mould.

How shall I joy in the world unwitting?
 How shall I lean to the dear warm sun?
 Grub or nightingale—creeping or fitting—
 Nature and I in the end made one.

Only the life of me one with thee:
 Body and soul of us joined and wed.
 Shall we not pity them, I and she,
 They the dying and we the dead?—G. R. T.

ANDREW LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscriptions. Contributions received after February 9 will be acknowledged in the April number:—

W. R. Smales 12s. 6d. Anonymous 5s. K. Turner 2s. Lucy 5s. Laura Miall 5s. M. J. S. M. 7s. 6d. Mrs. Lewis 1l. Esholt 12s. 6d. A Sympathising Friend 10s. Lord Frederic Kerr 1l. A. C. C. 20s. L. G. de C. 1l. L. G. (Brighton) 5l. R. P. ('Donna') 10s., (Cooper's Court) 10s. H. H. H. 7s. 6d. Miss Booth 1l. J. S. L. 5s. Collected by Claude B. Lemon 7s. 6d. A Reader of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE 20s. J. B. (Jersey) 1l. Mrs. Buchan 1l. Mr. and Miss

Godfrey 2*l.* H. B. 10*s.* B. C. S. (Reigate) 3*s.* 6*d.* and some scrap books. E. M. C. 10*s.* L. C. L. ('Donna') 1*l.*, (Cooper's Court) 1*l.* Sheeran 2*s.* T. N. Sherwood 2*l.* 2*s.* Dr. Rudge 10*s.* Mrs. J. Rendall 1*l.* M. and E. F. 5*s.* C. P. 2*s.* E. O. ('Donna') 10*s.*, (Workroom) 5*s.* Jolly-Cum Pop. 5*s.* and backgammon and draughts board and some Christmas numbers. A. C. 5*l.* Mrs. R. 2*l.* 2*s.* Mrs. Longman 2*l.* Mrs. Ellis 1*l.* M. F. G. 3*s.* N. U. B. 13*s.* 6*d.* Miss Massingberd Mundy (Pau) 16*s.* M. C. 2*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Carusen 1*l.* One of Christ's 2*s.* 6*d.* M. D. Portglenone 7*s.* H. A. R. 10*s.* A. A. C. 1*l.* A. D. M. 2*s.* 6*d.* F. A. C. 10*s.* A Poor Parson 10*s.* W. F. (Richmond) 1*l.* 1*s.* Mrs. Wilson 10*s.* Wm. Smart 10*s.* E. F. and Co. 1*l.* 1*s.* Mrs. Rackham a scrap book. J. D. P. 10*s.* M. F. R. 5*s.* E. Orme ('Donna') 10*s.*, (Workroom) 5*s.* E. Fuller ('Donna') 21*s.*, (Cooper's Court) 21*s.* E. J. W. 5*s.* Two Friends 7*s.* 6*d.* Major-General Clerk ('Donna') 2*l.*, (Workroom) 2*l.*, (Night Refuge) 2*l.* Pansy 5*s.* A. B. Neath some newspapers. W. C. S. 5*s.* A. B. ('Donna') 10*s.*, (Cooper's Court) 10*s.* Miss C. 2*l.* M. S. Blake 5*s.* Mrs. Johnson 5*s.* Mrs. Waller 21*s.* E. F. D. a scrap book. E. J. C. 1*l.* 1*s.* F. M. K. 5*s.* E. L. Stone 5*s.* Mrs. Malcolm 5*s.* Evangeline 5*s.* Annt Elizabeth 10*s.* 6*d.* Noble Taylor 1*l.* Mrs. Taylor 12*s.* 3*d.* Miss Taylor 2*s.* 6*d.* Thomas Green 1*s.* 6*d.* Alice Hudson 1*s.* Rebecca Gooden 1*s.* Christina Boulton 1*s.* Francis Hale 6*d.* Amelia Gane 3*d.* Lillie Burnett 2*s.* L. J. 10*s.* M. H. F. Donne 1*l.* A. Donne 1*l.* Mr. J. Pinder Farre 2*l.* Miss Farre 1*s.* A. L. R. 6*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Rushworth 1*l.* P. C. O. 10*s.* Trent 5*s.* Collected by J. D. Kensington 5*s.* L. M. 10*s.* A. B. 10*s.* Sis. 2*s.* 6*d.* Milverton a parcel of scrap books. Anonymous a large parcel of clothes. L. R. Erskine ('Donna') 1*l.* 1*s.*, (Cooper's Court) 1*l.* 1*s.*

The following amounts have been sent direct to the Sisters:—E. A. W. 10*s.* Anon. 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss Sparkes a scrap book. C. E. A. 4*s.* R. Darby coats and material. Julia Blanchman papers. Lady M. Hodgson (Cooper's Court) 5*s.* F. F. two scrap books. James S. Fraser 1*l.* 1*s.* Mrs. Thomas ('Donna') 5*s.*, (Refuge) 5*s.* Mrs. Jolliffe 10*s.* Miss Sillern pictures, clothes, &c. F. B. magazines, &c. Anon. parcel of odds and ends. Mrs. Ellis materials. H. Lucas 5*l.*

The Editor trusts that any persons who are so kind as to contribute to the 'Donna' will send their subscriptions either to the Sisters or to him, and not pay any money at the truck. Money so paid causes much difficulty to the Sisters, as some of the men imagine that it is intended to be distributed among them for free dinners. As has already been pointed out, it is impossible that the 'Donna' should be carried on except on the basis of the men paying their halfpennies.

In the February number Mrs. Chalk's subscription was accidentally entered as 5*s.* instead of 5*l.*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,
39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

ONLY GENUINE.

ORIGINAL AND



IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR CHOLERA.

We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is an deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike. — We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & CO., *Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.*

COUGH, **C**OLD, **A**STHMA, **B**RONCHITIS.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. — Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the **SOLE INVENTOR**, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. — Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was **UNDOUBTEDLY** the **INVENTOR** of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to. — See *The Times*, July 13th, 1884.

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY. GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHOEA." From SYMES & Co., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Simla. Jan. 5, 1880.

TO J. T. DAVENPORT, London, Editor of *THE LANCET*.
DEAR SIR, — We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of **DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** in Diarrhoea and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhoea, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the **TRUE PALLIATIVE** in

NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages **PAIN** of **EVERY KIND**, affords a calm, refreshing sleep **WITHOUT HEADACHE**, and **INVIGORATES** the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION. — The **IMMENSE SALE** of this REMEDY has given rise to many **UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS**. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURER, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Gt. Russell-st., W.C.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

MANSION HOUSE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1762. The Oldest Life Office on the Mutual Principle in existence.

INVESTED FUNDS, £4,250,000.

LIFE ASSURANCE CONDUCTED AT THE LOWEST COST.

1. No Commission or Agency Fees.
2. Working Expenses under 3 per cent. of Annual Income.
3. The Whole of the Profits belong to the Assured.

Immediate Payment of Claims. Interim Bonuses. Full Surrender Values.

The Directors are extending their Business without incurring the expenses of Commission. They prefer to appeal direct to the Public, and invite all **Persons about to Assure their Lives** to examine the splendid Bonuses (see Table) in the **EQUITABLE**, and effect their Policies direct without the intervention of Agents.

SPECIMENS FROM BONUS TABLE FOR 1889.

Date of Policy.	Original Sum Assured.	Sum payable, including Additions.
1829	£1,000	£2,850
1839	£1,000	£2,400
1849	£1,000	£2,105
1859	£1,000	£1,775
1869	£1,000	£1,400

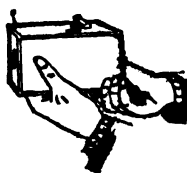
The Additions may be Surrendered for Cash or Reduction of Annual Premiums.

ARTHUR F. BURRIDGE, Actuary.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

REFRESHING.
NOURISHING.
STRENGTHENING.

To secure this article ask for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.



*The Kodak has been aptly
called a photographic Sketch Book.
It is a named Camera weighing but
thirty-five ounces, & makes one hundred pictures without
the necessity of dark room or Chemicals.*

*The Eastman Co. 115, Oxford Street,
W.*

VAN HOUTEN'S PURE Soluble COCOA EASILY DIGESTED—MADE INSTANTLY.

BEST AND GOES FARTHEST.

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—'ADMIRABLE,' 'PERFECT,' and so PURE
HEALTH.—Its PURITY is BEYOND QUESTION—ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.

O. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, WEESP-HOLLAND.

Crosse & Blackwell's PREPARED SOUPS,

MOCK TURTLE, OX TAIL, HARE, GRAVY, &c.

ARE SOLD BY GROCERS IN PINT AND QUART TINS

Bearing CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S names in full on the labels.



No. LXXVIII.]

Contents

[APRIL 1889

The Bell of St. Paul's. Part II: III.—V. 561

By WALTER BESANT

The Sequel to 'A Queen-Anne Pocket-Book'. 595

By JOHN ORLEBAR PAYNE

The Fatal Lift 603

By MAY KENDALL

Little Sister 607

By MRS. MUSGRAVE

Of Taking in Sail 623

By A. K. H. B.

The Haunted Melon Garden 632

By the Rev. T. G. SELBY

Lady Car: the Sequel of a Life. Chapters V.—VII. 636

By MRS. OLIPHANT

At the Sign of the Ship 657

By ANDREW LANG

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row

and New York: 15 East 16th Street



ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'



Sugar, Effervescing Syrups, Stimulants.

EXPERIENCE shows that *Sugar, Effervescing Syrups, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandy* are all very apt to disagree; while *Light Wines and Gin, or Old Whisky, largely diluted with Soda Water, will be found the least objectionable.* ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation, where digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—'A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.'—ADAMS.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—'After suffering for nearly two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your "FRUIT SALT," and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.

'Yours most truly,—ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford.'

THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS (MOROCCO), NORTHERN AFRICA.—Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne, in a letter from the Atlas Mountains, says:—'The Kaid of Demnet treated us so well that we desired, on leaving, to make him some acknowledgment, and presented him with a box of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits and a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," with which he was much pleased.'—THE WORLD, Sept. 12, 1889.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.—'Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of taking your "FRUIT SALT" for many years, I think it only right to tell you that I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures I have ever tried. I am never without a bottle of it in the house, as I find it possesses three most desirable qualities—namely, it is pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after effects. I do not wish my name to appear, but apart from the publication of that you are welcome to make use of this testimonial if it is of service.'—A DEVONSHIRE LADY.—Jan. 25, 1889.'

HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.

'During the late Afghan War we were before Kandahar, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M——'s splendid cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the Colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." "Take," he said, "an old soldier's advice;" so, to please him, we did. We emptied the bottle. And Colonel M—— gave another bottle to P——'s men. We certainly slept soundly that night, and awoke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards, the Colonel said at mess, "You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you, you did such splendid deeds that day. Personally," said the Colonel, "I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment, and we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayobas. After that the Colonel was always called "Old Eno."

From 'MESS STORIES,' by PROTEUS, pp. 126, 127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, 1889.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.,
by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

APR 9 1889

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1889.

The Bell of St. Paul's.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

POET AND PLAYER LAND.

HERE beginneth the first of many lessons. Here followeth the first of many rambles.

To him who walks abroad in London with his eyes open there are no streets—not even those of Florence and Rome—fuller of instruction and delight. But while even the most ignorant tourist gets all that his unhistorical soul can absorb—which is not much—out of the Florentine streets by diligent study of his Horner and his Baedeker, few indeed of those who daily go up and down the London streets regard their antiquity or heed their history of a thousand years. Yet in those streets has been enacted a long drama in many acts and countless tableaux, with incidents and situations of surpassing interest, by a people incomparably more worthy than the Italians. If you see, as you may occasionally, a little party wandering about, curiously poking and prying into odd corners, armed with Baedeker or Hare, wanting to get into closed Churches and asking where are ancient monuments which have been swept away by greed and avarice—they are sure to be Americans. They cannot walk so well as the English, and pilgrimage is therefore a weariness to the flesh. Yet they

continue to go on pilgrimage. Of English pilgrims to the sacred shrines and holy sites of London Town there are none.

Perhaps, if there were guides, there would be pilgrims. A cicerone who can speak is far, far more useful than one who is only read. First of all, he knows his way and does not have to ask it constantly, and does not cause one to weep in wrong places, which is humiliating. If, for instance, there were guides like unto Althea, there certainly would flock unto the City a noble army of pilgrims, young, enthusiastic, athirst for knowledge. But there are none like unto her. And, which is the more to be deplored, she herself has now retired from the profession in which she was once so distinguished an amateur. Circumstances over which she has had positively no control have removed her from the Borough of Southwark. There is a vacancy. In these days of feminine competition, certain people have discovered that the calling of Cicerone might be found lucrative to those ladies who would take the trouble of acquiring City history and archæology. None but the resolute should attempt this branch of knowledge, which demands, to begin with, a vast amount of reading and a tenacious memory in order to acquire the necessary equipment. None, again, but the sturdy and the strong-backed should attempt to practise this profession. That young lady who cannot do her ten miles of street tramp without fatigue; who cannot bear the jolting of a cab all day long without getting a pain in the back; who has to lie down with a headache after lecturing in the streets for half a day,—had better think of some more sedentary occupation. City Cicerone: Parties personally conducted: Lectures given on the kerb: the oral history of the London streets: the wondrous tale of Church and College, of street and square, of court and alley, of river side and ancient wall, of merchant princes and stately companies—a splendid vista opens before one. I see the guide, young, strong, and—yes, surely—beautiful, bright-eyed, enthusiastic, followed by her party of ignorant—humbly ignorant—West Enders or Americans, sallying forth to extend their knowledge and her own income: to inculcate in them respect for antiquity and to pocket for herself substantial fees: to make dumb stones speak to them and to enable herself to keep her brothers at home in the idleness due to their position as gentlemen.

‘Well,’ said Althea, the only, the original pioneer of this profession of the future, ‘we will begin with this side of the river if you will put yourself in my hands. I wonder if you know the memories of the ground. This—for instance, is Poet and Player Land.’

'My mind is as a tablet of virgin wax,' said Laurence. 'I only know that all this city is full of history. Deal with me as you think fit.'

Althea considered a moment gravely, as if impressed with the responsibility of her task, and then led the way to the west end of Bank Side, where, beside the wharf with its mountain of petroleum casks, it melts and merges into Willow Street, where now no willows be this many and many a year.

'Now,' she said, holding up a finger monitory. 'You see, I suppose, a narrow street with warehouses and wharves—nothing else.'

'Nothing else, except two lamp-posts.'

'Very well. It is no use—no use at all—going any farther unless you are able to shut your eyes to everything that stands upon this ground. You must make believe, Mr. Waller. Oh! if one could not make believe every day, it would be difficult indeed to live here.'

'I will make believe, then, most obediently. Only tell me what I am to see.'

'Nothing very difficult. But first of all these streets and houses must vanish.'

'That is indeed easy. See! Presto!' He waved his hand. 'It is done. They are gone. There are no more streets and houses. But for the moment there is nothing else. The human eye, Miss Indagine, abhors vacuity. What should I see?'

'Instead of mean streets there are beautiful gardens, leafy trees, grassy lanes, flowery hedges, and ponds.'

'Certainly. Stupid of me not to see them before. They are here—gardens full of flowers and the most umbrageous trees in the world.'

It was clear from the rapt look in Althea's eyes that to her the gardens and hedges were really there. But it must be confessed that her companion departed from the truth.

'We have gone back nearly three hundred years,' said Althea, 'we are in the year 1600 and in Queen Elizabeth's reign. That, of course, you can see for yourself, by the way that the people are dressed.'

'Of course one recognises the costume.' Laurence looked about him critically. 'It is picturesque. I think I have never seen it before off the stage.'

'We are ghosts: we wander unseen among them: we can talk and they will not hear us: we can watch them but they will

not notice us. Oh! we shall have the most delightful walk. I have often and often been among them before, but always alone. It is stupid not to have anyone to talk with on such a walk, is it not?’

‘Do you never talk with the people?’

‘No,’ she replied, as gravely as a child pretending; ‘I am invisible, you know. Let us begin. See, now, this is Love Lane.’

Laurence looked down a dark passage with high buildings on either side, so narrow that there was hardly room for two men to pass each other.

‘There is always a Love Lane or a Lover’s Walk in every place where there are open fields near a town. You are very lucky to visit the place in June. See how bright the hedge is with the wild roses: and look at the flowers above the ditch. It is pleasant to walk along this lane in nearly all weathers, except the depth of winter: but especially, now, in the early summer, and at evening, when the people on the Bank are beginning to be noisy over their cups and their songs. Listen! you can hear them tinkling their guitars. Some of them play and sing very sweetly—their songs are all about love and Venus—but you know they are mostly players and poets, and they drink and sing and quarrel every evening. Only a little while ago—five or six years now—they killed poor Christopher Marlow in a tavern brawl—you remember Christopher Marlow?’

‘Perfectly. Perfectly.’

‘I have often seen him on the Bank. He was a handsome man not yet thirty, but he drank too much wine and he showed at times a wild and disordered countenance. I used to meet him when I was a little girl, and before that fatal quarrel, in these very lanes. He would walk along tossing his arms and spouting his splendid verses, thinking that he was all alone, because of course he could not tell that a girl of the nineteenth century was watching, could he?’

‘Naturally he could not.’

‘Then they killed him. I was very sorry. They ought to have buried him in St. Saviour’s where so many of his old friends were to lie, but instead of that, they took him all the way to St. Nicholas’, Deptford—I have always thought it such a pity that our own Church could not have the keeping of his remains.’

‘So have I,’ said Laurence.

‘Behind us are the Falcon stairs and the Falcon Inn. Very

good company used to land at those stairs and take a cup at the Inn on their way to Paris Gardens—great Lords and foreign ambassadors in their state barges. Those are the Paris Gardens over the hedge—Love Lane runs along the West side of the gardens. Formerly there were many rustic walks among the trees, but since they have kept the bears here and since the Lord Mayor has sent his hounds to the place and the London butchers have brought their offal here, the gardens are no longer pleasant for the citizens. The walks are overgrown and the flower beds and lawns are neglected. And that is why the trees are grown so thick that you can see nothing through the branches. We will not go into the gardens to-day, I think. What with the baiting of the bears and the bulls and the horses, there is generally such a rabble as would disgust you.'

'No,' said Laurence. 'Bears and bulls are rough company for ladies. I will go alone some other time. Let us go on.'

They went to the end of Willow Lane and turned into Holland Street.

'If we were not in Queen Elizabeth's time,' said Althea regretfully, when they came opposite to the court of Hopton's Almshouses, 'I could show you a most interesting almshouse here. But of course it isn't yet built. In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were not many almshouses. I could also show you Zoar Street where John Bunyan preached—but he has yet to be born. At present, you see, all is garden and wood. You are wondering, perhaps, to see so many ponds about. It is a great place for ponds and streams. The reason is that this part lies low: if it were not for the Bank it would be under water every high tide. I suppose that is also the reason why there is so much fever and ague about the place always. But here—here'—she turned into one of the meanest, dirtiest, ugliest streets possible to conceive—'here we are at last really on the most classic ground in the whole of London. This, Mr. Waller, is, I assure you, none other than Maiden Lane!'

Laurence observed from the legend on the corner house that they had changed the name, but as his guide looked so triumphant he tried to look as if he understood all the glories of Maiden Lane.

'The modern houses have quite, quite vanished, have they not?' asked Althea, watching her companion's face with some anxiety. In fact, his eyes were palpably, obviously, considering the present appearance and the inhabitants of the street—which

is now re-christened by order of some barbarian, and called *Park Street*. It is narrow and squalid; the houses are mean and dirty: the shops are those which belong to a very poor quarter: and there is continually, day and night, floating on the air, a thick, invisible cloud of smell. I know not how high it rises overhead, but at the elevation of five feet seven, where Laurence first struck it, the smell was as strong as Alcides, and as penetrating as the dart of Cupid. Laurence gasped, choked, and rushed through this bank of fragrance before he replied.

'Yes—yes—they have all quite vanished, I assure you. At that moment—when you spoke—there were, it is true, a few ghosts—mere shadows—of houses: and there seemed—perhaps my fancy—to be the faint ghost of a smell—very odd thing: I never met, before, with the ghost of a smell—fried fish it was—fish fried in oil—fish not quite fresh dipped in oil rather turned and then imperfectly fried—a very odd ghost.' Althea listened with some impatience. Such ghosts troubled her not: she was used to them. 'All gone now, Miss Indagine—even the ghost of the rag and bone shop, with the old woman, all rags and bones herself, in front. Nothing now but gardens and hedges and wild flowers and the—the—oh! Lord! that fried fish!—the sweetest fragrance from the wild roses and the honeysuckle. It is a balmy air. Only to breathe it is sufficient.'

'We are in Poet and Player Land,' said Althea, apparently satisfied. 'Some of the Poets and the Players lived on the Bank: they all came here to the Bank to sing and drink wine and smoke tobacco. But in these leafy lanes they walked together and held serious converse: they were not always drinking, you know. Here you may meet Shakespeare and Ben Jonson together. Beaumont comes here very often: he is a very fine gentleman who dresses like a courtier: and here walk Massinger and Ford: and I have seen Edmund Spenser here, but he is now dead. In the summer when the theatres are open and the Bear Garden, the lanes are filled with people who have come across the river to see the play and the baiting: but indeed you can hear them.'

'It is indeed a beautiful place to walk in,' said Laurence, doubtfully, because he thought he saw another ghost of a fried-fish shop a few doors ahead.

'Of course,' said Althea, 'this is the best time of the year for the lanes. In winter it is impossible to walk here for the mud. Besides, there is then almost always a white mist hanging over

the place, and it is said to cause ague. This little cut across the fields is called Bandy Leg path. I know not why. This'—they were now at the end of the street where she herself lived—'is a way through the gardens to the riverside. Some day, perhaps,'—it was indeed a remarkable prophecy—'this path and all the lanes may be covered with mean buildings. Don't forget, pray, Mr. Waller'—for Laurence again showed a disposition to consider the houses—'that we are in the year 1600. You are only a Ghost of the Future.'

'Yes, yes, I remember—only a Ghost of the Future. It is a great power to be able to wander in the Past—mere Ghosts of the Future. How I pity those unfortunates who have to remain among the Present in the Flesh!' At that moment the Doctor emerged from the house and walked hastily up the street. But Althea seemed not to see him.

'Do you hear the drums and the trumpets?' she asked. 'What a noise! Why cannot they carry on their show without such a clamour? They are going to bait the bear in the new house—not in Paris Gardens. Look, there are Burleigh and Alleyne the players: and Henslowe with a great Lord. Look at his silk cloak embroidered with pearls. Let us follow.' She turned out of Maiden Lane into a narrow little street leading to the Bank. Halfway down the street widened into a tiny square with a tavern in one corner. 'This is the entrance to the new Bear Garden,' she said. 'It is the Hope Theatre as well. The Tavern is full of people drinking. Well, they will destroy and build over the Bear Garden, but the tavern will remain. You don't want to see the baiting, do you?'

'No, unless you wish it.'

'Certainly not. It is a terribly noisy scene, and the men use horrid oaths. Besides, I have another surprise for you. You have heard of the Rose Theatre, of course?'

'Oh, yes! The Rose, of course.'

'There it is.' She pointed down another alley narrow and dark, parallel with the street of the Bear Garden.

'Oh! This is the Rose Theatre, is it?' Lawrence gazed with interest at the wall of a warehouse. 'I never—do you know?—expected to look upon the Rose Theatre.'

'A little farther down I can show you something even more interesting.'

Just here the street passed under the arches of Southwark

Bridge, but the Vision of the leafy lane remained in Althea's eyes. A little beyond the Bridge begins the wall of the great Brewery. Althea stopped before this wall.

'There,' she said, 'is the Globe Theatre. It was only opened a year or two ago. Half-a-dozen of Shakespeare's plays have been already brought out here. It is the best and largest of all the Theatres. The old Swan in Paris Gardens is pulled down, I believe; but, as I told you, one cannot walk in those gardens any more, and I have not yet seen either the Curtain at Shoreditch, or the Theatre in the ruins of Blackfriars, or the Fortune at Cripplegate. The play they have acted to-day is the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is a pity that we are too late for the performance.'

'It is a finely-proportioned house,' said Laurence, with the docility of the One-eyed Calendar.

'Yes. Pity to think,' said Althea, 'that this Theatre, which ought to be kept sacred to all time, will be presently deserted and the place left to itself for two hundred years. Then they will build Barclay and Perkins' Brewery upon it.'

'Barclay and Perkins!' cried Laurence, with more animation than he had shown for the Bear Garden or the Rose. 'Is this Barclay and Perkins?'

'Oh! Mr. Waller! I thought the houses had all vanished.'

'But you brought them back, you know, by talking of Barclay and Perkins.'

'Well, let us leave off pretending. Have I made you understand a little where the old theatres stood?'

'I am ashamed of myself, Miss Indagine, for making believe so badly. But I do understand something, thank you.'

'Then for the rest of our walk we will be moderns again. This street'—it was that into which Maiden Lane ended—'used to be called Deadman's Place. There ought, properly, to be a legend about it—a murder and a ghost—and people should be afraid to walk alone in it at night: but now they have quite forgotten the story, even if ever there was one. This corner house is the place where the old Clink Prison stood—the Prison of the Liberty of the Clink—many a poor player has been laid by the heels in this prison for brawling. It still looks gloomy, though it is only a warehouse now; and this narrow street—Clink Street—was once a lane running along the north of Winchester House, the Bishop's Palace.'

At the end of the street they came upon the river and upon

the queerest little dock that was ever seen, with just room enough for a barge to float in it.

'This is St. Mary Overies' Dock,' said Althea. 'It was made long ago for the brethren of the Priory. Perhaps, even, for the sisters of the old House founded by the Lady Mary long, long ago, even before London Bridge was built. They had a chapel here and looked after the Ferry. Very likely this Dock was one end of the Ferry. The Sisters were followed by a college of Priests, who built a timber bridge. And then came two Norman knights, named Pont de l'Arche and Dauncey, who founded the Priory. The monks kept their barge of state laid up in this Dock, and the barges for the carriage of their wine and provisions put in here. The monastery stood here, at the back of the great church where are now nothing but warehouses. But only a few years ago there were still ruins left.'

By this time the Shakespearian vision had quite departed, and Althea was back again in the present day. She led her companion by another lane to the open space before the church. By a happy accident the doors were open and they went within.

It is wonderful to think of this great and splendid church lying buried and almost forgotten at the foot of London Bridge. They pulled down quite needlessly the stout old walls of the ruined nave, and they built up a Thing of ugliness and meanness in its place: they destroyed the Bishop's Chapel and would have destroyed the Lady Chapel as well, but they were prevented by the courage of one man. There are a hundred thousand who daily cross the Bridge and look down upon the church: from all the trains between Charing Cross and Cannon Street the passengers can look upon the Tower: yet, the whole day long, this splendid Chancel is quiet, untrodden by the feet of strangers, save by a few Americans who come over the river to see the place where the poets and players lie buried and where the martyrs were brought to hear their sentence, which was always that of death through the Gate of Fire. Why, even in the church itself, a glass screen divides the new nave from the Transept, and the scanty congregation know nothing of the glories of their old church.

Althea knew its history and all its monuments, and showed them, reading the inscriptions through like a conscientious Cicerone: the tomb of John Gower: the figure of the Templar, doubtless Pont de l'Arche himself: the figure of Lancelot Andrews—father of all those who would read Mass for Morning Prayer; the names of Fletcher, Massinger, and Edmund Shake-

speare carved in the stones of the chancel: the stalwart form of King James's Gentleman Porter: the recumbent Doctor, inventor of the Pill which cured most diseases and prevented all the rest—he is represented—nay, photographed—in the great suffering caused by taking one of his own Pills an hour or two before his demise: and the monument of Mr. Richard Humble, with the pretty lines,—

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossoms on the tree,
Or like the dainty flowers of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
Even so is Man whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut and so is done.

‘Are you tired?’ Althea asked when they came out. ‘Have you seen enough?’

‘How can one ever be tired, with such a guide? You have taught me more in an hour than I could have learned in a month from the books. And all this——’ he looked at Althea as he spoke, but perhaps he had the old sites in his mind—‘all this—on Bank Side.’

‘My father has got a collection of the old dramatists,’ said Althea. ‘By reading them and his books about London, of which he has a great many, it is easy to make out all these associations. If you like, I will take you, another day, into the City, where there are still a great many things to see, though none more interesting than these.’

‘Let us go. Let us be ghosts again. I like being a ghost—in company. To be a ghost by oneself must be lonesome. Let us go somewhere else to-morrow.’

‘For to-day,’ said Althea, ‘you shall not be a ghost any more. Another day—perhaps. Oh! there is a great deal more to see on this side of the river. There are the old Inns, but they can wait: there is Guy’s Hospital: there is St. Olave’s: there are Bermondsey, and Rotherhithe, and Deptford, and Greenwich—oh! quantities of places full of wonderful things—to those who can shut their eyes. But to-day I am going to show you only one more thing—very different from Poet and Player Land, if you will come with me.’

‘I will go with you cheerfully, Miss Indagine, even to the South Pole.’

She took him up the stairs to the main street and turned southwards, and her face, which was as changeable as a field of golden corn in a day of cloud and wind, became strangely sad and grave.

‘When I first read *Little Dorrit*,’ she went on, breaking out in an unexpected place—from Shakespeare to *Little Dorrit* is a considerable jump—‘I understood the book far better than most people could. I am going to tell you why. Let me show you, first, all that is left of the place where Mr. Dorrit lived so long. When I read that book it was not of the girl I thought—the girl who was born in the Marshalsea and went in and out every day—it was of a boy who came to see his father and to watch the prisoners—a boy with bright eyes. See, this is the Marshalsea—all that is left of it.’

She led the way down a filthy and narrow passage to a paved court. A row of houses stood back to back: there were iron railings guarding a gateway and a gatehouse: the iron railings stood open and the gate was gone. Within, was another broad paved court with a high wall on one side. The upper windows looked out upon a churchyard with trees in it.

‘This is the place,’ said Althea. Laurence observed that for the actual place, the slattern women, the dirty children, the houses with their open doors, the bits of things drying after the wash—she had no eyes. She knew how to shut them. ‘Here Mr. Dorrit lived. His room, I am certain, was up there, the second house from the end, where the windows command the best view of the trees in the churchyard. Two years ago I could have shown you the rest of the Prison: there was the old White Lyon, the ancient county Prison, what they used to call the Surrey Clink, still standing with its little exercise yard and its two great rooms—a real prison. But it is now all pulled down and built over. Don’t you hear the chatter of the idle prisoners? Can’t you see the boy—his name was Charles Dickens—looking and listening and forgetting nothing? Come away. It is dreadful to be here.’

They left the place of gloomy memories and walked a little way farther down the street. Presently Althea stopped and pointed to certain blocks of comparatively new houses across the road.

‘Those new houses and streets,’ she said, ‘cover the site of the old Queen’s Bench Prison. It has not been pulled down very long. Oh! I am glad it is gone. I am glad to think there is

nothing left of it to preserve its memory. I hope it will be clean forgotten.' She spoke with more vehemence than was appropriate to a mere abstract dislike of a Prison. 'It is a hateful, dreadful place. Now I will tell you why I understood *Little Dorrit* so well. It is because my father passed his boyhood in this Prison. All that I read in that book, and more, I have heard from my father about this vile and wicked place. His father, my grandfather, died in that prison. There were three of them—my grandfather and his two boys; one of them, the younger, Æneas—a very little boy. My grandmother was dead. They were horribly poor, and their long poverty and the shame of the prison—it is a dreadful thing for a boy to have to confess that his father died in prison—and the sights and sounds of the place sank so deep into my father's heart that he has never forgotten them—or the man who caused all this suffering.'

'I knew something of this,' said Laurence.

'How did you know? Did Cassie tell you? Never mind. You think, Mr. Waller, that my father is absurdly sensitive; you wonder that a man should leave his friends and give up his work and retire to such a seclusion as Bank Side, all because he received a harsh and unjust criticism. But remember the poverty and the degradation of his boyhood passed in this prison. How he got educated at all I know not, because I cannot bear that his thoughts should ever be turned to that miserable time. This it was which made him morbidly sensitive. He always remained afraid of the world. Some men do not seem to care a bit for the world: it never terrifies them. To my father the world seemed always so terribly strong: this came, perhaps, from living among men whom the world had crushed. I brought you here, Mr. Waller,' she added, looking up to him with her frank, clear eyes, 'because I wanted you to know exactly what happened to my father: I thought you would then make allowance for—for what you think is too sensitive in his character. I wanted this the more because my father likes you so much and because you may perhaps lead him a little out of his retirement. You know that you are the only man who has ever read and loved his poems.'

Laurence blushed, but made no reply.

They began to retrace their steps in silence. But Althea stopped before a great modern church in the High Street. Of the thousands who pass this church every day I wonder how many pay it any heed or know aught concerning it. Even St. Saviour's is better known.

'I must show you,' she said, 'the strangest churchyard in London. This is St. George's—the oldest Church in the Borough of Southwark. It is older than St. Saviour's, though the building is quite modern. This was a place of sanctuary, formerly. Southwark Fair used to be held here. But it is the churchyard that I want you to see. Let us go in. This is the burial-place of all the poor prisoners who died, during hundreds of years, in the Marshalsea and the Queen's Bench and the old White Lyon. Bishop Bonner is buried here: here are lords and great men as well as the humble and unknown who have died in the prisons and were brought here when—when the Lord granted their discharge. The poor prisoners! The place, before they left off burying here, was crammed with dead men's bones. The people in the Marshalsea—that is Mr. Dorrit's window above the wall—must have heard the knell ringing and watched the funerals going on every day. I don't think Little Dorrit noticed them very much. Oh! if one could only write a history of St. George's Churchyard—but the very names of the prisoners are long since forgotten—and their unjust sufferings and the punishment for their sins—all gone out of men's minds. Among the company of the dead prisoners, Mr. Waller, lies my grandfather.'

The churchyard of St. George's, like most of the London churchyards, has been turned into a public garden. They have cleared away the headstones and removed them to serve as a kind of lining to the walls, where they are neatly arranged in a row, so that no dead man shall be able to grumble or to complain that he has been forgotten before the letters of his name have had time to wear themselves out. Nay, so great has been this zeal to prolong the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the yard, that even the headstones where nothing at all, neither name nor date, can be any more made out, have also been preserved with the rest. But as for the exact spot where anyone lies buried, that is clean forgotten and can never more be learned. Two or three of the more magnificent tombs have been left *in situ*. The ground, which is in shape what Euclid calls a gnomon, is laid out in flower-beds and shrubberies: there are wooden benches for the convenience of those old people who come here when the sun shines, to repose and meditate: the children drive their hoops—in hoop time—which is late autumn—about the paths.

This afternoon many old people were on the seats: some of them in the tasty uniform of the Union: the garden was in its fairest summer beauty: the leaves showed still their first bright

green : the flower-beds were gay with annuals : some of the shrubs were in flower.

'It looks a pretty garden now,' said Althea. 'But its beauty lasts a very little while. The leaves fall off in September, and are swept up and carried away. Just now it looks too bright and happy for the burial-place of the poor prisoners. But come here in November when the leaves are all gone, and you will see nothing but black earth, black boughs, black trunks, and headstones which can no longer be read; and then you will remember who lie buried here. The Dorrits had no flower garden to look into: only a crowded churchyard covered with neglected graves and—I always think so—broken bottles. At this spot, at my feet, was buried my grandfather, Sylvester Indagine. And over there, against the wall, is his headstone. I keep it clean and scrape the black moss out of the letters. I really do think that his is the only stone which is still cared for.'

Laurence stepped across and read, 'In Memory of Sylvester Indagine, who died April 5th, 1842, in the Queen's Bench Prison. May the next world be kinder to him than this!'

'My father comes here sometimes, but not often, because the sight of the stone recalls the old time and revives the old bitterness. You spoke the other day, Mr. Waller, of Mr. Norbery. Never mention that name to my father again. It was Mr. Norbery who caused the ruin of my grandfather. First, he made him sell his property to himself, just before the new railway increased its value enormously: then he robbed him, somehow, of the purchase money: then, because there was still some chance of getting more money out of him, this greedy money-grubber threw him into prison and kept him there—until he died. The prisoner died cursing the name of Norbery. But he lived on and prospered for forty years and longer afterwards. If all the curses laid upon the head of Mr. Norbery had taken effect, I know not what would have happened to him. Now, Mr. Waller, I will show you no more to-day. You came from Australia to see London, did you not? Well—this is a piece of London which I think that Australians very seldom do see. Let us go home.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE RESULT OF AN EXPERIMENT.

By five o'clock in the afternoon most of the students in the Physical Laboratory had put away their work and gone home. One cannot, I believe, successfully conduct a Research for more than six hours a day. Two or three were left, standing each at his own table, his own jet of gas, his tubes, his blow-pipes, and his scales beside him. The Demonstrator, who had all day long been assisting and advising the others, now stood idle, his hands in his pockets, either tired or a-thinking. The place was quiet—a physical laboratory can never be noisy—although, outside, the city was still at high tide of work and activity. Gresham College, as everybody knows, is the old college recently converted to ways of modern usefulness: and the Demonstrator to the Professor of Physics was none other than Mr. Oliver Luttrell, B.A. London, Ph.D. Heidelberg, and F.R.S. Yes, although he was as yet no more than six or seven and twenty, for original work that he had done, important papers that he had written, and wonderful discoveries that he had made, this fortunate young man had already been received into that Royal Fellowship and was entitled to use after his name those three letters—the possession of which is the ambition of every worker in the field of science who respects himself. In the language of the Craft, he had already ‘done something’—strange that these words in other circles should bear a meaning so widely different!—and he was expected to do a great deal more. Now a young man who is already a Fellow of the Royal Society, and is Demonstrator to one of the first men of the day, and has his work in London, is supposed to have the ball at his feet, even though his salary be no more than 150*l.* a year. What matters the salary? He has enough to live upon: he has a splendid Laboratory in which to work, filled with all the newest machinery: he is always in the centre and heart of everything that goes on: he gets to know everybody: he hears of everything: he is sure of getting a good post in time:—such a man among those who follow science is counted worthy of envy. Whether, as the Doctor of Bank Side prophesied, this young man will become President of the Royal Society is a point which may be left open for time to show. It was an old woman who first made the sagacious remark that Time would show—I believe that all

the really valuable remarks on the Conduct of Life have been made by old women. The men receive them and appropriate them: work them up into proverbs: illustrate them by fables: spin them out into poems, plays, and novels: call them their own. But they really belong to old women. Think of the profound wisdom of that ancient lady who first calmed the passions, soothed the fears, curbed the impatience, and cheered the despair of her grandchildren with the startling discovery that Time would show.

The Demonstrator, after looking round mechanically as if to see that no one was in difficulties, walked slowly and thoughtfully down the students' room. It was a long room, narrow and lofty; provided with a great number of tables, each for one student to work at undisturbed. At the end of this room was the Lecture Hall, a large square room with a platform for the lecturer, a great electric Battery, a black board, and a vast table covered with bottles, cylinders, tubes, and all manner of machines. Two doors, one on either side, led to two rooms. One of them was the private room of the Professor; the other that of the Demonstrator. The latter room, into which Oliver turned, was provided with a table at the window covered with papers, proofs, and letters, and fitted with drawers. Another table stood in the middle of the room on which were instruments of all kinds—delicate scales under glass, thermometers in wooden tubes, discs of glass, blow-pipes, gas jets, retorts, and strange instruments, the uses and names of which are unknown outside the trade.

The Demonstrator took a chair at the former table and sat down. But he did not immediately snatch a pen and begin to work. His papers were ready for him on the blotting-pad, but he regarded them not. His thoughts were outside his laboratory and beyond the world of science. In his hand he held two notes which he kept on reading over and over again, but mechanically and without paying any heed, for his thoughts were not with the letters nor with the writers of them. Yet he continued to read them—everybody knows how a simple mechanical trick, such as this, may sometimes assist the mind in a time of doubt or difficulty.

The first note was very short. It was written in a sprawling, half-taught hand, and the spelling was lamentable. Let us not expose the weaknesses of a lady.

'Dear Oliver,—Come to supper this evening after the Theatre. Harry will be here, and there will be nobody else except the old lady. Your affectionate sister,
'JULIA.'

The second, over which he had perhaps shed tears till there were none left—for he shed none now—was longer and pitiful.

‘Dear Oliver,—Oh! how can you ever be anything but dear to me after all that has passed? You did love me six months ago. I could not be mistaken—and oh! how happy it made me only to see the love in your eyes and to feel the touch of your hand! You love me no longer: you have forgotten the words you said and swore. You have told me that it is all over: and you ask for your letters back again. I will never give you your letters back. As for the ring you gave me, it hangs about my neck, and it shall hang there all my life. It is harder for a girl to forget than for a man. You taught me to love you. Oh, you made me love you! I did not ask for your love. You gave it to me. For six months I have thought of you all day and all night. I cannot tear you out of my heart—and I will not. You shall live there always, whatever happens, and whatever you do. No one knows, and no one suspects, and I shall tell no one—not even Althea. So you can come and go as if nothing had happened.

‘CASSIE.’

He read the letters one after the other. Then he put them down. Then he took them up and read them again. But as for his thoughts—it is impossible to translate into words the thoughts of a man, even the most stupid of men. They are lit up by so many side lights, flashes, and breadths of sunshine: they are so varied with shadow and with colour: they flow like a stream with so many twists, turns, waterfalls, rapids, backwaters, lashers, and broads, that it is impossible to do more than to indicate their tenor. Somewhat after this manner, however, the young man was thinking:—

‘On his first stay—the first morning—he goes to Joe Mayes and tries to find out about old Norbery. Pretends not to know that he was dead. Asks after a will. Says there was a will. Who is he? How should he know out in Australia?—who told him? Was there really a will? He doesn’t look like a lawyer’s clerk. On his first visit at home he asks Uncle Clement what he knows about old Norbery. Who is he then? Althea says he has come all the way to gaze upon the heavenly poet. Ho! Very likely, indeed! To gaze upon the Bard. Mayes says he remembers signing a will—but he does not know its contents or what became of it, and he has forgotten how long ago it was. How should any one in Australia know of that will? The other

witness was Backler's chief clerk—who is dead. And Backler is dead. If no one here except Mayes—who says he never spoke about it—knew that there was such a will, how should it be known in Australia? Why does he go and take lodgings at the Cottles? Who is he? Who is he?’

He unlocked a drawer and drew out certain papers covered with notes, one of which he sat considering. ‘Why not?’ he said. ‘Althea ought to have it all. Even if her father will not claim his rights. It should be hers—and mine.’

The sound of a manly footstep outside disturbed him. He pushed the paper back into the drawer, with the two letters, and rose from his chair to greet his visitor, who was none other than the Australian of whom he had been thinking.

‘Glad to welcome you in my den,’ he said, with a hand-shake and a smile of the friendliest. ‘I thought you would like perhaps to see our newest Physical Laboratory—I believe we are very complete.’

‘There,’ he said presently, ‘I think I have nothing more to show you. Perhaps you have a place in Sydney as well appointed as this. All the great cities of the world are becoming alike, just as all European hotels are alike. But you have not got our Professor,’ he added with loyalty.

‘I don't know much about Laboratories,’ said Laurence. ‘But in Sydney we like to think that we have the best of everything. Perhaps we deceive ourselves.’

They had come back to the Demonstrator's private room by this time. Oliver offered his visitor a cigarette case and took one himself. Then he leaned back in his chair, tilting it up, and watching the wreaths of smoke.

‘How do you like Bank Side?’ he asked carelessly.

‘Very much. I am greatly interested in Bank Side.’

‘You will go down to posterity, my uncle Clement thinks, as the pilgrim who came all the way from Australia to gaze upon him.’

Laurence laughed. ‘That is not a strictly correct way of putting it. I did, however, ask for an introduction to the poet. Remember that in Australia we do not often get the chance of meeting a poet.’

‘Come now,’ said Oliver sharply. ‘Frankly, have you read a line of his poetry? Do you know anybody who has? Did you ever hear of his poetry before you came here?’

‘Frankly, no. I have never seen or heard of his verses. But if he thinks I have, why disturb that belief? I did not deceive him, and I shall not undeceive him.’

‘Humph! But you had heard of him before in reference to other matters?’

‘Certainly, I had heard of him before, and of other people on Bank Side. That is why I am here. Come, Luttrell, I have seen the question in your eyes a dozen times. They look at me and they say “Who the devil are you?”’

‘Is it not natural? I find you installed at my father’s house—*ami de famille*.’

‘Perfectly natural. I am the son of Sir David Waller, K.C.M.G., Premier, unless he has been kicked out since I left, of the Government of New South Wales. I am over here on a holiday for myself and on certain private business for my father. And I have been asked to ascertain, while I am here, the present circumstances of certain people, including Mr. Clement Indagine.’

‘I see. You will pardon the offensive curiosity of one not wholly uninterested in those people, I am sure. My father and my uncle are a pair of hermits. Althea is a hermit. They have never once, until your arrival, had a stranger within their gates. As for society at Bank Side, there is none. There is a clergyman or two—and there are, I suppose, a few doctors—sixpenny doctors. Well: they have taken a great liking to you—because you listen to their talk.’

‘As for the talk, I assure you that I find it delightful.’

‘Very good of you to say so. Perhaps it may be interesting at first to a stranger. As for myself I find it dull. It is the talk of thirty years ago. I would as soon read the Quarterly Reviews of the same date. Do you know what is the most deadly reading in the world? It is the day before yesterday’s leading article. Very well—the talk at Bank Side is the talk of the last generation—which corresponds. Good Heavens! There is not a single point on which in thirty years we have not completely changed—and those two still love the old worn-out shibboleths and believe in the old worn-out doctrines. Yet, to you, no doubt it is interesting—at first.’

‘Very interesting indeed.’

‘My father, you see, held these old-fashioned notions and thought he could do nothing better with himself than buy a practice—such as it is—among the poor, and live for them. Well: he has lived for them: they send for him at all hours of

the day and night, they never leave him for a couple of hours to himself. He is over sixty years of age: the poor have had the whole of his life: whether they are any the better for it I don't know: but they have had it, and so far as he himself is concerned, he has given himself away.'

Laurence at this point was by some unseen force violently snatched away. He was on Bank Side in the evening, and he was walking with the Doctor, who was speaking with enthusiasm.

'I left my son, Sir,' he was saying, 'to work out for himself his own creed, his theories, and his convictions. He has been brought up without dogma, without illusions, but without contempt for those who hold this or that opinion. I have watched his mind expanding and feeding on the facts and laws of Nature. He has now reached the point when he has begun to understand the true Brotherhood of mankind, and the dependence of man upon man. Then he will proceed to the next grand lesson of life, that he who would save it must throw it away. He only truly lives who lives for others. Thus he will climb to the highest level of all—and understand the Christ.' To learn step by step for himself is better than all the dogmas of the Sorbonne.'

Laurence in imagination heard these words a second time with a kind of pity. How would the Doctor be undeceived! Then his mind came back to the Laboratory. Oliver was talking—what had he said? But Laurence was only away in spirit for a brief moment.

'They still talk that kind of thing, I believe,' he was saying, 'but it has lost power except over a few enthusiasts. Formerly, the world was inclined to believe it. We are all Socialists now, of different kinds, and we go for first principles and laws of nature. For instance, most of us recognize the broad bottom fact that every man lives for himself. Some of the Socialists go on to demand an equal share of everything—most illogically. We want, on the other hand, a clear field for the fight, and for every man to get what he can.'

'Oh!' This was indeed to be at the point of recognising the beauty of sacrifice.

'They used,' continued the Philosopher, 'to believe in a Gospel of Supply and Demand, which was a very fine religion for capitalists, and made them grow rich with easy consciences. We are substituting the law by which the spoils go to the strong.'

'And is there to be no living for other people at all?'

'My dear Sir,' Oliver said with amiable pity, 'let us not talk vague sentiment. Come back to the hard facts—to the Laws

of Nature. We cannot possibly get outside them, try as much as we please. Very well. Nature speaks to the Individual, not to the Community. She says, "Thou shalt eat." She doesn't say, "Thou shalt eat for thy neighbour." Not at all. Every man has got to eat for himself. Eating is a perfectly individual duty—for purely selfish purposes. That simple law is the foundation of private property, individualism, and everything.'

'According to that, the more we civilise the world, the more we develop the individual.'

'Quite so. To civilise a man is to create more wants: that is, to increase his appetite and his ravening. The more he desires to get things, the fiercer, the more resolute, the more unscrupulous he will be to get them. Humanity, as it gets more civilised, will become more and more a battle-ground for the strong, and a Hell for the weak. Don't you like the prospect? If you are strong it will be a very pleasant life indeed, especially after you have fought your way up.'

The Philosopher took up a skull which stood on the table and turned it over in his hands. On the forehead some one had written in pencil—'*Sicut Deus eritis.*'

'Here is your man,' he said. 'This is his brain-pot. Whatever you do to this creature, he remains Man. He is Man who wants: Man who takes: Man who fights. Civilise him. Then, I say, he will want more, and he will fight the harder. What? Would you not fight to the death rather than go to live in an Irish cabin in rags and filth, on potatoes and bad whisky? You think you would rather die. But then you would not die if by killing your neighbour you could get what you want.' His eyes flashed for a moment. 'No—not if that alone would give it to you. Man must always trample on Man. That is the Law of Nature.'

'It seems a poor show for the future.'

'Not quite what we expected—eh? Not what we have been taught to expect, is it? Well: the good old bourgeois teaching is pretty well played out, I think. We are marching rapidly to the stage where there will be left no illusions. People will no longer, for instance, be persuaded that the wrongs of this world are going to be righted in the next: they will therefore want them righted now. As for the modern illusions about man's rights and man's equality—they will be given up, too. There is no equality, and nobody has got any rights. We shall openly educate the boys for the battle where the spoils go to the strongest. I like the contemplation of that time, for my own

part. No privilege of rank—no inheritance : no rights for anybody. A free and fair fight and no favour. It will be a splendid time for the strong man.'

'Is there any place for pity for the weak?'

'In the long run—none. The last illusions to be thrown away will be the illusions of pity and of love. The highest development of civilisation will be a supreme individualism : it will be a return to savage times, with the addition of all the modern wants and the modern science.'

'And what will happen then?'

'I do not know'—Oliver laughed a low, musical laugh—'I do not know. It will be a very fine world, that is certain. Only the strongest allowed to live, unless—which may come—we breed a race of slaves intellectually and physically inferior. An interesting world! A really interesting world! Full of curious things.'

'No honour, no religion, no morality, no pity, no love?'

'My friend, no illusions. That sums up the situation. This seems to me the tendency of modern things.'

'I came to see a Laboratory,' said Laurence, laughing, 'and I learn a lesson on the New Political Economy.'

'Not a published Economy. Pray understand me : I see, or think I see, the current beginning to flow in a certain direction. It is interesting to consider what may happen. That is all. As for me, I am a man of science, and I have no interest in any Political Economy.'

It was as if he felt that he had said too much.

'Well,' said Laurence, 'I am interested in both your Laboratory and your lecture. Thanks for both. We shall meet at Bank Side—perhaps to-night? No! I don't intend to believe, you know,' he said laughing, 'that any of the old illusions are going to be given up.'

'Not given up. They are slowly vanishing, like the mists at sunrise. We shall stand in the clear light and see ourselves, as we are.' He laid his hand, perhaps by accident, on the skull again. '*Au revoir*. At Bank Side, or elsewhere for choice.'

'He knows something that he won't tell,' Oliver murmured as his visitor closed the door. 'Does he know what I only found out a week ago?'

He took an envelope out of his pocket-book. It was old and stained. 'I found it,' he said, 'in an old desk. I wonder I never found it before.' He opened the letter in it and read:—

'Dear Bob,—I have got here safe. I don't know, yet, what I shall do or where I shall go. They tell me that the best thing I can do is to make for the West where new towns are springing up and there's a chance for a fellow. I've got enough money to last for two or three months. Out in a Western town, I may be editor, lawyer, land surveyor, doctor—anything I please. If my uncle Sam Norbery makes a certain discovery and carries on about it, please tell Clem that I couldn't go away without doing something to make him in a rage. After all, it is nothing that can do anybody any harm. Keep Clem out of my uncle's clutches. Ugh! what claws he has! I wonder if he would have been so hard upon us if my mother had lived. The memory of his sister was of no avail, so perhaps her living presence would have done nothing. Write to me.

'Yours ever,

'ÆNEAS INDAGINE.'

'His nephew! Clement is old Sam Norbery's nephew. And no will! And he knows by this time that the old man is dead, and yet he makes no sign. He is capable of anything—the two together are even capable of leaving all that money unclaimed. And all—all—would go to Althea. I wonder what this fellow Waller knows and what is his business! Well, let us think: let us think. A world without illusions: every man for himself: for the man of resource a most interesting world, full of strange projects and crafty enterprises. A very interesting world indeed.' His eye fell on Cassie's note. 'No illusions, my poor Cassie: not even the illusion of love! Recent discoveries have destroyed that illusion.'

Laurence walked slowly away. Outside, in the street, he looked about him. The City was the battle-field: the men who hurried along the streets were the combatants. There was nothing, then, after all, but the fight for food first and for luxuries afterwards. There would never be anything else. All the rest was illusion.—He shuddered.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER THE THEATRE.

THE curtain at the Alhambra fell at eleven o'clock, or thereabouts, upon the final scene of the most gorgeous ballet ever put upon that stage. The central figure of the group was, of course, the lovely and accomplished Giulia Coroni, the most popular favourite

that had ever appeared even upon those boards. She stood in the midst, surrounded by her attendant nymphs—I believe she was Diana, but perhaps she was Venus—all with gleaming arms and sparkling eyes and set smiles and tow wigs, and all bathed in the radiance of I know not how many coloured lamps. When, in obedience to the applause of the House, the curtain rose again for a minute, the *danseuse* stepped forward and bowed and smiled collectively and individually upon all her admirers. That is to say, she was a woman with black eyes so bright and so quick that every one of her thousand lovers caught a glance from her which he took as intended solely for himself. Youth is foolish: youth is credulous: youth knows not the word impossible: youth went home from the Alhambra with beating heart and cheeks aglow, thinking of those flashing eyes and that glance. This, though youth was penniless: this, though youth brandished the yard measure in Regent Street: this, though he guided the swift pen in the City: this, though by Granta's silver stream he meditated the Mathematic Muse for scholastic purposes: this, though the white collar and the flopping felt were already made for his reverend brows. Youth, when he got home, sat down to write a love letter before he could go to bed. He offered his valuable hand and his valuable heart and promised to lay at the feet of the Goddess the whole of his future—the present—owing to ancestral prodigality—not being worth offering. This was the reason, and no other, why two postmen, instead of one, had to do the first morning round in Victoria Street. They were wanted to carry the love letters addressed to the Signora Giulia Coroni. She opened them all: if one contained, as sometimes happened, a ring or a bracelet, she smiled and kept it. The rest she threw into the fire. But she answered none of them.

Half an hour after the curtain fell she appeared at the stage door, where was formed, as usual, a lane of those young men who still openly worship Venus and come nightly to gaze upon the Goddesses in mufti whom they have just adored in their celestial dress. The glamour of the stage remains in the eyes of those worshippers for half an hour at least; wherefore, for the moment, the ladies who come forth from the stage door are as beautiful under the gaslight in their stuff frocks and shabby hats—or in their silks and sealskins—as when the electric light was turned upon them in their flaxen wigs and the sparkling bravery of their stage attire.

At the aspect of the illustrious Giulia, wrapped from head to

foot in a soft grey mantle, the lane with one consent murmured aloud, as if the sight of so much loveliness, with the memory of that last group upon the stage, simply compelled the voice of admiration. Thus Beauty, like Dentistry, or the worship of Baal, may cause man, natural man, to cry aloud. She walked with her shapely head thrown back, as if to let them see her face the better: the gaslight fell full upon her dark cheeks and jet-black hair and flashed in her black eyes. In that brief moment of transit she swept the crowd with her swift glance: she laughed in their faces, as if she rejoiced to think of the young men yearning for the impossible. So Circe laughed aloud at sight of her pigs. Yet each of these Transformations swinishly interpreted her contempt into selection and preference. Thus every one of these young men received the dancer's laughter as a gracious mark of favour meant for himself alone. When she got into her brougham, one young man stepped forward and, raising his hat, dropped into her lap a bouquet as beautiful and as large as, in the month of July, they are made. She laughed and nodded her head to him: the carriage drove away: and the fortunate donor of the bouquet, thus honoured by special recognition—he would have been torn to pieces by jealous rivals had he remained—vanished into the darkness. Let us be charitable to this lane of amorous youth. The worship of the actress is only the worship of Beauty in the abstract. All the virtues, all the graces, all the loveliness, all the charms of womanhood are concentrated in a creature inconceivably beautiful, dancing, smiling, posturing, acting, singing upon the stage. Let them worship their ideal. When, like Giulia Coroni, the Goddess is unapproachable, and always drives home alone in her brougham, no harm is done to anybody; and since in this case the object of their worship really was a most beautiful woman, a truly lofty ideal of beauty and grace was nourished in the hearts of her adorers.

The Signora lived in a flat, one of those in Royalty Mansions, Victoria Street. She was the tenant of the first floor. The ground floor was occupied by an Irish Peer, who in these hard times cultivated the profession of Director and was doing tolerably well. On the second floor was an advertising stockbroker—one of those benevolent magicians who, for the paltry consideration of a 'cover' of ten pounds, will make you the owner of a goodly, if not a princely, fortune, and then again—presto!—with a twirl of his wand will cause this beautiful pile to vanish away—'cover' and all. He and his friends always walked up and down the

stairs as slowly as ever they possibly could in order to meet—if kind fortune should give them that chance—the divine Giulia. This event came off about once in four months, but when it happened it caused their hearts to glow with rapture ineffable. Sometimes, too, they met his Lordship. These gentlemen belonged to that class of City young men—I am told that it is now singularly small and daily diminishing—who love above all things the sight of an actress or a singer or a dancer off the stage : next to this, they love the sight of a Lord. The advertising broker, as is often the case with men who make an early success, had a large following of friends : they were bitterly jealous and envious of his good fortune, and behind his back remembered his pre-successful times, the obscurity of his father, the lowly condition of his cousins, the meagreness of his first beginning, and the time when he would have been thankful to possess a spare half-sovereign. These reminiscences, which are the chief solace of the unsuccessful, did not in the least prevent them from drinking as much champagne, eating as many dinners and suppers, and having as gaudy a time at the expense of this Fortune's darling as he would stand. The money flowed in, and the money flowed out. Who would not be an advertising stockbroker to take their money from greedy gamblers and give it to his friends and to deserving tradesmen and virtuous showmen ? As for the top of the house, it was inhabited by a journalist who never came home until the stockbroker's friends had gone, and never got up until the middle of the day when they were all in the City.

When the Signora arrived home, supper was already served and her supper party were waiting for her. The party consisted of two men only : one of them our friend Oliver Luttrell, and the other a tall and swarthy man, handsome, in his way, which was something in the light cavalry trooper style, or the circus rider style—he would have looked well in the costume of an Afghan warrior, or in the full dress of an Indian Rajah. He would also have made a good model for Jugurtha, or indeed Belteshazzar, or perhaps General Hamilcar. But in evening dress he was incomplete. Apart from his face and head, which were remarkable, there was nothing to distinguish him from his kind, or fellow-professors, who are always seen in evening dress when the shades of night prevail. It is now a part of the profession to put on evening dress—they may be seen every night in the lobbies and lounges of certain theatres. The evening dress which they wear is of the most pronounced kind possible within the very limited range allowed.

One would think that they wished to call attention to their aristocratic appearance and manners—beneath that costume what but the most unblemished honour could survive? The flower in the button-hole is as large and splendid as can be procured: the chains, rings, studs, and wrist-links are big and beautiful: the linen is snow-white and ample: the overcoat and hat are absolutely correct. They know a good many men who frequent the same haunts, just as their predecessors used certain taverns: they are sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by young gentlemen from the country or from the colonies, to whom they communicate information of the most useful kind. Of course they are sometimes seen in morning dress, and then it is on races—courses. And I am told that there are now certain clubs whose members enjoy not only smoking concerts, dances, dramatic recitals, and the handling of the gloves, but a little nap, baccarat, or piquet, in quiet card rooms. Formerly, the word Pigeon would have occurred to the mind at the sight of this gentleman, and one would have looked around or waited to hear the cooing of the dove. Formerly, too, the name of this gentleman was Hawk, and the hawk belongs to a good and ancient family of fighting habits. Now—such is the degeneracy of modern manners—the pigeon, who came of a good and honourable, if simple, stock, exists no longer. In his place is the Juggins, who is stupid but not credulous: who would be crafty if he could: who is only a lamb when he thinks he is a wolf: and would himself, if he could, become the modern successor to the ancient Hawk. Whatever you call that successor, apply the title, dignity, and description to Mr. Harry Stanley, the one of the Signora's guests who was in evening dress. He was smoking a cigarette at the open window, and he was conversing in a low voice with Oliver Luttrell, who was sitting at the same window. Their conversation, if we may judge by the scowl on the latter's face, was not pleasant.

Although the season was early in July and the evening was warm, a fire was burning in the grate. On the hearth-rug in front of the fire lay a figure wrapped from head to foot in a great crimson cloak, the head propped on pillows. It was so motionless and still that you might have taken it for a bundle of clothes or a lay figure; neither of the two men regarded it in the least.

The room was well-proportioned and large: the furniture was good: but the tenant clearly had her own ideas on the subject of colour, and these were not those of the æsthetic school. The

walls were painted crimson, with a gilt dado: the curtains were crimson, with gold fringes: the chairs and sofas were covered with crimson velvet: the carpet was crimson; the lamps had crimson or yellow shades hanging over them: the very glasses on the table were all of red or gold. The redness of the room would have affected the æsthetic person like unto the breath of a raging fiery furnace.

'Oliver,' said the man in evening dress, carrying on the conversation, 'it comes to this: you must get money.'

'I can't get any money.'

'Besides what you owe me—never mind that for the present—between brothers, what is a pony?—you lost twenty pounds and you gave an IOU at the club on Sunday.'

'Tell the man—what is his name?—to wait. He must wait, unless you will lend me the money.'

'Oh! very well. But, sonny, if you play cards at clubs with gentlemen, you must follow the rules of gentlemen. That is, you must pay up.'

Oliver made no reply.

'Otherwise, the next time you are taken to that club, you get the Boot. And as for the man who took you——'

'That's enough,' said Oliver impatiently. 'How the Devil can I give you what I haven't got?'

'Get it, sonny; get it,' replied the other, blandly. 'What do other fellows do? They get the money when they must. They get it off the old man—you've got an old man——'

'He's got no money to give me.'

'They use their wits to get it, somehow. But they do get it when they must; and the time comes—don't you know?—when it's their turn to lift the swag—when they've learned the trick.'

'You mean I am to learn how to——' He did not finish the sentence because Mr. Harry Stanley nodded his head with decision.

'Pre—cisely. That is exactly what you will have to do. If you want to go on the race-course, you must either drop your money or know your way about. If you play cards you must know how to cut and how to deal and how to make friends. Lord! Lord! To think that you could sit down to play with one of us and believe that the play was square!'

'Then,' said Oliver, 'what did you let me do it for?'

'Perhaps I wanted you to learn your way about by yourself a bit; perhaps—but here's Julia.'

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the Signora

herself. She threw the door open with what is commonly called a bang, and stood for a moment with a stage gesture as if expectant of the applause which every night welcomed her appearance. Then she tore off her cloak and threw it carelessly into the corner—in these chambers things were a good deal thrown into the corner—and stood revealed in a dress of crimson velvet, with a gold necklace, gold bracelets, and a great gold chain round her neck. When she changed her dancing dress at the Theatre it was for this magnificent costume, though she was only going home to have supper *en famille*. But she was one of those ladies who love to feel themselves dressed. Only when she had chains of gold about her, diamond rings on her fingers, and could stroke the rich silk or soft velvet of her dress, did she feel truly happy. Her figure and face set off her splendid attire; for she was tall and ample in her proportions, and her countenance was that of a swarthy Queen. The great Zenobia probably resembled Giulia Coroni: and perhaps Vashti, or even Esther herself, was not unlike her. Helen of Troy had black hair and black eyes, but she was of whiter skin and of more slender figure. As for her face, it was not a merry or a laughing face at all: she was one of those women who never want to make or to hear a joke: she could smile when she pleased—how she could rip when she was angry one dares not guess: she could also laugh, but it would only be at the discomfiture of an enemy.

‘Come,’ she said, ‘let us have supper. Oliver, you look down on your luck. Has Harry been teasing you for money? I warned you that he would make you gamble. As if there ever was a Romany who would not gamble and bet and race. You might put on your evening things, my child, when you come to supper with a lady. Lord! It isn’t as if I cared about dress clothes, but they look like money; and if we are swells and have left the tents and the road—you remember the tents and the road, Pharaoh, if Sam doesn’t—why let’s behave as such. Open the champagne, Pha—I mean Harry—and let’s all have a glass to begin with. Give Oliver two, to make him stop scowling. He looks just like he did twenty years ago. That’s right. Where’s Granny?’

‘She’s dead, I think,’ Harry replied, twisting the wire. ‘We’ve been here half an hour and she hasn’t moved. Lively company she must be, all day long.’

‘Here, Granny!’ The girl pulled off the mantle and raised the form which lay huddled up beneath. ‘Come,’ she said, ‘you’ve been asleep before the fire all the evening, and it’s a

baking hot night. Get up and have your supper, and *then* you shall go to bed. That's right—now then.' She lifted the helpless bundle to her feet, where she stood—an old woman, shrunken, toothless, her face lined with a thousand curves, bent with rheumatic pains, and shaking her head with palsy—mumbling and grumbling—a very terrible old woman to look at. The girl twisted her wig straight—it had wriggled round so as to cover one eye—pulled her things right, and led or carried her to an armchair at the table, where she sat blinking her eyes and bobbing her head. She was dressed, however, in black silk and had a gold chain round her neck, and looked wealthy if not venerable.

Julia poured out a tumblerful of champagne and gave it to her. The effect on the old lady was wonderful. She ceased to shake her head and sat up, and her eyes became steady: she was no longer contemptible or pitiable.

Then she looked about the table and saw the two men.

'Pharaoh!' she murmured affectionately. 'What a man he is! It does an old woman good only to look at such a man. Ah, once they used to look at me. Give him all he wants, Sal, all he wants. Brothers such as him are scarce. Give him all you've got so that he may go about with the swells. Is that Sam—little Sam? Oh! I knew him again when first he came back to us, three weeks ago. He ain't growed much. But he was always a little shrimp. An ugly little devil he was, too.'

'Very well, Granny. Now we will sit down and have supper, and let us talk.'

They waited on themselves. After all, that was but a return to old customs, and was no hardship but a relief. In their waiting the plates mostly went into the corner where the cloak lay, because a lady does not change her personal habits with her clothes, and the divine Julia, not to speak of the gallant Harry, remembered many of the habits peculiar to the tent and the road, and practised them when no one was looking. As for the dear old lady, she sucked the bones and scraped her plate, and used the knife instead of the fork, quite after the old fashion, without shame or knowledge that there should be any shame. And all of them attacked the supper, which consisted of many excellent dishes, including cold salmon, mayonnaise, aspic of plovers' eggs, other crafty compounds of jelly and toothsome things, and tarts and cakes, with a vigour and heartiness perhaps hereditary. In the old days their ancestors, when they did get a feast, which was not often, made the most of it.

As for the old lady, the champagne had so set her up that she took as much supper as her granddaughter, speaking not one word until she had quite finished. Then she held out her glass and drank off another tumbler of champagne. This despatched, she fell back in her chair and began to murmur, sometimes under her breath and sometimes aloud.

'She's been at the cards again,' said Julia. 'She was sitting over them all the afternoon. She's full of our fortunes. Never mind, Granny—we don't want to know what's going to happen.'

'The Jack of Spades—that's Sam,' said the old lady. 'The Jack of Clubs is Pharaoh. I read Sam's fortune for him to-day, I did. Ho! ho! if Sam only knew what was coming!'

'He don't want, Granny,' Julia interposed. 'Oliver, it seemed a grand thing for you, that day when the swell took you away in a growler and I climbed up behind to see where you were going. Sal, I was then—now I'm Julia—things have altered a bit, haven't they? Look at me now. Look at the fine times I'm having. Come and see me at the Theatre, with all the House clapping and stamping the moment I appear: look at me—able to live like this—to drink champagne every day—to put on as much silk and velvet as I can—what do you call that?'

'It means success,' said Oliver, whose face, thanks to the champagne, had lost its scowl. 'It means, I suppose, that you've gone to the front, Julia.'

'Very well then, look at Harry—Pharaoh that was. Look at him, there isn't a swell to come near him for looks and manners. And as for money, sometimes it runs like water.'

'When things come off,' her brother corrected her, with becoming modesty.

'Well—they mostly do—whereas you, why, you poor little chap—you've got to work. Something in the chemist shop line, I understand, among the bottles and the scales. You're the first man in the family that ever did work. With all your work, you've got no money: you never will have any. No money! Then you can't stand suppers to the girls after the theatre—and you can't give them dinners of a Sunday: you can't take stalls, nor buy bouquets: you can't wear swell clothes: you can't show rings and things: and as for races and betting—how can you go to any meetings or learn what goes on when you're always in the shop? So, you see, we did better to stick in the dossing ken, though Granny did do her best to sell us.'

'A fair man and a little woman and a stranger from across

the seas are on their way to do harm to Sammy. Let him take care of a fair man and a little woman and a stranger from across the seas. A young man and a young woman and a man from across the seas—two men from across the seas. Let him take care. They will do him a mischief—let him take care.'

'All right, Granny,' said Julia. 'If every young man took care of every young woman, there wouldn't be any mischief at all, and there would be no fun. That is quite certain. Well, Oliver, what was I saying? Oh! Yes—you've got no money. Now if you'd stayed with us you'd have learnt something useful. I began to dance at the races when I was only eight, and Harry he began to sing character songs and to practise with the cards wellnigh as soon as he could walk. You'd have been a tight-rope dancer, or a rider, or a clown, or something that rakes in the money.'

'He's got to find some way of raking in the money,' said Harry. 'That's what I've been telling him.'

'How much is it, Harry? What has he lost?'

'Well, it don't matter much what he owes me. If I'd lost, I should have had to pay, I suppose. But he lost a matter of twenty pound last Sunday, and I must pay if he can't.'

'Well, I'll give him the twenty pound. As for you, Oliver, if you don't know how to play, what a fool you are to try! What can you expect? Why, I suppose you can't even cut the King. How *can* a man be such a fool as to play when he don't *know* how? Teach him to play, can't you, Harry?'

The easy morality of his newly recovered relations—it was only three weeks or so since Mr. Harry Stanley walked into the Laboratory and revealed himself as a long-lost brother—was no longer astonishing. Oliver knew very well the circumstances of his origin: that is to say, he remembered the squalid surroundings from which he had been taken: that a brother of his should have risen to any level in which evening dress is worn, was a surprise, which, until he learned more, was pleasing. That his sister was a favourite *danseuse* was another surprise, by no means unpleasant at first. By this time he had learned more about his brother: there were things to be deplored, that was now certain: there were things to be hidden. The discovery of this fact at first amused him: nobody knew that this man was his brother: nobody suspected that his sister was the celebrated Giulia Coroni. It was a new world to which he was introduced: he listened to their talk and watched their habits. Nothing at all resembling these people had he seen in Heidelberg. He was very much amused:

he was so much amused when his brother took him to his club that he was induced to play a little game of cards—and lost.

‘Well,’ repeated his sister, ‘I’ll pay for him, and do you look after him better, Harry. Open another bottle and let me give Oliver some more. He’s had nothing.’ She meant nothing but pure hospitality. Her younger brother had really taken as much champagne as is wholesome to an unaccustomed head. But he suffered his sister to fill him another of those great glasses with which the restaurants and people who seem to take their manners from restaurants do now delude the unwary. He drank it. And presently there fell upon his spirit a new sense of camaraderie and fraternity. He remembered that he belonged to these people: he was really and truly of their blood: he seemed to remember—but this was impossible—the tents and the road. Like them, he did not belong to the world: he was outside it: he was one of the nation which has always lived by the exercise of its wits. His brother, for instance, was a betting man, an adventurer, a card-sharper: one who looked about for gulls and plundered them. Why not? Why not?

This was a singular view to take, but he fell into it quite naturally. Honour has nothing to do with the wandering race of Egypt.

They began to talk about himself and to ask him questions. By this time he had taken another and yet another bumper.

When he awoke in the morning it was with a strange sense of having lost something. He got up, and dressed, troubled with this thought—what had he lost?

Suddenly he remembered he had given away a secret: a thing which he had discovered: and that he had communicated, in the rough, a half-formed idea. It was an idea so certain to commend itself to his brother that he had communicated it with boastfulness. The idea had, in fact, met with his brother’s full approbation. He had even added suggestions of his own which almost transformed the idea into a plan.

‘Oliver,’ he said, laying his hand upon his shoulder, ‘I never expected to find you so wide awake. My dear boy,’ he added, with feeling, ‘the utmost I dreamed of was that you might get something—some day—when we are all hard up—off the old man. I will see you through this job, sonny.’

Oliver had been left, as we know, to find out for himself the true theory of the Conduct of Life and of the relations of man to

man. But he had been among fellow-students of a German University, and he had been among English boys at School. He had therefore acquired, not by the process of reasoning, but by imitation and daily association, certain notions of honour. And when he remembered this talk with his brother, and the thing which he was going to be 'seen through,' he turned pale and his knees trembled. The reign of the Individual may have begun, but the power of old illusions is not yet trampled out: they are sturdy rebels, and the safety of the Individual's Crown sometimes seems by no means assured.

(To be continued.)

The Sequel to *'A Queen-Anne Pocket-book.'*

THE quaint and interesting adventures of 'A Queen-Anne Pocket-book,' as recorded in the pages of the January number of this magazine, having whetted the curiosity of a namesake—though not a descendant—of its original proprietor to find out something more about him, the following memoranda, coming as they do from authentic sources, will doubtless interest not a few who have shared a like curiosity.

John Payne, then, whose 'yellow and time-stained' pocket-book lay for so many long years in the cellar of the Lombard Street Bank that 'still bears his name,' comes first into notice, so his 'pocket-book' tells us, on January 10, 1695-6. And the following entry in the records of the Haberdashers' Company puts us at once on the right scent: 'John Payne, son of John Payne. o Cottesbrooke in the County of Northampton, grazier, bound to John Jenkins, citizen and Haberdasher of London, for the seven years from 20 March, 1695-6.'

Here, then, we see who his father was, and where the rustic home was that he had just left for the less savoury precincts of Fetter Lane.

Next, we note that Cottesbrooke Hall was the residence of Sir James Langham, Bart., whose brother, Sir Stephen Langham, Knt., resided at Quinton, only a few miles distant. And figuring so frequently as this family does among the entries in the young apprentice's 'pocket-book,' something must necessarily be said about them. Their father, Alderman Sir John Langham, Knt., and Sheriff of London in 1642, had certainly an eventful career. He was one of those aldermen sent to the Tower in company with the Lord Mayor in 1647, and again in 1648 for refusing to publish an 'Act for the exhereditation of the Royal Line, the abolishment of monarchy in the kingdom and the setting up of a Commonwealth.' For his sufferings he was at the Restoration

created a baronet, became M.P. for Southwark, and acquired a large fortune as a Turkey merchant. An altar tomb of black marble in Cold Ashby Church records his death on May 13, 1671. Sir Stephen Langham, who married Mary, daughter of Derick Hoste of London, Esq., died September 1, 1709, aged 81, and was buried at Stanstead in Essex; his will, however, is dated from Quinton July 2, 1707. Sir James, the second baronet, so often also mentioned in John Payne's pocket-book, married four wives, yet on his death in August 1699 left no male heir. Lady Dorothy (Pomeroy), his fourth wife, was probably the generous patroness of the youthful haberdasher. Luttrell in his 'Diary' tells us that Sir James, 'eminently known for his being well versed in the Latin tongue, died much lamented at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields,' and it was doubtless therefore a red-letter day for John when he was sometimes permitted to run up from *Fetter Lane* to the big house in Lincoln's Inn Fields to hear some of the latest Cottesbrooke gossip and to have a few words of encouragement and advice, with perhaps some help still more substantial from the good baronet himself.

Old John, the grazier, was a boy of eleven years of age when the disastrous battle of Naseby was fought on the very land over which his ploughshare was afterwards destined to run, for, says Murray in his 'Handbook,' 'the *Sulby Hedges*, lined by Okey's dragoons, may still be traced, and are perhaps much the same as in 1645.' The monumental inscriptions in the north aisle of the parish church of Welford in Northamptonshire are certainly, too, more or less indications that at all events by the time of his death the grazier had feathered his nest pretty well, even if he had not inherited a good estate from his father before him. So we subjoin them at once, as they will give us a further insight into the family about which we are curious.

Here lyeth interred the body of Edward Payne, eldest son of John Payne and Elizabeth his wife, who departed this life 30 Dec. 1704, ætatis sue 29.

Here lyeth the body of John Payne, late of this place, who departed this life 10 Dec. 1706, ætatis sue 72.

Here lyeth interred the body of Jonathan Woodford, gent., who departed this life 22 Sep. 1719, in the 35th year of his age. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Prov. xxii. 1.

This tells us a good deal, for now we learn (1) who John's mother was; (2) we see that he was only a *second* son, which may perhaps account for his being sent up to London to seek his

fortune in the spring of 1696, and (3) we are able to identify 'Brother Woodford,' whom John records in his 'pocket-book,' and of whom we shall hear more presently.

Now, at Somerset House we find that on January 15, 1705, administration of the estate of a certain *Edward Paine*, late of *Buckworth, co. Huntingdon*, bachelor, was granted to his father, *John*. As to the question of identity there cannot be a doubt; moreover this is greatly explanatory of the Huntingdonshire allusions in John's 'pocket-book,' Buckworth being but seven miles distant from Huntingdon.

And taking the faithful 'pocket-book' still as our guide, we note that little more than a year after his elder brother Edward's death, John is courting Lydia Durrant, for he had been three years out of his apprenticeship, and now his prospects were of course still brighter. Business connection had more than probably thrown John in the way of the young lady, but how comes it that the dainty damsel finds herself forty miles away in Kent?

Hasted, the Kentish historian, tells us that William Woodgate, of Chiddingstone, had by Alice, his wife, daughter of Ric. Streatfield, six sons and one daughter. John, the eldest son, in 1712 bought Somerhill (a favourite resort of the gay retinue of Charles II.); *Henry*, another son, lived at *Goudhurst*, and had by his wife, Lydia Crompe, three sons and three daughters, while Sarah, the only daughter, married William Durrant, of Frantfield, in Sussex. Here then lies the evident explanation of the address of John Payne's love-letter that was found 'in the pocket of the little account-book.' Henry Woodgate died intestate in April, 1721, when his estate was administered by his son, William. But in the spring of 1706, Lydia was evidently on a visit to her uncle, and John—so his letter tells us—was galloping back to Fetter Lane after a wandering—all too brief—among the 'daffidownillies' on the picturesque hillside of Goudhurst, hand in hand with the girl who had just given him her promise. The young lady had not seen many summers, for, on August 9, 1700, her father, William Durrant, 'citizen and embroiderer of London,' when making his will bequeathed to Lydia 100*l.*, which she was *not* to have until eighteen years old. Probably, therefore, she was then much younger. There can be hardly any doubt as to the identity of William Durrant of 'Frantfield' and William Durrant of London, and it is, moreover, singular that a certain widow lady, *Mary Woodgate*, of *Hawkhurst*, in *Kent*, in her will, proved in December 1697, mentions her brother, William Lanes, *haberdasher* and citizen of *London*.

But William Durrant's will is a quaint document which gave some little trouble, and we must look at it again. He desired burial in the vault of St. Vedast's church, Foster Lane, and among the many legatees named the principal are his four children, Lydia, John, Mary, and William, while to his wife, *Anne*, he leaves his '*house and garden at Hackney*' for her widowhood only. Assuming, therefore, the correctness of Hasted, *Anne* may have been his second wife. We note, in passing, the explanation of another passage in John Payne's love-letter, and of the little commission which Lydia had evidently given him when he writes, 'Y^r letters to *Hackney* shall be delivered with care and speed.'

The will continues: 'Mr. John Shower, minister, is to have 5*l.* for preaching my funeral sermon from II Cor. v. 10,' the poor of whose congregation are to have 10*l.*; another 'minister. Timothy Rogers,' has 5*l.*, while 10*l.* go to poor housekeepers in the parish of St. Vedast. Testator concludes: 'I charge and enjoin my children and every of them that they do not dispose of themselves in marriage or otherwise in the world without the advice and consent of my executors.' But under his signature on April 8, 1703, he writes: 'I declare this will to be void, and purpose to make another!' A very rough and unsigned draft of the new will follows, and on June 28, 1709, William Durrant died. On July 2 following, 'John Durrant, senior, *John Payne*, and John Durrant, junior, of the parish of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, *drapers*,' deposed to testator's handwriting, and that after a search on June 29, 1709, they found 'the cancelled will and the annexed schedule.'

The will of old John Payne, the grazier, would be proved at Northampton or Peterborough, but there can be little doubt that the will of *Elizabeth Paine* of the parish of *St. Vedast alias Foster, widow*, dated January 18, 1720, and proved November 7, 1721, at Somerset House, is that of the grazier's widow; for she names her son *John* and grandson *John Paine*, daughter *Elizabeth Paine*, and son *Thomas Paine* of *Oundle* in *Northamptonshire* with Mary his wife. She adds further, 'I forgive my son John all the money he owes me upon his notes, and all the other money I lent him which I have not notes for.' This certainly looks as if *our* John were a bit of a screw; for though his 'pocket-book' tells us that he borrowed many small sums on first coming up to London, he ought, at least, to have refunded his mother, especially when he became a rich man. Perhaps, however, he had an easy con-

science and thought that as in the ordinary course of things it would be his one day, he had better decide to keep it in his pocket and, at all events, save legacy duty. Who his mother's parents were does not transpire. She was possibly of Huntingdonshire extraction, judging, at least, from the 'pocket-book,' but evidently some time in the year of her death she came up to London to be nearer to her son John.

Lydia died before her husband, as appears from his will which we have next to examine, showing, as it does, the great prosperity and success to which, after such apparently careful beginnings, he ultimately attained. 'John Payne, citizen and haberdasher of London,' by his will dated August 27, 1746, and proved December 29, 1747, desires burial at *St. Vedast's alias Foster*, near his late wife. To his eldest son John—to whom he had formerly 'given 2,000*l.* to bring into stock and partnership with himself and their partner in trade Mr. Thomas Swayne'—he devises all his 'lands, tenements, and estates at Sulby and Welford in Northamptonshire, as also the lease of the tithes of the last-named parish, besides estates at Sherrington in Buckinghamshire, and at Husbands-Bosworth and North Kilworth in Leicestershire, and his houses in Bow Church Yard.' His second son Edward, who had been *similarly* established in partnership, has 1,000*l.* Bank of England Stock, and 1,000*l.* Stock 'of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies,' as also 'my *house* in Bow Church Yard, with all furniture and pictures,' with *estates* at Little Preston in Northants, and at Sutton Valence, East Sutton, and Headcorn in Kent. To his daughter Elizabeth, the wife of Benjamin James, to whom, on her marriage, he had given 6,000*l.*, he gives '100*l.*, together with all the furniture, without exception, in his chamber at her house in Roehampton, with the *escretore* in the said chamber, and what shall be therein,' besides a messuage called 'Overhall' at Isham in Northants. His ten grandchildren have each 1,000*l.*, while there are legacies to his four brothers-in-law, John Richards, John Durrant (whose daughter Mary married Thomas Turner), John Ekins, and Samuel Chambers; to his *sister Mary*, formerly *wife* of *Mr. Jonathan Woodford*, and now widow of John Knight [see 'pocket-book'], to niece Elizabeth *Wafforn*, &c., and others, mostly Northamptonshire names. All footmen and maidservants have 5*l.* each and mourning: the poor of London parishes are not forgotten, and the interest of 100*l.* is left for the education of poor children at Welford. One of the witnesses to the will was *Benjamin Chandler*. Finally, the *Gentleman's*

Magazine for 1747 records the death of our successful merchant as on Christmas Day thus : ' John Payne, an *East India Director*.' while Hasted (*Hist. of Kent*, ii. 414) gives Christmas Eve as the date of his death, and at the age of 68.

His eldest son ' John Payne, of the parish of St. Margaret's, *Lothbury*, London, Esq.,' married Elizabeth, a daughter of ' Mrs. Louisa de Bonville,' and died at Roehampton, August 26, 1764, possessed of great wealth, his will, which is a very long one, bearing date May 5 of that year. One bequest only we can notice here, that namely of ' 100*l.* for the same end and purpose as the like sum was given by the will of my honoured father for teaching poor children in the parish of Welford.' Certainly the address from which he dates his will would seem to favour the conjecture that he ' was personally connected with the bank which still bears his name.'

In the early part of last century there died a certain Thomas Payne, a *goldsmith of Lombard Street*, some account of whom is given in *Records of the English Catholics of 1715*, recently published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. One legatee under his will, dated August 28, 1710, was his niece, *Eliz. Chandler*; and bearing in mind that the will of our good *draper*, John Payne, was witnessed by Benjamin Chandler, there was probably some connection between the two. Putting, then, all our facts together, the following amusing sketch would almost seem to illustrate our subject; it is taken verbatim from Price's *Handbook of London Bankers*, p. 123, who himself quotes it from Martin's *Stories of Banks and Bankers*. Mr. Price says: ' The banking firm of Smith, Payne, & Smiths is first found in the London Directory in 1759, when its style was Smith & Payne, carrying on their business near Coleman Street, *Lothbury*. The same authority shows us that in 1766 they had removed to 18, Lombard Street.

' The old banking establishment of Smith of Nottingham was merged in the well-known firm of Smith, Payne, & Co. of Lombard Street. Smith the First, the Smith of all other Smiths, was at the beginning of the last century a respectable draper at Nottingham, well patronised by the gudewives of the farmers who bought their quarterly stock of threads and ribbons at his shop, after having sold their pigs. The wives of course brought the husbands, and though the latter wanted no caps and laces, they liked to have a quiet half-hour in the cozy back parlour to discuss the news of the day and the state of the markets with Mr. Smith. A frequent theme of conversation was the danger of the roads.

The neighbourhood of Nottingham, the home of Robin Hood, was (as ever) infested with footpads, and Dick Turpin himself, or one of the Dick Turpins, was believed to honour the country at times with his presence. It was not that the farmers feared for their wives or their pigs, but they feared for their money, dearer to them than their pigs—it would be wrong to say their wives. The bland *draper*, having long listened to these outpourings of woe, at last hit upon a ready solution of the difficulty: "I will take care of your money," Mr. Smith proposed, "and will moreover keep an account of your market transactions, and you may draw your cash or get goods from me whenever you like."

'The offer was accepted, first by one, then by a dozen, then by a score of farmers, and soon Mr. Smith found himself the holder of very considerable sums of money. He was a shrewd man this Nottingham *draper*, and the cash did not remain idle in his hands. . . . Mr. Smith now took the second step in his prosperous career, and a very sensible one it was: he allowed a small interest to his friends the depositors. The pleased farmers, it need not be said, were, after this, perfectly enthusiastic in handing their surplus cash to the Nottingham draper, instead of putting it into an old stocking at home, where, whatever else might happen to it, it certainly would not grow. So things went on in the natural course, until the draper became a regular banker, and, justly thinking his shop a hindrance to his business, gave up the trade in cloth and ribbons in favour of that in money and bills.

'Smith the First died a Nottingham banker, and Smith the Second extended his operations to Hull and Lincoln, while Smith the Third sought and found a *London correspondent* in the person of a shrewd and active man, *Mr. Payne*, with whom he subsequently entered into partnership. Hence the firm of Smith, Payne, & Co. . . . Thus it will be seen that this firm of bankers had been established for some years in the same capacity in Nottingham . . . before . . . appearing in London about 1759 under the style of Smith & Payne.'

But it is time to bid farewell to our haberdasher and his Lydia. If his father, the grazier, had seen troublous times, the lot of the son was cast in days hardly less stirring. John Payne could remember well the events of 1688 and 1715, while it is not too much to suppose that the run upon the Bank of England, occasioned by the advance of the Highlanders in 1745, may have caused him, as a mercantile man, some sleepless nights only a few

months before the time that we find him 'setting his house in order' and making his will. Doubtless he was at the meeting of City merchants whose resolution suppressed the panic, but the inheritance which he left behind him is sufficient proof that his grounds for anxiety, if any he had, were unfounded.

The Wafforn family, we have seen, intermarried with that of John Payne, and some of their resting-places are side by side in Welford church. One other Northamptonshire inscription, from the parish church of Welton, will not inaptly conclude this paper: 'To the memory of John, the son of John Waforne and Damaris, his wife: he was buried near this place Jan. 6, 1715.

Behold thyself by me;
Such a one was I as thou,
And thou in time shalt be
Even dust as I am now.

JOHN ORLEBAR PAYNE.

The Fatal Lift.

PART I.

PRINCE PHILARETE¹ remained on high,
 The Masses were below.
 This was the fact: the reason why
 Was what he wished to know.
 For book or playmate, game or skiff,
 He did not seem to care,
 He said he did not want them if
 The Masses were not there.

An ancient Sorcerer they sought,
 A Sorcerer sublime:
 With magic were his accents fraught,
 His locks were grey with time.
 On Philarete he fixed a gaze
 Of patriarchal joy.
 'Master, instruct me how to raise
 The Masses,' said the Boy.

Serenely spake his wizard guest,
 And bowed his hoary head.
 'I fancy that I can suggest
 A Remedy,' he said.
 'A Lift, your Highness!' That was all.
 'A Lift!' cried Philarete,
 Letting his whole regalia fall
 At that Magician's feet.

¹ This name is from Henry Kingsley's *Boy in Grey*.

And yet a faint surprise he knew.
 The Wizard's speech, in sooth,
 Half like an Ancient Man's, had too
 A certain air of youth.
 And half of Henry George it seemed
 To his bewildered ear;
 And half of Chamberlain he dreamed,
 And half of Bass's Beer.

And Philarete 'gan sore to quake
 Lest he had asked amiss;
 And very fearfully he spake,
 'Father, what Lift is this?'
 A Gladstone bag unlocked the Sage,
 With many models packed.
 He answered: 'Lifts are all the rage,
 Yet only *one* will act.'

The Prince surveyed them with respect,
 'Nirvana, Entrance Free,'
 There was one labelled. 'Too select,'
 The Wizard said: 'you see,
 The mystery we cannot guess
 Of why it did not please,
 But there returned, to their distress,
 All to the Patentees.'

A tear of pride there dimmed his eyes:
 'It won't be so with *this*,
 This will expand to any size,
 It's warranted, *it is*!'
 There crossed his mind some memory old;
 He murmured: 'You will win
 In the present world a hundredfold,
 And the Next World thrown in!'

PART II.

A mighty gathering there pressed
About the Chasm's brink,
Men felt a common interest
In seeing the Lift sink.
The Wizard's portrait they had hung
On every gallery's wall :
The Priests, their benediction sung,
Strewed incense over all.

Yet as the Chasm the Lift received
Before their very eyes,
Only the Sorcerer believed
That it would ever rise.
He peered into the darkness. Cheers
Were hushed. All waited then,
Reporters, Artists, Bishops, Peers,
And Literary Men.

But when they saw him turn and glare,
Like one in sore distress,
They asked him : 'Are the Masses there ?'
Wildly he answered : 'Yes !'
(He trembled like an aspen leaf,
He's trembled ever since)—
'But—this confounded Lift, in brief,
Sends them up Philistines !'

The Artists sighed : 'Too many, or—
The Poets turned away.
The Bishops cried : 'Excelsior !'
But the Archbishop : 'Stay !'
For learned he was in canon law,
And in the old Greek text,
And he by intuition saw
Just what would happen next.

With regard to Joe Day's connections in the locality, it must be said there was a venerable pensioner—likewise Day by name—residing in the next parish of Stapleham, a veteran who had been a drummer-boy at Waterloo, who more than once informed young Joe—

'Thy gran'feyther and me we was lads together i' this dale. We lærnt spelderin' and readin' together. Thy gran'feyther and me we used to fight a goodish bit by times. Thee see we was brothers, and it was onny natural.'

This legitimate excuse for fighting on the part of the ancient pensioner did not appear to convey to stolid young Joe's brain the fact that the octogenarian worthy was his great-uncle, for he never made any claims upon the old man in the next parish, who was accounted something of a miser by his cronies at the village pothouse.

Little Sister was the offspring of Joe's father by a second marriage. This marriage had been imprudent and romantic in the extreme for a man of his degree. The child's mother, a vagrant French girl, had been picked up by the wayside in a starving condition by Elijah Day, on his way back from Middleton Market, one snowy evening. He had carried back the poor, half-frozen thing to his home in his employer's wagon, half full of living pigs and calves. The girl made no objection to such companions, perhaps being too far gone to notice these noisy cattle. Young Joe, at that time a lank lad of nine years old, was the only other occupant of the crazy cottage abutting on the farmyard—a malodorous, unsanitary dwelling, yet to its tenant a home of rest in the scant leisure of some forty toilsome years.

In the course of a few days the shrewish, bright-eyed vagrant regained her strength, and cheerfully adapted herself to the comparative comfort of her novel surroundings. In her own mind she was resolved to become a fixture in the habitation where she so unexpectedly found herself a lodger.

In broken English Marie explained herself to be the forsaken wife of an acrobat in a travelling circus troupe. Wife or no wife, she vowed with lively gestures, sighs, and tears, that she would never seek out her former partner, and implored piteously that her rescuer would continue to shelter her. For a time she was suffered to live unmolested in Joe's cottage, but by-and-by the scandalous whispers crept to the Rev. Mr. Potter's ears. He sought out the black sheep and insisted on a prompt marriage ceremony. Elijah Day held silence about the tale of a previous marriage, and Marie only shrugged her shoulders at the parson's

strait-laced morality. However, she yielded to his persuasions, thinking it, indeed, a matter of small moment, except wherein it profited her to receive rectory patronage and good gifts. Elijah had honestly fallen in love after the ways of his betters, and quite out of the way of his fellows, and it mattered not to him that his wife was an adventuress of a low class. The sharp-tongued, nimble-witted French girl ruled him absolutely, though not unkindly, while she lived.

In course of time there arrived a girl baby in the Day household. The mother died about a year afterwards, and the brown-eyed child was left to the care of her father and young Joe, then aged eleven. It was Joe, however, who was chief nurse, inasmuch as he had no regular employment to take him away from the cottage. He only picked up odd shillings now and again, scaring crows or helping at harvest work.

Joe washed and dressed and fed the baby with the most tender solicitude, and staggered miles up the hills beneath her weight when he took her out for fresh air. For Joe knew where the purest breezes blew.

That the motherless child throve so well was a continual wonder to the neighbours, certain respectable and experienced matrons being sadly aggrieved that they were not called into consultation. It had been fully expected that the Mamselle's (so the mother had been called) baby would be boarded out on the approved system adopted by widowers generally.

For a time Elijah Day was regarded with disfavour by such worthy ladies. It was surely setting himself against Providence not to leave bairns to womenfolks.

The baby had been for the first hours of her existence an object of adoration to Joe, for, alas! poor lad, he had nothing else on which to expend his love. Little Sister was pretty and intelligent beyond any other low-born brat in Bickerdale. It needed no discerning eye to recognise her singular grace of movement and charm of expression. Even Mrs. Potter, a lady of severest morality, was won by her infantile charms, and forgot to cast one of her ever-ready stones at the unprincipled mother. This worthy dame prescribed from her own homœopathic chest (a sacred ark not commonly resorted to for the parishioners) for the baby's ailments, and took a lively interest in her recovery from measles.

Elijah idolised the brown-eyed little girl who sat upon his knee every supper time, surveying her small world with calm

disdain of all the homage and affection offered to her. Her bread was thickly buttered, the hens laid all their eggs for her in winter time. She had cream to her porridge, and little dainty cakes baked for her. It was her just prerogative of course. Father drank skimmed milk with his porridge, and Joe's staple food was coarse bread and cold bacon, but no childlike instinct ever prompted this little maid to give father or Joe a taste of her delicacies.

The little Marie was nearly ten years old when Elijah fell sick with a bad leg. It is an ailment common enough amongst poor folks, and not always regarded as the precursor of a last foe. But as Elijah remained out of work for long months, receiving club money, and as his leg gave no sign of healing, his heart grew heavy within him. In vain the local doctor prescribed, in vain a far-famed quack at Middleton was resorted to, in vain he rested and prayed (the act of supplication his last resource as the least reliable), for the sore grew gradually worse. In some dim way the sufferer recognised that the end of his poor struggling life was not far off. Perhaps the idea of rest and some vague notion of *nothingness* hereafter (a more common hope or expectation of rustic minds than pious Christians are willing to allow) would not have been unwelcome to this tired labourer under other circumstances. But the fibres of old Elijah's heart had wrapped closely round the child who had come to him in his later years. The thought of leaving Marie at her tender age to the mercies of an unsympathising world—for so his world had ever been—crushed him with fear.

Between the father and son, both cut out after something of the same pattern, there had never been any confidences, any expression of affection. These dalesmen are not a demonstrative race. When a lad grows up and goes out to work for himself, the parental control ceases, and often enough all interest too.

If he remains at the family hearth, he is a lodger, nothing more, one who pays for his bed and board and out of whom profit is made if possible. Old Elijah made no claims on the gratitude of young Joe for having been the means of his introduction to a toilsome life. Neither was he by any means entitled to it.

But Joe was not made of the poor stuff which supplies our world with its rank and file. This clay was of the finest sort. Under his great rough exterior there were delicate roots of tenderness, mighty pulses of humanity, such as would not disgrace the noblest hero ever sung.

In his slow way the young ploughman realised his father's care, and his unlettered mind turned over words of consolation for some days as he tranquilly followed his horses.

'Father, thee seems a bit moidered like aboot summat. Is it Mawrie that troubles thee? Would'st thee like me to look after t' little lass a bit more when thee's gawn?' said Joe one night after the child had gone to bed.

'Ah be na gawing yet,' rejoined Elijah testily. 'Give ma t' sneeze-horn, lad.' Then he snuffed up some pinches of snuff vehemently. His leg had been a degree less painful to-day, and hope flickered on his horizon. After a prolonged pause he continued more placably,

'Thee'll marry thyself soom day, mah lad, and ah reckon thy little sister 'ull be cast adrift then. Two women can never bide at peace in one hoose.' This was a fretful charge made against Joe, not absolutely demanding a response. Joe, however, pondered the matrimonial question for another week, and then, once more, tendered consolation. The parson had been to see the ailing man that day, and had offered prayers by his bedside. The service for the visitation of the sick had apparently depressed Elijah's mind, seeming to intimate the approach of his latter end. He received his son's second offer more gratefully.

'Father, ah've been thinkin' aboot it a goodish bit. Ah'll nivver marry, ah guess. Ah doän't think mooch o' wives in the main. There's good and bad, and ah might have luck to get a bad un. Ah'll bide here along of Little Sister so long she stays. Happen the lass will find a mate soom day.'

This ultimate probability did not appear to trouble little Marie's parent. It was yet a remote possibility, and his eyes were dim towards the future.

'Ay, lad, so be it. Amen ah says to thy words. Dost thee hear? Thee's been mortal kind to t' little Mawrie, and she be a humoursome lass. Ah don't doot thee'll do thy duty by her. Amen ah says.'

So, with no superfluous vows of kindness, with no sentimental promises, Joe took upon himself the responsibility of guardian. Took it, indeed, with only a faint idea of self-sacrifice, with only a vague notion of duty, and with no conception of the many interpretations put upon that troublesome little word.

Not long after the ratification of the compact, old Elijah shook off this mortal coil. His shrunken form disappeared for ever from the chimney-corner which had seen the happiest hours of his life. For a few days only he was missed by the idlers amongst his

neighbours, such as had been in the habit of calling in to chat with him, or commiserate his sufferings. Then the waves of later events rolled on, and Elijah Day was forgotten in the village. But the father's familiar presence in the big armchair, his smock frock and withered face and fretful groans were what Joe Day did not forget so easily. They made a blank to him by their absence. Only the little Marie laughed joyfully over her new mourning clothes, and spoke noisily within sight of the coffin.

'Thee mustna laugh sa mooch, Mawrie,' said Joe gently. 'Father he were rare fond o' thee.'

But the mystery of death could not instil reverence into her.

'The worms 'ull eat him,' she said, smiling serenely; 'he won't never mak' mooch o' me agen.'

When the still form was carried out of the cottage, Marie watched the black procession winding down the dale till it was out of sight, for Joe had refused to allow her to take a place amongst the mourners. As they finally disappeared, the child came back with a merry bound to the fireside, and looked about her for some form of amusement. Father's pipe caught her eye on the high mantelshelf, beside the brass candlesticks. Climbing on a chair she reached it down, and proceeded to scrape the ashes out of it. She would blow some bubbles now. That would amuse her rarely. And so, having spent half an hour at this pastime, she finally dropped the pipe, which shattered in a thousand fragments on the hearthstone. Food for repentance this, perhaps. Not a bit of it. Marie laughed with the rarest music in her voice.

'Father won't nivver know now,' she said aloud; 'he telled ma ah were nivver to touch of his pipe.'

The next thing to do was to ransack the great family chest, which contained drawers Marie had never looked into. Old Elijah's clothes and treasures had been kept there. The child found the great turnip watch—her grandfather's she had been told—piles of hand-knitted stockings, coarse shirts, and quaintly stitched smocks. The last were truly works of art, and Marie had already planned a new service for them. Drawing out the best of these, she sat down in the big armchair near the table, and with a large pair of scissors began to cut out a new frock for the doll Joe had bought her at the last fair. When the chief mourner came back with bent head and a heavy tread, he found her singing over this work. She lifted her flower-like face and smiled at him as his broad figure darkened the doorway.

'Father's smock it 'ull mak' ma doll foine and smart.'

Joe glanced round in a helpless way. His eye caught the old clay pipe, where it lay in fragments on the hearthstone.

'Mawrie,' he said slowly but with extreme gentleness, 'thee shouldna touch thy dad's clothes.'

She smiled again with the expression of an angel.

'What good be they for?' she said, still snipping; 'he won't never be warm no more. He's stone cold underground.'

Then Joe, stooping down, picked up the broken bits of pipe, and went quietly out of the door again. She was too young to understand, he thought.

Certainly as Little Sister grew older she was a beauty for a painter to delight in, only painters passed not by in the way of this remote northern dale, bleak and barren, and having no scenic glories to attract them. Thus she expanded unseen except by rustic eyes. She was like some exquisite wild flower, most beautiful and perfect, though uncared for by any gardener's skill. You and I, dear madam, clothe our little ones according to canons of hygiene and good taste, and magnify the athletic or beautiful developments of our offspring with vast pride and self-glorification. Little Sister had no relations or friends to draw attention to her natural grace, or to admire the length of her eyelashes. No one picked out pretty colours at the linendraper's, or chose becoming headgear for this peasant maid. Yet without such adventitious charms she was a lovely creature. Would only that her little soul had grown to match her perfect body!

To Joe Day the child was all in all—a gem of the purest water—a pearl without a flaw. He was not a poet—consciously. But though Joe could not put words together gracefully, though he spoke with a rough northern burr and used coarse provincial phrases, yet I do declare he had a soul full of sublime poetry. Ay, my friends, more so than many of Fame's favourites, who achieve honour for some pretty versifying and the dressing up of some other man's deep thoughts in more becoming language. I have known such thieves not too proud to pick up the unshaped pearls that have fallen from an unlettered brother's lips, but yet too base to acknowledge the nobler thoughts not theirs.

Joe guarded Marie as the apple of his eye. She was the brightness of his life, the loadstone that drew from him every virtue. She was fed, for one of her class, luxuriously, and to clothe her neatly and satisfy her ever-increasing claims Joe denied himself every little indulgence. To win a smile or caress

he cheerfully sacrificed his tobacco and beer, and when he went to the market town he never forgot the packet of goodies and sweet cakes or the new toy.

When Marie was twelve years old her education had practically ceased, though Mrs. Potter occasionally lent her improving books (works of a highly moral nature much derided secretly by Marie) and accompanied her singing practice every week. The girl was undoubtedly clever, with a bright intelligence. The volatile French charm of her mother's ways was united to a shrewd, farseeing mind, no doubt inherited from the good old salesman stock. She loved pleasure, it is true, but was capable of foregoing it if there was any ultimate gain in view.

She absolutely ruled the narrow-minded Mrs. Potter without that lady's perception. The parson's wife looked at all her poor neighbours through Marie Day's eyes, and meted out her charities according to Marie Day's dictation.

When Little Sister was about sixteen all the lads in the parish were in love with her. The usual devices of country lovers were employed to win her. But she flouted all such low-born admirers with a coquetry worthy of a Belgravian daughter.

One summer evening at harvest time, Joe, trudging wearily home from his work, took a short cut through a little wood at some distance from his home. Here he saw Marie walking with a young farmer from an adjacent parish. He was well-to-do, a yeoman of a superior class, and it was not likely that his attentions were serious. Joe did not interrupt the interview, but went slowly home by a circuitous path, pondering what he should do. An hour later, when Marie came back to the cottage, cool and self-possessed, with not a filament of her nut-brown hair disarranged, without even a flush upon her cheek, Joe spoke.

'Wheer hast thee been?' he said, looking out of the window.

'Ah've been a bit of a walk, thee silly old Joe.' She flung her arms round the back of his neck and added playfully, 'Dost thee think ah'm to be tied to thy hearthstone from cockerow to sun-setting?'

Then Joe turned round and faced her.

'Ah saw thee coomin' through t' wood. Young Harry Ewbank he were along o' thee. Mawrie, thee'd best tak' care o' thyssen.'

She sprang away from him quickly and said with flashing eyes, 'Take care o' mysen! What dost thee mean?'

'Ah mean as folks 'ull be talking and giving bad names. Ther's too many as looves the ground thee treads not to scent out any carrying on o' this sort.'

She laughed with a quiet scorn.

'Thee's maundering, Joe. Thee'd best let me alone; there ain't nowt in it.'

But with dogged pertinacity Joe went on.

'Ah promised father ah'd look after thee a bit, and ah'll not let thee alone wi' this chap.'

The result was that Joe went to the Uplands farm the next day and addressed himself to Harry Ewbank's father. He being a straightforward old fellow took Joe's speech in good part, and, having some knowlege of his son's previous escapades, packed the young Lothario off to an uncle in Liverpool.

Marie knew very well what had occurred, but smiled none the less sweetly and betrayed no resentment towards Joe. Another two years slipped by uneventfully to the Day household. Marie had in this time grown to be a strikingly beautiful girl. Mrs. Potter made a show of her to any occasional guests at the rectory, and by this means she became more fully conscious of her rare loveliness. Marie would be sent for on the pretext of assisting in domestic work, and as she waited at table or moved about the house the comments and glances having reference to her did not escape her notice. As she grew older Mrs. Potter had observed that the girl had endeavoured to throw off her provincial way of speech. And having an accurate ear and being an admirable mimic she did succeed in acquiring a more cultivated tone.

One winter time a young nephew of the parson came to spend his vacation at the rectory. He was supposed to be reading for an examination, and the remote solitude of Bickerdale was calculated to favour this process. He was a pale, æsthetic creature, with lank hair, a taste for china, and a leaning to art. He so transformed Mrs. Potter's homely drawing-room with Japanese fans and eastern hangings that the worthy woman hardly recognised the familiar walls. But after he had seen Marie his artistic ardour took a new direction. He unpacked an easel and brought forth many tubes of colours, begging Mrs. Potter to permit the girl to give him some sittings.

'She's an inspiration,' he said, turning his eyes heavenwards. The end of the inspiration was a really passable portrait of Marie. It was enough to set the match to the girl's vanity. At the end of the vacation young Duckworth went back to his college, and Marie sang as blithely as before. At Easter he came again, and was an invaluable assistant to Mrs. Potter and Marie during the period of church decoration. Then came the climax, the catastrophe of the poor ploughman's life. It was a sweet spring

day, and the scent of violets and primroses was everywhere. The air was musical with the voices of different birds, as the balmy wind swayed the branches which shielded their nestlings. Joe sat on a hedge side eating his midday meal and marking in his slow way all the familiar living things about him. There were voices far off on the other side of the hedge where there was a path. The voices came slowly nearer. But it was only when they were within a few yards that Joe recognised the speech of Little Sister. A man was walking with her. They stopped a moment in their progress, and the man stooped and kissed Marie. Like a lightning flash the clumsy ploughman was on the other side. Without a moment's thought or care he caught the bold lover by the throat and hurled him to the ground. Marie fled away without a word, but there lay the libertine still and silent. Joe stood over him. Was he dead? It was not so bad as that, but bad enough, God knows.

For days and weeks young Duckworth lay disabled with broken ribs and injured head. Joe, meanwhile, was under arrest. Finally, when the injured man was able to give evidence, Joe was convicted of a brutal and unprovoked assault, and received a six months' sentence. Joe had made no defence, had pleaded no extenuation of his brutal attack, much to the surprise of those who knew him and were desirous of having the mystery cleared up. For this mild-eyed giant had never been coarse or rough, and was sober beyond any precedent in this dale. The blow fell hard on Joe Day. Had he not heard old Elijah boast of an unblemished ancestry of honest men? The sturdy pride with which our remote dalesmen cherish their record of probity seems unaccountable to those familiar with the lower classes of the south and the blackguardism of cities. Death would probably have been more welcome to this poor ploughman than the sentence he received.

But he could make no defence, plead no momentary passion after Little Sister had been to him and implored him on her knees, with long endearments, not to betray her fully. He knew well that her name would be tarnished, her fair fame smirched, if he told an honest tale. She promised, with the tears brimming over in her lovely eyes, that never, oh never, would she meet or see the man again. She vowed that he was nothing to her, that he had only flattered her and taken her by surprise. She sobbed vehement protestations of remorse that such fooling had taken place. And Joe kissed and blessed Little Sister tenderly and held his peace as she knew he would do.

The ploughman came forth from prison at last—to him a long and bitter period. He was a wiser, but scarcely a better man. He had rubbed shoulders with vice and villainy, and his noble self-respect was gone. In his own dale, amongst his own countrymen, he knew that doubting glances would be cast upon him, that he would be distrusted, if not feared.

But there was Marie to live for—Marie to go back to. His whole heart went out to her he had fostered as a little child. To her he had never spoken an unkind word ; for her he had made a final sacrifice of his good name.

It was the waning of the year when he came home—a calm day at the end of October. His eye mechanically marked the work that had been recently done in the fields. How sweet the soil was to his long unaccustomed senses! His stolid features were now and again lighted by a wintry smile, but his placid grey eye had more sadness than of yore. He strode homewards at a good pace from the nearest station by the least frequented paths. He had no wish to encounter familiar labourers. He yearned for the sight of Marie only. For eighteen years he had never been a day apart from her till last April. She knew he was coming, of course. She must have reckoned the day of his release from gaol. The little lass—for so he called her still—would thank him for all he had done for her. She would never know, she should never know, what it had been to him.

Joe came in sight of the cottage, and his heart stood still a moment. Surely it had a more dilapidated and desolate appearance than ever before. The little garden was untended, the gate was unlatched, and a pane of one window was broken. Joe breathed hard for a moment before proceeding up the narrow path. All was strangely silent, and the blackbird and its cage were gone. The door was locked, but Joe mechanically stooped and looked beneath the flagstone of the doorstep for the key. For that was where it was agreed between him and Marie to secrete it when either left the cottage for a while untenanted. He found it now, of course, and quickly unlocked the door. Then he faced a desolate room. The grate was full of ashes, the furniture all dusty and neglected. Joe sat down bewildered for a moment by this unexpected blow. The great-grandfather's clock had stopped, and one of the old press drawers stood open with key dangling in the lock. It was the place where all the valuables of the household had been kept. Joe's mother's wedding-ring, Marie's mother's long French earrings, a little sock with money had always been concealed there. They were all gone of course.

And worse than this, the canvas bag which contained Joe's whole fortune had disappeared likewise. For only a few days before the disaster which befell Joe, the old pensioner in the next parish had died and left to Joe the savings he had accumulated, some fifty pounds in gold, with a few odd shillings and pence, a handsome legacy to one of his class.

For a moment Joe staggered back overwhelmed with the treachery of the girl he had loved and tended so fondly. Only for a moment, and then his generous heart cast away all suspicion. Little Sister had of course taken service in the neighbourhood somewhere for a space just till he came out of gaol. The loneliness had been too much for her, and she had taken the treasures with her for safe keeping. He would go at once and ask Mrs. Pickersgill, a friendly neighbour who lived but a little way off. So, once more, he went across the fields and knocked at a cottage door. The labourer's wife came out. She was baking bread and was hot and breathless.

'What art thee gauping at, thee gowk? Can'st thee not speak? What dost thee want?' she said sharply, only seeing a tall man's figure in the gloom. Joe spoke in a husky voice:

'It be Joe Day, Mrs. Pickersgill. Ah'm coom home. What's coom o' Mawrie?'

The woman started.

'Lord ha mercy! Is thy time oop? Ah'm fairly mazed to see thee back i' Bickerdale. Thee'll never get wark here, wheer oftentimes honest men goes begging for it, but ah do say thee's been an unchancy lad and ah'm main sorry for thee. Whativver set thee on to such murdering wark, ma lad?'

Joe drew a deep breath.

'Do not thee talk o' that, Mrs. Pickersgill. It can't nivver be undone. Ah wants to know what's coom o' Little Sister. She bean't at home.'

The woman shook her head.

'Do not thee fash thyself aboot sich a flirtigig. Thee's well quit o' the Mamselle's bairn. Ivverybody i' t' dale but thee knows as her heart ain't bigger nor a midge's ee. 'Pend 'pon it, them as hez sich little hearts 'ull float on any stream. And that there Mawrie hez good guts i' her brain for all her heart it don't be of mooch account. Let her be, sez ah; let her be; she'll find her way oot o' any trouble.'

Joe's voice was husky as he asked:

'Dost thee know wheer she be?'

'Ay sure, ma lad. She did na mak' onny secret o' it. She

went to Lunnon. The cook at t' rectory she had a sister as kep' a registry i' Lunnon, a most respectable female, and Mawrie she went to her to take service i' the sooth. Folks hereabouts wasn't grand enough for sich a bonny lass.' Joe was trembling now, and his teeth chattered audibly.

'Coom in, ma lad, and hev a bite o' summat. A taste o' kitchen physic will set thee oop a bit,' said the kindly-hearted woman, yet having qualms that her husband might return and set his face against a welcome accorded to this liberated gaol bird.

'Na, na, Mrs. Pickersgill; ah'm not i' the mind for eating and drinking. How long sine Mawrie she went off?'

Mrs. Pickersgill debated.

'Wull, it must hev been nigh on Easter time, for the geslin' was on the willow, and ah see Mawrie goo past t' door wi' a great nosegay of 'em in her hand. Her eyes were dancin' quite pleased like, and the sun were shining in her pretty hair. She sez to ma, all smilin', "Mrs. Pickersgill, ah'm gooin' to mak ma fortune i' Lunnon." Then ah fairly choked thinkin' o' thee, poor Joe. Eh dear, ma lad, donnot thee tak' on sa mooch. Life hez a longish stretch for thee yet, and there may be good i' it.'

But the words of consolation fell on the air unheard. Joe had disappeared in the darkness.

The next day this poor labourer went to seek work. It was noticed then by all his former companions that he was strangely altered. He had always been graver and more taciturn than others of his kind, though never surly and rough. Now he avoided all he knew and went about his work in a moody, abstracted way. For he did obtain work at last by reason of urgent endeavour, though not from his old employer. He had now to walk some four miles down the dale to a distant farm, where he was a comparative stranger to the fields. Another had dropped into his place, and the land that he and his father and grandfather had tilled, he would never again take pleasure in in seed-time or harvest. Joe only learnt, what most of us do some day, that our places are easily filled. But it brought a dull kind of pain to his stricken heart. His pleasures in life had been few, and the pride in ploughing familiar acres had been great. As the months went on, Joe was rather avoided by the other labourers in the dale, but it was noticed that he grew visibly thinner. He had a famished look on his gaunt features, and his grey eyes seemed to have sunk in deeper sockets.

For six months he laboured on in the old grooves, and then he suddenly disappeared one Saturday night. Joe had no confidential

friend to whom to confess his intentions. He might have told such a one that he had hoped against hope week after week, month after month, that a letter of explanation might come from Marie. To any sympathetic ear he might have confessed that he well-nigh starved himself to put shillings and pounds together to carry out a project which had slowly framed itself in his mind. But Joe held his peace, and his disappearance was scarcely a nine days' wonder.

A poor countryman in the great city of London. A yokel, in country clothes and heavy boots, wandering day after day aimlessly about the streets upon a strange quest. Those who had time, or who were observant, looked at him and smiled.

He was palpably out of place, a hulking farm labourer, who spoke with a provincial broadness scarcely intelligible. Joe had gone direct to the registry office whereof Mrs. Pickersgill had informed him. Arrived at the street and number indicated, there was no such office. It was removed, of course, and it concerned not the successor, a hairdresser, to learn whither. Then Joe, despairing, took to hunting the streets. Now and again some girl with a faint resemblance to Marie caused him to follow her, only to meet with repeated disappointment. After two months of such work his little hoard, carefully husbanded, came to an end. One night he found himself with only a shilling in his pocket—enough to obtain a bed and little more. To-morrow he would go back north. There was at least a dull comfort in hearing a familiar talk, in seeing well-known places, and it was the only happiness that was ever likely to come to him now, happiness of a negative kind, something that was not actual pain. The hope of ever finding Little Sister had fled from him, and the sight of never-ending streets, the confusion of sound, the life, the colour, was becoming an agony to him. He pined for the great free vault of heaven, for the sweet-smelling fields. The breathless stench of low lodging-houses, the squalid wretchedness of vice and poverty in our great city were to him, country born and bred, something more than revolting. As long as any hope of reaching out arms of forgiveness to Marie remained with him, such things were supportable. But now all hope had fled. He could bear it no longer. His aimless wanderings had brought Joe face to face with a large hoarding, on which were placarded dozens of flaming advertisements. He had seen most of them before, of course. His eyes wandered over them in a listless way. He could read such big print easily.

Rosa Bell. Who was she? That was a new advertisement, surely. He glanced a moment at the print, and then raised his looks to the enormous portrait above. He started. The woman had a look, yes, positively a look of Marie, in spite of the vulgar colouring and magnified features. His heart leaped in a wild way. The bill informed him that Rosa Bell, a new and popular singer, was performing at the Imperial Hall of Music. Joe grew suddenly dizzy. He had fasted most of the day. He put out a hand and steadied himself against the hoarding. A mighty wave of recollection swept over him there in the noisy street, and carried him back to his own hillside. It was the same month—the month of May—ten years ago. He had sat with Little Sister on some rocks in the dusk, and she had been singing short snatches of rhymes she had picked up. She had always had a tuneful voice, and he had loved to hear her fresh notes, like a wood bird's, sweet and pure. He would like to hear some one sing again. Yes, he would go and hear this Rosa Bell sing. Certainly she had a look of Marie.

Joe paid his shilling at the Imperial Hall, a place of amusement of a better class than such as Joe frequent habitually. It was his last shilling, and Joe had said to himself he would walk about the streets till daylight, when he would set off on his long tramp northwards. He would not need a bed to-night, and to-morrow he might sleep under some hedge or sweet-smelling haystack, with the fresh night winds blowing over him. He had grandfather's old turnip watch still, it is true, which he might raise money upon. It was the only thing Marie had left, because she esteemed it of no value. But Joe said to himself he would not part with this relic. Old Elijah had prized it, and left it a legacy to him.

Joe was one of the earliest arrivals at the hall, and the beginning of the performance had little interest for him. A troupe of gymnasts, a ventriloquist, and a clever dancing dog seemed matters of little moment to him. By degrees the great Hall filled, and the fumes of tobacco and spirits made the air heavy. The light laughter of women's voices, the perfume of their clothes were so many irritations. Joe thought of the morrow and the beautiful pure stars looking down on him, and the sweet sounds of nature which would again strike on his ear, and the sickening panorama of what we call life faded away. His eyes had a far-away look, and his great rough hands clutched his stick closely. A noisy buzz of conversation went on. Suddenly

it was broken by a mighty clapping. A moment's silence, and then the clear voice of Rosa Bell broke the stillness. Ask me not what she sang. It mattered not to Joe, it matters not to you or me. It was enough that she was there dancing and singing on such a platform, a young girl, lovely as an angel, with the eyes of a dove and the heart of a serpent. The verse was over. A great storm of applause swept the hall. Joe stood up. He waved his great arms, but he could not speak. Only a few spectators saw him, but his movement caught the glance of the girl on the stage. She paled beneath her rouge, yet she smiled and bowed repeatedly. Joe was pulled back by some one sitting near him. The second verse of the song began, and Rosa Bell's voice seemed a trifle out of tune. At its close Joe rose once more from his seat, and, regardless of time or place, he called out in a loud voice:

'Mawrie, Mawrie, ah be coom to fetch thee.'

Then he leapt over intervening seats, and made as though to reach the stage. In a moment he was hustled back. But his mighty arms struck out wildly right and left, while he cried aloud:

'Wull nobody help of me? She be ma Little Sister. Ah be coom to tak her home.'

All in vain—all in vain. Such a popular singer might not be interrupted by a rustic clown who was probably intoxicated. So, by degrees, Joe was pushed to the rear of the hall. Here, to save himself from being finally turned out, he caught at the bracket of a gas-lamp. Missing his hold of the ironwork, he struck the globes, and drew them down in fragments on his own upturned face. A great crash—a loud cry—darkness.

Rosa Bell goes softly and fares well nowadays. She has risen to be a celebrity in the theatrical world. Once she was called Little Sister. Oh, Rosa Bell, empty-hearted wanton, verily life has given thee thy heart's desire!

Blind. A poor clod in a provincial workhouse. That is the end. Homeless, hopeless, friendless. Living out his days in dull despair. The darkness is very great. Oh, Joe Day, poor hero, what has life given to thee? Come quickly death and release him from his pains. For we believe of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

H. MUSGRAVE.

Of Taking in Sail.

I HAVE said, on several occasions (but not nearly so often as I have thought it), that great as are the anniversaries of the Christian Year in many lives, those of the Individual Year are yet more. Not that the two need pull in opposite directions. The very opposite is often the case. Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide may be equal in the Christian and the Individual Calendar. Which is well.

But whereas you speak freely about a great day in the Christian Year, telling of its associations and of what it brings back to you, you keep deep silence, as time goes on, on the unforgettable days of the year of your own little life and history. Not a soul beyond your own house knows what day is passing over you : and even those therein do not know what is your mood, what you are thinking of, what you are feeling. If you desired to tell them, words would not suffice for that transcendental work. Words are but coarse material, after all. In a rough way, they can convey Thought. Even that very imperfectly. And Feeling, not at all.

The writer has sent out many pages, which have been read by some not without sympathy. But he has never tried to say what he has most thought of. And he could not have expressed it if he had tried. Here is a quite inevitable Economy. Though times beyond numbering you have spoken to your fellows, and of very serious matters, you have not talked out all your heart. They do not know you ; not those who know you best. Strange are the diverse shades of unutterable thought. Stranger the diverse achings and stings of the poor heart's trouble. And there is a pudency. You have felt much, which it was no discredit to have felt, which it would have been shame not to have felt ; yet which must not be spoken.

There are places you cannot go to. There are people whom you do not want to see. I have not known any one who in actual

speech made use of Poe's *Nevermore*. It is a hateful thing to me to see *Forever* printed as one word : and even so with the other. I cannot read a book printed in America. The continual recurrence of illiterate mis-spellings irritates beyond patience. When I see *Traveler*, I close the volume. But this by the way. Though *never more*, even rationally printed, would be an affected phrase in human intercourse, I have remarked that *not any more* is of frequent occurrence when people are speaking to you frankly. The phrase is artless. And it is touching; as all phrases are which minimise the emotion they express.

The people one does not want to see are generally disagreeable. Or they bring back painful recollections. They knew you ages ago. These are just the ages which you wish to forget. But the places are too dear.

There is a gate in Ghent :—I passed beside it :
A threshold there, worn of my frequent feet,
Which I shall cross no more.

It is more than sixteen years ago : and time and health can mend deep wounds : so I do not mind now saying that on a January day I went into a beautiful little church of which one had been the incumbent who the next morning was to be carried far to his last earthly rest. I went alone. He had done everything for the church : his thought and hand were in everything, lesser or greater. The beautiful font of alabaster had gone in only the Sunday before he died. And that pretty organ : what a fight he had to get it : how some of the baser of his 'Brethren' abused him, writing to the newspapers that the church was generally called *Smith's Theatre* (Smith was not his name) : and how some rancorous old women told congenial lies ! I feel just as angry, to-day, recalling such incidents, as I did this time twenty years : I like a good hater. But on that day, all anger was stilled. There was a bright little fire blazing under the organ-loft : everything was quiet and warm in the solemn place which I had many times seen crowded by a silent congregation of educated folk, and where I had very often taken part in the decorous worship. I went about to every corner of the building, taking a last look of old familiar faces, seen continually since I was young : then I came out, and locked the door. I never have been in that church since that day. I never shall be in it again. Not for lack of many kind invitations. But there are some things which some people cannot do.

I have observed, as a singular fact, that trials, lesser and greater, tend to come on these sad anniversaries. The little slap in the face (very viciously meant) which you easily put aside : for the spite of human creatures whom you despise counts for little. But the heavy blow under which you must needs go down, and which is dealt by quite a different Hand. As for *that*, *Fiat Voluntas Tua!* I know that some of my readers, just those I should like best to know, are in fear as these days approach. Sufficient unto the day the evil of it has not unfrequently proved : and even more than sufficient. I know the look of sorrowful anticipation on the best faces I have ever seen.

Is it because the present writer has come to a day of no earthly account to mankind at large, but a serious day in his own little history, that all this has been said? Indeed it is even so. He was ordained on this day thirty-seven years. And a good many contemporaries and friends will understand the subject of this day's page. We must think *Of Taking in Sail*.

It will not do, my brothers, to go on as in fact we are most of us going, thinking to ignore advancing time, and to work just as hard as ever. In one's own observation, which is extensive, this is the line taken both by leisurely country parsons (who may succeed herein, for they never were hard-driven); and by harassed incumbents of large parishes, who get through their duty (even with much kind help from young and old) only by the utmost stretch of body and soul. We all tend to put aside the unwelcome reminder that heart and strength are not with us as aforetime. One has known touching instances. I knew an individual who after thirty years in the Church published a volume of discourses called *Towards the Sunset*. An unknown friend, far away in America, speaking kindly of the volume's contents, severely condemned its title. Quite unjustly, he attributed to the author some measure of insincerity. But *that* is neither here nor there. Then he went on, with feeling about which there could be no mistake, to declare that he had himself been forty years toiling in that vocation, and yet was stronger and more active than ever. His feet, he declared in scriptural idiom, were 'like hinds' feet : ' by which no doubt he conveyed that he could walk about with extreme alacrity. I should like to know what his juniors thought of all this. For, long ago, I was touched when I beheld one who had reached seventy and had lost the slenderness of youth, walking on a suburban road on a frosty day,

in high spirits, swinging his stick vivaciously and thinking himself very nimble; but not making out more than two miles and a half an hour. We deceive ourselves, sadly. I was twenty then; and was having a *constitutional* at the rate of five miles an hour. I thought just the opposite of what I said. He made much of that buoyant swinging of the stick, and continued to whirl it round, jauntily, while conversing with me. But it did not deceive me at all. He was breathing hard, I noted. *Sunt lacrymarum.*

There are those who begin early to feel that they are growing old. This in all good faith, and quite without affectation. When a friend writes to such, *You must take in sail*, they are not startled at all. It is the echo of what they had already said to themselves. Mr. Pickwick, on the other hand, when reminded that he was old, got angry, and repudiated the allegation and proposed to fight the allegator. But then Mr. Pickwick was a fool; an exceeding fool. Yet wiser people than he postpone the day on which it is admitted to one's self that the long shadows are here. They do not, in fact, feel any older than they did twenty years since. Even the change on face and figure which is very apparent to one returning after five years' absence, has come on so gently and gradually, that the man or woman is unaware of it. And well on past sixty there may be no sense of mental decay; but rather a pleasant conscious mastery of work once difficult. Still, it is certain that the machine must not be driven at sixty with that unsparing rigour with which it was driven at forty. That is, it ought not to be. In fact, it continually is. And then comes a terrible break-down. Wherefore the wise man, desiring to make the best of his powers and his time, will anticipate the warning which may come too late, which may come as a crash that will end all work; and begin, as of sacred duty, to take things more easily, to work at somewhat lower pressure. And the self-same work may be done with nearly as good practical effect, with a vastly-diminished pressure of steam: if it is once realised that the thing must needs be. Make your sermon twenty-five minutes instead of thirty-five, aging preacher. Hold yourself tight in check as you go on in delivering it to the congregation, and do not welcome as once the rising glow of emotion. And though, to the end, the born preacher *will be heard*, must have the audible hush and every eye upon him, all this may be accomplished without speaking nearly so loud as aforetime, and with a large abatement of physical vehemence. If the nervous system tend to grow tense from head to foot as your subject

possesses you, keep that wisely in reserve till the last few minutes of the discourse. Then you may let your nature have its way for just a little. So may you go home from even a hearty and uplifting evening service; and yet be able to enjoy a little food, and after a space of quiet saunter in ever so wintry air, to sleep without the perilous chloral.

You must not mind the unreasonable expectations of unreasonable people. You must not regard it, though the *sough* pervade the air that you are hardly your old self. You are not your old self at all. An old man cannot be a young man. Yet there is gain as well as loss. And kindly wisdom, taught by long experience, is better than tempestuous rhetoric, and breathless 'bursts.' Those who wish for bursts do in fact generally render the word *brusts*: at least North of the Tweed. 'I don't hesitate to say,' was the observation of a critic after hearing the most popular of Scotch pulpit orators, 'that some o' thae brusts are equal, if they're not superior, to ony o' the brusts o' Chalmers.' Do not risk a stroke of paralysis, even for the reward of such inestimable praise. The shock of disabling illness would get at you to the quick. As for the mass of more or less ignorant *obiter dicta* which make up what is called popularity, you will never know of one in a thousand of them. And they would do you no good if you did. You would not be one whit the happier though you heard them all. And with the praise, there comes the per-centage of censure: of very keen censure. For everything that is warmly liked by some, will be bitterly disliked by others. You will know in yourself, too, that it is the cleverer who dislike you. And dislike is likelier some day to do you harm, than kindly appreciation to do you good.

It is a very marked milestone when you begin to go to bed very early, being made aware that your strength is done for that day. Here is a great change. And things about which you were once very anxious, have ceased to touch you. You have given up a great deal; you have let go your hold of very many things. You conclude that you used to worry yourself (and others) unduly: aiming at a pervading tidiness and perfection of order about the house which is not given to man. You have found that human beings, from early youth, will go their own ways; and that you may as well give up the effort to make them in every detail go yours. You have not heart for continual pressing up hill; not to say continual contention. An aging Prime Minister once said in my hearing, *You can't fight your own Cabinet every Saturday.*

You grow very quiet : and though it is in you to talk in company as of old, you will not exert yourself even to the degree of raising your voice. You let a blatant blockhead go on making erroneous statements of fact ; and you do not intervene. Just yesterday, in a railway carriage, I heard it stated with confidence that a man born of Scotch folk, two miles from this little Scotch city, was 'an Englishman.' That is a small thing. But I have heard it explained, in like surroundings, that there is no such thing as Scotch Law distinguished from English ; and that the Church of England is the Church of Scotland. Likewise that in all Scotch dwellings, the blinds are drawn down on Sundays. I have heard one say that he was Senior Wrangler who was not a Wrangler at all ; and another declare that he had been educated at 'Oxford College.' Here I could not refrain from asking at which college. The reply was, 'There is only one.' The speaker was a preacher of a little sect. For that matter, I have heard a human being preach a sermon every sentence of which I could repeat ; and told nobody. You cannot bear noise. This without the least pretence. I once said, twenty-five years since, to a dying clergyman whom I saw continually, that an old friend of his was abiding near, and that I should bring him with me next time. He answered, eagerly, 'Pray, pray do not. I could not bear it. He speaks so loud.' I could not understand this then ; I do now. You cannot bear being hurried in your work : still less, trying to do two things at once. This last appears to produce a distinct physical effect upon the brain. You feel a jarring. You must be indulged in having your own little ways. You grow impatient of stupid jesting about these. If you be like some I know, you will seek for three-quarters of an hour's sleep daily before dinner. There is not a more reviving thing. After that, and a great wash, and getting into fresh raiment, you make a quite new start, and even after a very fatiguing day you can enjoy the evening. Above all, let the rule be as were the Persian laws, *No work after the last meal of the day.* This is vital. No writing late at night : not even a few letters. The time for writing, when sail has to be taken in, is from ten till one daily. The day is past for double tides. And three hours are sufficient. It is not by great efforts, now and then, that a fair amount of work is turned off with the pen. It is by keeping regularly at it : no day without its line. Lord Macaulay's two pages a day of his 'History' seem little : seem slow progress. But, taking three hundred working days in the year, here are six hundred pages. And if work is to last a

thousand years (as Macaulay expected his 'History' would last) it must needs be done deliberately.

It is a warning of something amiss, my brother, when you come to preach your sermon under a painful sense of exhaustion : looking forward continually for sentences which you may leave out. Some of us have sometimes to do this. But I fear it means you are working when you are not fit for work ; and that you ought to rest for a while. I can indeed tell you how you may get rid of the sense of sinking for the time. *Preach extempore.* Sketch out : and trust to the moment for the words. I am assuming that you are able to do this. And unless you are quite run down, and past present work, you will not be conscious of weariness at the moment. You will be lifted above all that, and speak with tremendous fluency and feverish emotion : the latter will be contagious where it is not repellent. To one here and there it will be repellent. But very hearty extemporaneous speaking takes terribly out of the ordinary speaker. You will be awfully tired after it : like an electric eel which has given out its shock. The people go away home much impressed, thinking how fervently you got on, and how heartily you seemed to enjoy your work, being absolutely at home in it. So you did, wonderfully : but the reckoning came. While they are quietly enjoying the last hour of the day, you are in a fever of nervous weariness and restlessness. Not only that : but you will take gloomy and twisted views of all things here and hereafter. Be cautious, my brother, when you know this experience. For something may come, any day, which will end all that public work of yours. And then you will forthwith be forgotten, even where you were most valued. Shall I forget how a good old man showed me, on too many occasions, a beautiful volume, bearing the inscription that it came *with the eternal gratitude* of somebody : a very big somebody indeed. But so far was the gratitude from proving *eternal*, that it did not last out the good old man's own little life. He 'went off : ' he broke down. And somebody had vanished, utterly : somebody who, without an effort, could have cheered the last feebly-fretful days.

It need not be said that this caution is addressed to ordinary mortal men. I do not much expect that any extraordinary man will read it. But there are such, to whom ordinary rules do not apply at all : one here and there who, on the verge of four score, can speak lengthily and with tempestuous vehemence to an excited crowd numbered by thousands : this for several successive days ;

yet be none the worse for it. *De minimis non curat lex*. Neither do the commonplace laws of health concern the greatest. They were absolutely exceptional, in body and soul, to begin: and their training and experience have been absolutely exceptional. Possibly it is better so. In any case, you need not think to reason from them to plain decent folk. The nature of the animal is vitally different. And the faithful worker, toiling in lowly ways, parson or doctor or the like, and tending to fail early, looks up to such sublime heads with amazement. There is not heart even to wish for such supreme gifts, which time hardly touches. *Non equidem invideo: miror magis*. Standing beside an express locomotive which can do its eighty miles an hour, you do not propose to race with it. And as for Poe's statement that not without a bitter and rebellious sense of degradation could he admit his inferiority to any being in the universe (he included One whom I do not choose to name): in these latter days one reads it, and quietly says *Bedlam!* We were ambitious enough as youths at the university: a second place, in anything, would have been a sore trial to some men there. But that nonsense was crushed out of us, long ago. And though in the judgment of any we care for, the university standing has been confirmed and enforced by the whole of after-life; it has happened to the very ablest and best to be set (for a moment) side by side with several to whom they were content to look up as to the summit of Mont Blanc from (let us say) the Grands Mulets. As for the old college ruck, some have seen the little prizes and decorations reached by certain whom they never would have reckoned as serious competitors. But then, they were quite unscrupulous Pushers; and the Pusher, unless persecuted by special ill-luck, will get the reward of pushing; which indeed a worthier soul would not have taken at such price. And a man who could not have taken any degree, and who possibly never could attain to spell, may yet be a leary being who would leave no stone unturned, and who played his cards with incredible address and with a single eye.

But wherefore expatiate? Why write one's self into a fever (the thing may be done), setting forth the duty of taking things coolly? The course is plain. Rest as much as you can with a good conscience. And take your work as easily as may be. Do not be badgered into undertaking exciting duty, even by the most importunate appeals, or the most complimentary. Many people are extremely selfish: and if they can squeeze the effort out of you, they do not care whether you are fit for it or not.

It was a great Anglican Prelate who said to the writer, *You must take in sail*. It was a humble country parson (gone before) who said to him, *You must ca' canny*. Both meant the self-same thing. And it is easily understood. But some find it hard to do.

It was Sir Arthur Helps who said that when the days come wherein the thing must be tried, it is desirable that some little bit of honour or good fortune should come to the aging man about once in three years. So shall he keep a cheerful heart on the path downhill.

Doubtless it is most desirable. A wise man said to me that such things are prized even more (he thought) in failing life than in hopeful youth. But then they do not come. Or they come to few.

A. K. H. B.

The Haunted Melon Garden.

FROM THE CHINESE.

THE translator of the following story is free to confess a strong partiality for Chinese ghosts. They are pre-eminently sensible and have attained a far higher level of thought and culture than their Anglo-Saxon congeners. To hear how the ghosts of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Carlyle can maunander and twaddleise at English and American séances, adds a new terror to the humiliation of death. Chinese ghosts always maintain the reputation of the race from which they sprang for strict mental sobriety, and make themselves the vehicles of excellent moral precepts. A ghost should always justify its intrusion into human affairs by sound speech that cannot be condemned.

‘At the time of this incident Chan A Sz, a native of the Tsong prefecture, was in his twenty-second year. He was a market gardener by trade and a bachelor through the stress of poverty. One night he went out to keep watch in his melon garden. It was the third or fourth day of the fifth month, and there was a faint shimmer of light from the crescent moon. The light brought into view four or five shadowy forms that were strolling under the trees by the hillside. As they talked together in subdued tones, A Sz thought within himself, “The look of these men is scarcely that of melon-stealers.” Clutching a hedge stake in his hand, he crept in amongst the thick foliage to conceal himself as he watched their movements.

‘All at once he heard one man say, “Let us go together into the melon garden and have a whiff of the melon flowers and watch the little melons as they are rounding into form. What say the rest to the proposal?”

A companion replied, ‘We must not go upon any consideration. Mischief will come of it. If we meet Chan A Sz and he

should be frightened to death, the adventure will be disastrous to all concerned."

"The rest laughed and said, "Have you not already died and become a ghost?" Do you suppose you might have to die over again? As far as our experience goes it is men who stand in dread of ghosts. Who ever heard of ghosts being afraid of men? A chicken-hearted kind of creature you are."

"The ghost who had remonstrated against the reckless saunter replied, "If your courage is so great that you have no fear whatever of men, how is it that you never venture upon apparitions under the broad light of noonday?"

"Quoth the other, "It is petty and childish in you to contradict after this fashion. Although I may fear men in general, I have no fear about this particular man Chan A Sz."

"In reply to the other ghosts, who pressed him for the reason of his courage in this individual case, he said, "A day or two ago I went into the court in which the Guardian Spirit of the Ground presides, and happened to cast my eye upon a despatch from the King of Hades, giving a list of those whose souls were shortly to be required of them. Chan A Sz's name was in the list, and he will have to die within a couple of days. Before long he will be walking a companion with us in the Tartarean shades. What have I to fear, then, if this is already decreed?"

"A ghost interposed, "You only just begin to understand the speech and rudiments of ghost life. You know your *A*, but you do not know your *B* and your *C*. The man will not die yet awhile."

"The other ghost chuckled and said, "How is it that you seem to be so far ahead of us in your information? You will perhaps explain yourself."

"The ghost claiming superior knowledge answered, "Well, I will tell you. As late as yesterday I also went into the court of the Guardian Spirit of the Ground, to see the judge. A despatch had just arrived from the Protecting Spirit of the city, saying that Chan A Sz's mother had recently performed a work of very high merit, and in recompense of that work it had been decreed that twelve years should be added to his life."

"One of the ghosts asked, "What was the nature of this particular act?"

"The speaker replied, "Within a few doors of Chan A Sz's house there lives a rich old lady who recently missed two strings of cash, and suspected her slave girl of having stolen them. Day after

day she beat the girl, promising that if she would only confess to the offence there should be nothing more said or done in the matter. If, however, she refused to confess, the mistress avowed she would not cease beating her till she had beaten her to death. The father of the slave girl heard of the affair, and was very angry with his daughter. He declared that if it should be proved she were the culprit she should be thrown into the river and forfeit her place amongst the living. The poor slave girl sobbed with little intermission day and night, and every way of escape seemed closed against her. Because of this incident Chan A Sz's mother was overwhelmed with grief. There seemed to be no evidence to either convict or exculpate the girl, and it was all but certain that she would have to die. In pure pity the mother of this market gardener pawned her clothes and trinkets for about two thousand cash. She took the cash to the rich old lady and said, 'Several days ago I called here and found no one at home. I happened to see a hundred or more strings of cash heaped up on the floor. All at once the passion of covetousness sprang up within me, and I helped myself to two strings, thinking that out of so many you would scarcely miss them. The loss arrested your attention, and your suspicions fell on this slave girl. I could not be at peace, as you were beating her so terribly. It is probably because I neglected the improvement and cultivation of my character in some previous state of existence that I am condemned to poverty in the present life. To the score of wrong-doing already recorded against me shall I add this sin, which may need to be avenged in yet another life? I now restore the full tale of cash, and hope you will be magnanimous and forgive my misdemeanour.' The rich lady answered, 'Of course I did not know that it was you who had taken the cash under these particular circumstances. If you had been in straits there was nothing to prevent you from coming to me for a small loan. Since you have returned the cash and all is now cleared up, I shall cherish no ill-will. You need not brood over the matter for a moment.'

"When the two had parted, the God of the Furnace (who fills the office of recording angel) reported the meritorious act in Heaven, and Yuk Wong reported it to the Protecting Spirit of the city. The Protecting Spirit of the city found, upon turning to his records, that for the neglect of moral culture in a former life Chan A Sz's mother was to have an only son, who would maintain her till she was old, and then die, leaving her desolate and solitary for the rest of her days. Bitter and intolerable

destiny, it was decreed that Chan A Sz was to die in his twenty-fourth year, on the sixth day of the fifth month. But since the accomplishment of this meritorious act it had been determined that the life of the son should be lengthened out twelve years, so that he might be able to minister to his mother to the end of her days. You, brother ghost, did not know the affair from beginning to end. No wonder your spirits rose so high when you were anticipating the pleasure of Chan A Sz's company in the shades of Hades within a night or two."

"The other ghost laughed and said, "Ah, who could have thought that the omens of destiny would change so entirely within a few short days? It is quite within the bounds of rational belief that Yama's edicts may be supplemented and revised, and that nothing of what has been written down in the Book of Fate is entirely unalterable."

"When Chan A Sz overheard these words, he unconsciously heaved a deep sigh, and the troop of ghosts suddenly vanished. Fear on the one hand and joy on the other took possession of the young man's mind. All night long he revolved the incident, and came to the conclusion that good works could lengthen out a life to which no medicines could add a single span. A Sz had been filled with indignation when he first saw his mother take the two strings of cash and give them to another, but upon hearing this conversation amongst the ghosts he came to see that the act was to save a fellow-creature, and all his indignation melted away. He also reflected within himself, if he had been originally predestined to a very short life, and a virtuous act done by his mother could avail to lengthen out his life for an additional term, what plan could be adopted that would serve him at the end of the twelve years. "My wisest course," he thought, "is to do some good act every day, and at the end of twelve years the sum of merit will be not inconsiderable. The great God may again add something to my life, and if I go on in right paths my virtues will grow with my growing years, and I shall come to a ripe old age and have many sons and daughters. My family is poor and almsgiving is impossible. I call to mind that no virtue is equal to that of filial piety. The supreme merit is attained by an obedient son." It thus became his joy to minister to his mother in her declining life. She attained the age of eighty before she passed away. After this the market gardener married and had sons. To the very end he was zealous in all good works, and died after a tranquil and unclouded old age.'

Lady Car : The Sequel of a Life.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER a great deal of travelling in the most beautiful scenery in the world, and after the excitement of settling down, of furnishing, of arranging, of putting all your future life in order, there is apt to follow a certain blank, a somewhat disconcerting consciousness that all expectation is now over, when you are left alone with everything completed to live that life to which you have been for so long looking forward. Lady Car was very conscious of this in her sensitive and delicate soul, although there was for a long time a sustaining force of expectation of another kind in her that kept her up. All the people in the neighbourhood, it is needless to say, made haste to call upon Lady Caroline Beaufort: and she found them a little flat, as country society is apt to be. She went out with her husband a number of times to dinner parties, specially convoked in her honour, and did not find them enlivening. She was one of those women who never get rid of the ideal and always retain a vague hope in coming to a new place, in beginning anything new, that the perfect is at last to be revealed to her—the good society, the spirits *d'élite*, whom she has always longed for but never yet encountered. She did not encounter them here any more than in other places, and a sense of dull certainty settled down upon her after a while, which was depressing. Such impressions are modified when the idealist finds out that, however much his or her surroundings may lack the superlative, there is always a certain *fond* of goodness and of the agreeable and sympathetic in the dullest circle when you come to know it. Surrey, however, no more than any other place, discloses these homely, compensating qualities all at once, and the period of disenchantment came. Everything settled down, even the landscape became less wide, less attractive, the woods less

green, the cottage roofs less picturesque. The real encroached upon the glamour of the imagination at every corner, and Carry felt herself settle down. It is a process which every dreamer has to go through.

But it was a long time before her mind would consent to the other settling down, which took place slowly but surely as the days and the years went on. Beaufort was in reality a little stirred up at first by the revival of so many old plans and thoughts, though it was in her mind, not in his, that they revived. He was constrained by a hundred subtle influences to resume at least the attitude of a student. Her verses, which were so pretty, the gentle feminine music of a true, though small singer, were such a reproach to him as words cannot describe. She had picked up her thread, so slight, so fragile as it was, and resumed her little melodious strain with enthusiasm not less, but greater, than when she had dropped it in the despair of parting with her hero. The little poem brought back to him faint undefinable echoes of that past which seemed to be a thousand years off. What was it that he had intended to do which she remembered so well, which to him was like a forgotten dream? He could not pick up his thread; he had smiled at himself by turns during the progress of the intervening centuries over the futility of his forgotten ambition. 'I, too, used to mean great things,' he had said with a laugh and a sigh to the younger men: the sigh had been fictitious, the laugh more genuine. What a fool any man was to think that he could accomplish any revolution! What a silly business to think that with your feeble hand you could upset the economy of ages! The conceit, too! but he had been very young, he had said to himself, and youth is an excuse for everything. That any faithful memory should preserve the image of him as he was in those old days of delusion, ambition, and self-opinion, had seemed incredible to him. He was half affronted, as well as astonished, that Carry should have retained that visionary delusion in her mind: but still her expectation was a curious stimulus. And the first steps into which he was forced by it deluded her as well as himself. He began to arrange his books, to search, as he persuaded himself, for old notes, a search which occupied a great deal of time and involved many discoveries, amusing to him, delightful to her. For weeks together this investigation, through all manner of old notebooks, occupied them both and kept Carry very happy. She was full of excitement as to what each new collection would bring forth. He had a great many notebooks, dating not only from his college days but even from his school time, and there was hardly one of them out

of which some little fossil of the past, some scrap of verse or translation, did not come. Carry, delighted, listened to them all as to so many revelations. She traced him back to his boyhood, and found a pleasure beyond description in that record of all his intellectual vagaries, and the hopes and ambitions they expressed. Perhaps had she read them calmly with her own eyes, although those eyes were full of glamour, faint lights of criticism might have arisen and revealed the imperfections. But he read them to her in his mellow voice, with little explanations, reminiscences not disagreeable to himself, and which suggested other and more lengthened recollections, all of which were delightful to his admiring wife. It was not till Christmas, when she suddenly woke up to the passage of time by the startling reminder of little Tom's return from school for the holidays, that she remembered how much time had passed. To be brought suddenly to a pause in the midst of one's enthusiasm is always disagreeable, and the thought had been uneasy in Carry's mind for several days before she put it timidly into words.

'It has all been delightful,' she said. 'To trace you back through all your schoolboy time and at college is so nice that I know I have been persuading you to make the most of it for my sake. But, Edward, you must not humour me any more. I feel that it is wasting your time.'

'No,' he said, 'when one has to pick up one's thread it is best to do it thoroughly. This will all be of service, every word of it.'

'I see, you mean to begin with a retrospect,' she cried, brightening again.

'Not so much as a retrospect,' he said with a twinge of conscience, 'but one's early ideas, though they are often absurd, are very suggestive.'

'Oh, not absurd,' she cried. It wounded her to hear such a word applied to anything of his.

But little Tom had come home for his holidays, which showed that it was four or five months since the settling down. They had taken possession of Easton in the end of August. Tom came home very manly and grown up after his first 'half' at school. He was close upon eleven, and he had a very high opinion of his own position and prospects. His school was a large preparatory one, where things were done as much as possible on the model of Eton, which was the goal of all the little boy's ambitions. It was a little disappointing after the first genuine moment of pleasure in coming home, and the ecstatic sense of being a very great man

to Janet, to find that after all Janet was only a little girl and did not understand the half of what he told her. He felt the want of male society very much upon the second day, and to think that there would not be a fellow to speak to for a whole month damped the delightful prospect of being his own master for that time, which had smiled so much upon him. Janet, it is scarcely necessary to say, gave a boundless faith to her brother, and listened to the tale of his achievements, and of what the fellows did, with an interest unalloyed by criticism. Her mouth and her eyes were full of a round O! of wonder and admiration. She never tired of hearing of the feats and the scrapes and the heroic incidents of school. To dazzle her so completely was something; but a mind accustomed to the company of the nobler sex soon tired of the tameness of feminine society, and with the candour of his age Tom very soon made it apparent that he was bored.

'There's a lot of houses about,' he said. 'Aren't there any fellows down there, or there'—he pointed to distant roofs and groups of chimneys appearing at intervals from among the leafless trees—'that one could speak to? It's awfully dull here after knowing so many at school.'

'There are some children at that white house with the blue roof,' said Janet, 'but they're not good enough, nurse says; and I don't know nobody to play wiz,' the little girl added rather wistfully—she made all her 'th's' into 'z's' still—'I only take walks.'

'Children!' said Tom contemptuously. 'I wasn't asking about children. I meant fellows at school. If they're at a good school they're good enough. I'll soon find out. When a fellow has been out in the world, and goes to school, you don't suppose he minds what nurse says.'

'Oh, but nurse says a great, great many zings,' said Janet. 'She says Easton's a little poky house, and that we should be in our own family place. What's a family place? Do you know? It is something fazer is buried in,' the little girl added after a moment, with a little thrill of solemnity. Tom burst into a laugh in the pleasure of his superior knowledge.

'You *are* a little ass, Jen! Of course I know. My family place is a grand one, with a big tower, and a flag on it when I'm at home—like the Queen at Windsor! The worst is I'm never at home: but I shall be when I'm big, and then shan't we have times! I've told a lot of fellows. I'll have them up to my place in Scotland for the shooting, don't you know.'

Janet only gave him a look out of her large light eyes. 'Girls don't shoot,' she said. 'I don't want to be at your shooting. Tom, do you remember fazer? He's buried there.'

'Oh, humbug! he's buried in the churchyard, where all the dead people are buried. Of course I remember him. What's that got to do with it? I remember having a ride on his big black mare, such a big tall beast, and nobody could ride her except me and—him you know. He was behind when I rode her, and she carried us both as easy as a lamb. Old Duncan told me so—as easy as a lamb—because she knew who was her master!' the boy cried, with the colour mounting up into his cheeks. He began to switch the chairs with a little cane he had in his hand, and bade them to 'get on' and 'gee up,' to Janet's considerable disturbance, for she had already learned that a boy's boots were apt to be muddy, and that chairs covered with brocade, and carved and gilded, were not meant to be ridden or to gee-up.

'Don't, Tom,' she said; 'they're mozer's pretty chairs.'

'Oh bother!' cried the boy, 'where's mother? I want to tell her lots of things, but I won't if she's so particular about her chairs and stays so long away.'

'She's in the library with Beau,' said Janet; 'they are always in the library. It is so pretty. Mozer likes it better than the drawing-room. But they will soon come in for tea.'

'I say,' cried Tom, 'do you have tea here always, not in the nursery? Oh, I say! I am not going to stand that. I know what they do at afternoon tea. You have a small piece of bread and butter, or perhaps an atom of cake, and you mustn't make any crumbs or enjoy yourself at all. You should see our teas at school. There's sometimes three kinds of jam, and in summer the fellows have strawberries as many as ever they like, and this half Summerfield major was allowed cold partridge.'

'For tea!' cried Janet with ever so many notes of admiration.

'Oh, his people send him such whopping hampers,' said Tom; 'he could never get through it all if he didn't have it for tea.'

'Nasty meat!' said little Janet with a grimace; 'but the jam is very nice,' she added with a sigh. 'There's no nursery when you're gone. Mozer gives us very nice tea and plenty of cake; but she thinks I am better downstairs, not always with nurse.'

'And do you think so? You were always a little——'

'It's nice when mozer talks to me and not to Beau,' said Janet with reluctance. The grievance of the many times when

the reverse was the case was implied, not put into words. 'But when there is you and me it will be very nice,' cried the little girl. 'There is a plain little table in the corner not carved or anything. It has a cover on, but that comes off, and I am allowed to have it to paint pictures upon and play at anything you like. We'll have it between us in the corner as if it was a little party,' cried little Janet, 'and they will never mind us, as long as we don't make much noise.'

'But I want to make a noise. I want to have a real square meal. It isn't good for a fellow, when he's growing, to be kept short of his grub. I want——'

'Oh, Tom, what a horrible, horrible word!'

'Much you know!' cried the boy. 'Fellows' sisters all like it—to learn the same words as we say. But if you think I'm coming back from Hall's, where they have all Eton rules, to sit as quiet as a mouse in the drawing-room, and have afternoon tea like an old fogey, I shan't, and there's an end of it,' cried Tom.

Lady Car came in as he gave forth this determination in a loud voice. She came in very softly, as was her wont, with the soft trail of her satin gown on the soft mossy carpet, on which her light steps made no sound. In her eyes was still the dreamy smile of her pleasure in all the details and chronicles of a school-boy life, so elevated and ethereal, its dreams and its visions and its high purposes. She was imagining to herself a poem in which it might all be set forth in chapters or cantos. 'The dawning genius' would be the title of the first. She saw before her the spiritual being, all thought and enthusiasm, making a hundred chimeras divine—the boy-poet, the heir of all the ages, the fine flower of human promise. Half the adoring wife and half the woman of genius, she came in softly, with delicate chimes of verses already sounding in her mind, and the scheme of the poem rising before her. Not like the Prelude: oh no; but the development, the dawn (a far more lovely word), the dawning of genius, of which in its time it might be her delightful mission to record the completion too.

She was roused from this vision by the noisy boyish voice. 'I shan't, and there's an end of it,' cried Tom, and she raised her dreamy eyes, startled to see the boy standing red in the face and defiant, his legs apart, his sturdy little square figure relieved against the window. How different from the ideal boy of whom she had been dreaming! the real boy, her son.

They both looked at her with an alarmed aspect, not knowing

what would happen. Poor Carry was the gentlest of mothers. She never punished them, never scolded, but yet no one could tell why, they had always the air of being afraid of her. They looked at her now as children might have looked who were accustomed to be sent into solitary confinement, shut up in a dark closet, or some other torture. Tom's voice fell in a moment, and Janet came out in defence like the little woman in a weatherhouse, when the little man skulks indoors disconcerted by the good weather. Janet came forward with a little hand raised. 'Mozzer, it was not naughtiness. It was because he has been out in the world and knows things different from me.'

'Yes?' said Lady Car, smiling upon them, 'and what are the things this man of the world knows? To be sure, dear, he must be greatly in advance of you and me.'

The children were all the more abashed by this speech, though its tone was so gentle. They stared at her for a moment with their father's face, dark and stolid, the likeness intensified in Tom by the sullen alarm of his look. She put out her hand to him, to draw him close to her. 'What is it,' she said, 'my little boy?' She was, to tell the truth, rather afraid of him too.

'It's nothing,' Tom replied. 'It's something she's said.'

'Oh, Tom,' cried Janet with a sense of injury. 'Mozzer, he says, they have such nice teas at school—strawberries, and sometimes cold partridge, and whopping hampers.'

'My dear!'

'That's how the fellows talk,' said Tom. 'That's not the right thing for a girl.'

'Was the cold partridge in the whopping hamper?' said a voice behind. 'Carry, I don't wonder the boy's indignant. You have sent him no hampers. A first half at school and not so much as a big cake. I feel for Tom. Never mind, old fellow; you see she never was at school.'

They had both turned round their anxious faces to him as he came in. They were instinctively jealous of him. Yet both turned with a certain relief, or at least Tom did so, who was aware that Beau was one of his own faction, a man, against the sway of the everlasting feminine. Janet took the hand which the mother had stretched out towards her boy and clung to it, drawing herself close into Lady Car's skirts. Beau was not of her faction in any sense of the word. The little girl pulled her mother's face towards her, and whispered her tale into Carry's ear.

'To have your tea upstairs! Why doesn't he want to be with

us, dear, after being away so long? You shall have what you like best, my dear children. If you really prefer the nursery to the drawing-room, and my company.'

'He says they have three kinds of jam,' said Janet in her mother's ear, 'and do whatever they like,' she added after a pause.

Lady Car gave her husband a look which the children noted though they did not understand. There was a slight appeal in it, and some relief. He had said that she must keep them with her, as much as if he had not been there: that he would not separate her not for an hour, not for a meal from her children: and she had thought it her duty to have them there, though their presence and his together kept Carry in a harassed consciousness of the two claims upon her. They concluded that mother was not angry with great relief; but they did not understand the guilty satisfaction of Carry in finding that they liked the nursery best.

CHAPTER VI.

THE time of Tom's holidays was rather a holiday also for Beaufort, who, having got a certain amount of amusement out of the notebooks and their record of school-life, was beginning to be bored by himself, and to think, under his breath, what a little prig and ass he had been in his boyish days, and how astounding it was that Carry should take it all in with such undoubting faith. He was a little of a philosopher in his idle way, and Carry began to be a sometimes disconcerting but often amusing problem to him. He laughed softly sometimes when he was by himself to see how seriously she took him, and how much his youthful superiority impressed her. It had not been in his intention when he unearthed the notebooks to increase, as he had certainly done, her admiration and, consequently, her expectations of himself. He had hoped, if anything, to beguile her a little from the pursuit of results, to make her less in earnest about the great work on which she had set her heart. But his expedient had not succeeded. She was more than ever bent upon the fulfilling of that early promise which was so beautiful and so wonderful in her eyes. Beaufort was half flattered, half vexed by this result. It is hard to resent a woman's admiration even if it is of something which is no longer yourself. It softened his heart, but it embarrassed him more than ever, as it made her more and more sure.

He took advantage of Tom with a little secret chuckle to himself behind backs. Tom amused this philosopher too. He liked to draw him out, to watch the movements of character in him, even to speculate what kind of a man it had been that had produced this child. He must be like his father, Beaufort said to himself, without any sentiment even of animosity towards Carry's husband. Certainly he had got the better of that man. He had obliterated Torrance, as it were, from the face of the earth; but he had no such feeling as Carry had about Torrance's life and Torrance's money. He took it all much more calmly than she could do, not even thinking of the curiousness of the succession which made him owe all his comfort and happiness to Torrance. Tom, however, was the subject of various speculations in his stepfather's mind. If this was what the little Torrance was modified by Lindores, what must the original have been? And what would this one turn to? an ordinary country gentleman, no better or worse than his neighbours, or what? A vague sense in his mind that there might be future trouble to Carry in the child's development moved him mildly—for the distance between childhood and manhood seems long looking forward to it, though so short when we look back: and any such danger must be far in the future. It was rather as a droll little problem, which it was amusing to study, that Mr. Beaufort looked at Tom; but for that reason and to free himself a little from the ever-increasing pressure of his wife's solicitude in respect to his work, and eager anticipation of something from him, he took during the holidays the greatest interest in the boy, going out with him, sometimes riding, sometimes driving, sometimes to the meet, where Tom's eagerness was scarcely to be restrained. Mr. Beaufort himself did not hunt. He was not an ungraceful horseman for a moderate and mild canter; but if he had ever been possessed of sufficient energy to follow the hounds, that energy had long left him. He did not dislike, however, to ride to the meet or drive his wife over, Tom accompanying them upon his pony. Lady Car thought it was nothing less than devotion to her son which induced him to depart from his studious seclusion on account of the boy. She was very grateful to her husband, yet deprecated gently. 'You are so very, very good to Tom: but I can't bear to think of all the sacrifices you are making for him, Edward, wasting your time which is so much too valuable to be thrown away upon a little boy.'

'I wish my time was more valuable, to show you how willingly

I would give it up, for anything belonging to you, Carry, not to say for your boy.'

'Oh, thanks, thanks, dear Edward; but I can't have you burdened with Tom.'

'I like it,' he said. 'I like—boys.' It was almost too much for him to say that he liked this particular boy. 'And Tom interests me very much,' he added. Carry looked at him with a wistful curiosity. A gleam of colour passed over her face. Was it possible that Tom was interesting to such a man as Edward Beaufort? She felt guilty to ask herself that question. She had been afraid that Tom was not very interesting, not a child to attract any one much who did not belong to him. To be sure the child did belong to him, in a sort of a way.

'So you like school, Tom,' said Beaufort, looking down from his tall horse at the little fellow on his pony, strenuously keeping up with him. Had Beaufort been a more athletic person, he would have appreciated more the boy's determination not to be left a step behind.

'Well,' said Tom reflectively, 'I like it, and I don't like it. I think lessons are great rot.'

'Oh, do you?' said his tall companion.

'Don't you, Beau? They don't teach anything a fellow wants. What's the good of Latin, let alone Greek? They're what you call dead languages, and we don't want what's dead. When you've got to make your living by them, it's different, like Hall's sons that are going to be the schoolmasters when he dies.'

'Did you think of all that by yourself, Tom?'

'No,' said the boy after a stare of a moment, and some hesitation. 'It wasn't me, it was Harrison major. His father's very rich, and he's in trade. And Harrison says what's the good of these things. You never want them. They're only an excuse for sending in heavy bills, Harrison says.'

'He must be a great authority,' said Mr. Beaufort gravely.

'He knows a deal,' said Tom reassured, for he had some doubts whether Harrison major's opinions would have been received with the deference they deserved. 'He's the biggest fellow in the school, though he's not very swell in learning. But he doesn't mind. He says fellows that are to have plenty of money don't want it.'

'That's a frequent opinion of people in trade,' said Beaufort. 'I would not put too much faith in it if I were you.'

'Eh?' cried Tom, opening his big light eyes under his dark

brows more widely than ever, and staring up into his stepfather's face.

'You will have plenty of money, I suppose?' said Beaufort calmly.

'Oh, don't you know? I'll be one of the richest fellows in Scotland,' cried the boy.

'Who told you that, Tom?'

'I don't know. I can't tell you. I know it, that's all. It was perhaps only nurse,' he added with reluctance; 'but she's been to my place, and she knows all about it. You can ask her if you haven't heard.'

'So you have got a place besides being so rich?' Beaufort said, in calm interrogation, without surprise.

Tom was very much embarrassed by this questioning. He stared at his stepfather more than ever. 'Hasn't mother told you? I thought she told you everything.'

'So did I. But all this about your place I never heard. Let's have the rest of it, Tom.'

'Oh I don't know that there's much more,' said the boy. 'It's a great big place with a high tower, and a flag flying when I'm at home—like the Queen—and acres upon acres in the park. It was my father's, don't you know? and now it's mine.'

'How old are you, Master Tom?'

'Eleven in April,' said Tom promptly.

'Then it will be ten years before you have anything to say to your place as you call it. I've seen your place, Tom. It is not so very much of a place—as for a flag, you know we might mount a flag at Easton if we liked and nobody would mind.'

Tom's black brows had gathered, and his eyes looked with that fierceness mingled with fear which belongs to childhood, into his stepfather's face. He was very wroth to have his pretensions thus made light of, but the habitual faith of his age alarmed him with a sense that it might be true.

'We'll mount one this afternoon,' his tormentor said; 'it will be fun for you and me taking it down when your mother goes out for her drive, and hoisting it again when she comes back. She deserves a flag better than you do, don't you think? Almost as well as the Queen. The only danger is that the country people might take Easton for the Beaufort Arms, and want to come in and drink beer. What do you think?'

'I say, Beau, are you in real earnest about a flag?'

'To be sure. I don't know what you have on yours at the

Towers, but we have a famous blazon on the Beaufort side. We'll get a square of silk from your mother, and paint it as soon as we go in. I forget what your arms are, Tom?'

'I don't know,' said the boy humbly. 'I never heard anything about them. I didn't know you had arms on a flag.'

'Ah!' said Beaufort, 'you see there are a great many things you don't know yet. And about matters that concern gentlemen, I wouldn't advise you either to take nurse's opinion or that of your young man whose father is in trade.'

Tom rode along by his stepfather's side in silence for some time. He felt much taken down—crushed by a superiority which he could not resist, yet very unwilling to yield. There was always the uncomfortable conviction in his mind that what Beaufort said must be true, mingled with the uneasy feeling that Beau might be chaffing all the time, a combination confusing for every simple mind. Tom was not at all willing to give in. He felt instinctively that a flag at Easton would turn his own grandeur, which he believed in so devoutly, into ridicule: for Easton was not much more than a villa, in the suburbs of a little town. At the same time he could not but feel that to haul it up and down when his mother went out or came in would be fun; and the painting of the flag with a general muddle of paints and means of *barbouillage* in general still greater fun, and the most delightful way of spending the afternoon.

'I say, Beau,' he asked after a long interval, 'what's in your arms as you call them? I should like to know.'

Beaufort laughed. 'You must not ask what's in them, but what they are, Tom. A fellow of your pretensions ought to know. Fancy a chatelain in ignorance of such a matter.'

'What's a chatelain? You are only laughing at me,' cried the boy with lowering eyebrows. 'It's a thing mother wears at her side all hanging with silver chains.'

'It's the master of a place—like what you suppose yours to be. My arms are rather too grand for a simple gentleman to bear. We quarter the shields of France and England,' said Beaufort, gravely, forgetting who his companion was for the moment. Then he laughed again. 'You see, Tom, though I have not a castle, I have a flag almost as grand as the Queen's.'

All this was rather humbling to poor Tom's pride, and confusing to his intellect, but he came home full of the plan of painting and putting up this wonderful flag. There was an old flagstaff somewhere, which had been used for the decorations of

some school feast. Beaufort, much amused, instructed his small assistant to paint this in alternate strips of blue and white. 'The colours of the bordure, you know, Tom.' 'Oh, are they,' cried Tom, determined to pretend to understand. And Lady Car found him in the early afternoon, in a shed appropriated to carpentering behind the house, delightfully occupied about this task, and with patches of blue and white all over him from shoe to chin.

'What are you doing, Tom?' she cried. Janet following stood transfixed with her eyes widening every moment—half with wonder, half with envy. What she would have given to paint the staff and herself in imitation of Tom!

'It's the colours of the bordure,' said the boy. 'I'm doing it for Beau.'

'The colours of what?' Lady Car was as ignorant of heraldry as Tom himself.

'Have we got a bordure? and what's our colours? and I want to know what are the arms, mother. I mean my arms: for I suppose,' he said, pausing in his work to look at her, 'yours are just Beau's now?'

'What does the boy mean?' said Carry. 'Janet, you must not go too near him; you will spoil your frock. Tom, your jacket will never be fit to be seen again.'

'I don't care for my jacket. Mother, look here. Beau's going to put up a flag for you like the Queen, and I'm doing the stick. But I want to know about my own shield, and my colours; and if I've got a bordure, and if we're in quarters, or what. I want to know about the flag at the Towers.'

Lady Car made a step backward as if she had received a blow. 'There was no flag at the Towers—I mean there were no arms upon it.—There were no—who put such nonsense into your head, Tom?'

'It's not nonsense. Beau told me—he's going to give me a lesson how to do it. He knows all about it. He says it's no use asking nurse or Harrison major whose father is in trade. It's only gentlemen that have this sort of thing. Mother, have I got a bordure?'

'Mozer,' said little Janet, 'please buy him a bordure.'

Poor Carry was not fond of any allusion to her former home. She was glad to laugh at the little girl's petition—though with a tremor that was half hysterical. 'I don't know anything about it,' she said. 'I will buy him anything that he wants, that is good for him, but oh, dear, what a mess he is in! Your lines are not

straight, and you are all over paint. Jen, come away from that painted boy.'

'Oh, mozer, let me stay!' cried Janet, possessing herself of a stray brush.

It was perhaps those black brows of theirs that gave them such an air of determination. Carry did not feel herself able to cope with the two little creatures who looked at her with their father's eyes. She had to yield oftener than was good for them or than she felt to be becoming. She took her usual expedient of hurrying in to her husband to consult him as to what it was best to do. He was in his library, and she had no doubt he was hard at work. It was generally with some little difficulty and after some delay that on ordinary occasions he had to be gently beguiled into his own sacred room after luncheon: but he had gone to-day at once with an alacrity which made Carry sure he had some new ideas to put down. And her heart was light and full of satisfaction. He was seated at his table leaning over it, so busy that he did not hear the door open, and she paused there for a moment, happiness expanding her breast, and a smile of tender pleasure on her face. She would not interrupt him when he was busy with any trivial matter of hers. She stood and watched him with the purest satisfaction. Then she stole in quietly, not to interrupt him, only to look over his shoulder, to give him perhaps a kiss of thanks for being so busy. Poor Carry! what she found when she approached was that Beaufort's head was bent with every appearance of profound interest over an emblazoned book, from which he was drawing on a larger scale, upon a big sheet of paper, the Beaufort arms. She breathed forth an 'Oh!' of sickening disappointment; and he turned his head.

'Is it you, Carry? Look here. I have got a new toy.'

'So I perceive,' she said. It was all she could do to keep the tears from showing in her eyes; but he would not have seen them, having turned back to his work again.

'A moral purpose is a feeble thing,' he said over his compasses and pencils. 'I began it as a lesson to Tom, to take him down a bit; but I find it quite interesting enough on its own account. Look here. We are going to rig you up a flag, as Tom says, like the Queen.'

Poor Carry! How her tender heart went up and down like a shuttlecock, as she stood with her hand on the back of his chair! Her eyes full of bitter tears of disappointment; the thought that it was out of interest in Tom and love for her that this futile

occupation had been taken up, melted her altogether. How could she allow, even in her own mind, a shadow of blame to rest on one so tender and so good? She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and patted it softly, like the mother of a foolish, delightful child. 'Dear Edward, I almost grudge that you should think of so many things for me,' she said.

'My dear, it was not primarily for you, but as a lesson to Tom,' he said, fixing the leg of his compasses firmly in the paper. 'You must take him to—his place, as he calls it, Carry. But I confess that for the moment I had forgotten my object. To give a moral lesson is a fine thing: but it's nothing to the invention of a new toy.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE flag, so casually suggested, became in effect a very favourite toy, both with Beaufort and his stepson. The one was a very ordinary little boy, the other a highly cultivated man. But they seemed to take equal pleasure in the flutter of the flag from the blue and white staff which Tom had painted with so much trouble, and in rushing out to pull it down when Lady Car in her little pony carriage drove from the door. They sometimes tumbled over each other in their haste and zeal to perform this office. And Beau's legs were so much the longest. It gave him a great and scarcely just advantage over Tom.

Carry was pleased, she was touched and flattered, and such vanity as she had was so delicately ministered to, that for some time this little folly, which took the air of homage to her, made her feel happy. To see the grave and gentle philosopher, with a long swift stride, almost stepping over the children to get at the cord, and pull up the fluttering flag, a brilliant piece of colour among the bare trees, as she appeared with her ponies in the little avenue! It was a little absurd, but so sweet. Edward did it, she allowed herself to imagine, as he had said, for a lesson to Tom—to teach him thus broadly though symbolically the honour that was due to his mother—not to Carry individually who never claimed homage, but to the mother whose claims, perhaps, the boy was not sufficiently conscious of. This was not at all the lesson which Beaufort had intended to teach Tom—but what did that matter? It had a certain effect in that way, though none in the way that Beaufort intended. It did give Tom an impression of the im-

portance of his mother. 'Mother's not just a woman like the rest,' he said to Janet. 'She is what you may call a great lady, Jen, don't you know? There's Mrs. Howard and that sort; you don't run up flags for them. Mother's really something like the Queen—it's in earnest. Beau thinks so. I can tell you he's awfully proud of mother. And so am I too.'

'Oh, Tom, so am I.'

'Yes, but you're just natural. You don't understand. But me and Beau know why we do it,' said Tom. And when he got back to school if he did not boast so much of his place in Scotland, having acquired an uneasy sort of doubt of its magnificence, he intimated that his parentage was not like that of the others. 'When my people drive from the door the flag goes down,' he said. 'It's such fun rushing and getting hold of the rope and up with a tug, as soon as they come into the avenue. Sometimes, when it's been raining, the rope won't run. It's such fun,' cried Tom, while even Harrison major's mouth was closed. The flag was beyond him. As for Janet, she looked on staring and observed everything, and drew many silent conclusions never perhaps to be revealed.

But when the holidays were over Carry's anxious expectations and suspense increased again. Beaufort kept to his new toy even when Tom was gone. He would interrupt his studies, springing up, whatever he was doing, to pull down, or put up that flag, till poor Carry's heart grew sick of the little formula which accompanied all her movements. She began to feel that he liked to be disturbed, and that idling forth into the air to perform this little ceremony was more delightful to him than to get on with that work, which, so far as she could make out, was not yet begun. He had found more notebooks after Tom went away, but the notebooks now began to pall a little. And slowly, slowly, Carry's eyes began to open. She never whispered it to herself, but she began to understand as the years went on many things that were never put into words. She became first of all very sick of the notebooks and the wonderful number of them, and all those tantalising scraps which never came to anything. Her own little poem which she had begun had gone no further. The dawning of genius—but the dawn was still going on. It had never come to be day yet. Would it ever come? Slowly, reluctantly, this began to be revealed to her, broken by many gleams of better hope, by moments when she said to herself that she was the most unjust woman in the world, grudging her husband the leisure in which alone great thoughts can develop—grudging him the very quiet which it had

been the desire of her heart to attain for him. The most unjust of women! not his wife and assistant, but his judge, and so hard a one! It was bitter sweet to Carry to be able thus to condemn herself; but it did not change the position of affairs.

One evening they were seated together in a happy mood. It was summer, and it was some years after the incidents above described. Carry by this time knew almost everything about Beaufort, and what he could not or would not do. And yet her expectations were not quenched. For it is hard to obliterate hope in a woman; and now and then at intervals there would still spring up little impulses in him, and for a few days she would forget (yet all the same never forget) her dolorous discoveries and certainties. It was after one of those *élans* when he had displayed every appearance of being at work for several days, and Lady Car's heart despite of a thousand experiences had risen again, that in the evening, in a very sweet summer twilight, they sat together and watched the stars coming out over the tops of the waving trees. Janet, now grown almost to her full height—she was never very tall—had been wandering about flitting among the flowers in her white frock not unlike (at a distance) one of the great white lilies which stood about in all the borders. It was early in July, the time when these flowers are at their sweetest. The air was full of their delicate fragrance, yet not too full; for there was a little warm breeze which blew it over the whole country away to the heather and gorse on the Haslemere side, and brought back faint echoes of wilder scents, the breath of the earth and of the moors. Janet had been roaming about, never without a glance through the branches at the two figures on the lawn. She was like one of the lilies at a distance, tall for fourteen, though not tall for a full-grown woman, and slim too in the angularity of her age, though of a square solid construction which contradicted all poetical symbols. She had always an eye upon them wherever she went. Nothing had changed her spectator attitude, not even the development of many tender and loyal feelings altogether unknown to the outer world. So far as appeared outside, Janet was still the same steady little champion of her brother that she had been from her baby days, and not much more. The pair who were seated on the lawn were as always conscious of the girl's presence, which was a certain restraint upon their freedom. There was not between them all the same ease that generally exists in a family. Though she was quite out of hearing, they did not even talk with perfect freedom. When she

had gone to bed, called by the all-authoritative nurse of whom even her mistress was a little afraid, Beaufort drew a long breath. He had a sort of habitual tenderness for Janet as a child who had grown up under his eyes and was one of the accessories of daily life. But yet he was more at his ease when she was gone. 'How dark it is getting!' he said; 'the light comes from the lilies, not from the sky, and Janet's white frock, now she has gone, has taken a little away.'

'My poor little Janet,' said Lady Car. 'I wish I could think she would be one of those who give light.'

'Like her mother. It is a pity they are so little like you, Carry. Both the same type, and that so much inferior. But children are very perverse in their resemblances as much as in other things.'

'Nobody can say Janet is perverse,' said Lady Car with that parental feeling which, though not enthusiastic itself, can bear no remark upon the children who are its very own; and then she went back to a more interesting subject. 'Edward, in that chapter you have just begun——'

'My dearest, let us throw all the chapters to the winds. In this calm and sweetness what do we want with those wretched little philosophical pretences? The world as far as we can see it seems all at peace.'

'But there is trouble in it, Edward, all the same, trouble to be set right.'

'Not much, so far as we can see. There is nothing very far wrong in our little town: every "poor person," as you ladies call them, has half-a-dozen soft philanthropists after him to set him right; and we don't even see the town. Look at all those dim lines of country, Carry. What a breadth in them, and no harm anywhere, the earth almost as soft as the sky! Don't let us think of anything, but only how sweet it all is. I am glad that shrubbery was cut away. I like to see over half the world—which is what we are doing—as far as eye can carry, it comes to much the same. May I light my cigarette?'

'Edward,' she cried, 'it is all quite true. There is not much harm just here; but think how much there is in the world, how helpless the poor people are, how little, how little they can do. And what does it matter that we all try a little in the way of charity? Right principles are the only things that can set us all right. I have heard you say a hundred times—in the old days——'

'You have heard me say a great deal of nonsense in the old days.'

'Was it all nonsense,' cried Lady Car, 'all that was said and thought then? There seemed so many splendid things we could do; set up a standard of higher justice, show a better way both to the poor and the rich, and—and other things. I love the landscape and the sweet evening, Edward, oh so much! and to sit and look at them with you, and to feel all the peace around us, and the quiet, and that there is no reason why we should not be happy; but better than that I should love to see you lift up that standard, and show the better way, you who can do it, you who understand all the problems. That is what I wish, that is what I have always wished—above all, above all!' she cried, clasping her hands. The enthusiasm of her sensitive nature overwhelmed Carry. She could not contain herself any longer. 'I would rather even not have been happy and seen you great and doing great work,' she said.

He stretched out his hand and took hers which he held and caressed softly. 'My dear little enthusiast!' he said.

'Don't say that, Edward!' she cried quickly; 'that was all very well in the old days, which you say were nonsense. I was only a girl then, but now I am middle-aged and not to be put off in that way. I am not a little enthusiast, I am an anxious woman. You should not put me off with phrases of the past.'

'You are always a girl, Carry, if you should live to be a thousand,' he said with a faint laugh. 'If you were so middle-aged as you say, you would be content with results as we have them. Here we are, we two together with all the happiness we once so eagerly looked forward to, and which seemed for a time hopeless—very well off, thanks to you. Able to surround ourselves with everything that is delightful and pleasant, besides the central fact of being together, able to help our poor neighbours in a practical way: thanks to you again. Not so much as a crumple in our bed of roses—not a thorn. My dear, that is what you would think of, if you were middle-aged as you say.'

'Then let me be a silly girl, as in the old times,' she cried, 'though it was all nonsense, nothing but nonsense, as you say.'

'Softly, softly,' he said, taking her hand again, 'let us discriminate, Carry. Love can never be nonsense which has lasted like ours. My love, you must not blaspheme.'

'Love!' she cried. Carry's whole frame was trembling, her heart beating to her feet, to her fingers, in her throat. She

seemed to herself only to be a slim sheath, the merest covering for that convulsive heart. There was something like—could it be scorn in the inflection of her voice. He took her by both hands now, throwing down the cigarette which had betokened the entire ease of his mind, and drew her towards him. Something like alarm had come into his tone, and something like indignation too.

‘Carry,’ he said, holding her hands fast, ‘Carry, what do you mean? Not that my love was nonsense, which never wavered from you, notwithstanding everything—not that you distrust me?’

The darkness is an advantage in many an interview like this. It prevented him from seeing all that was in Lady Car’s face, the impetuous terrible question, the impulse of wild scepticism and unbelief, the intolerable impatience of the idealist not to be altogether restrained. Her eyes asked what her lips could never say. Why did you leave me to be another man’s wife? Why let me be strained, humbled, trodden under foot? Why expose me to all the degradations which nobody could impose on you—and why, why? But Carry said none of these things. She could not. There are some things which the religion of the heart forbids ever to be put in words. She could not say them. He might have read them in her eyes, but the darkness kept that revelation from him which would have been more startling than anything Beaufort had ever encountered in his life. Finally Carry, being only a woman and a sensitive and delicate one, fell into the universal feminine anti-climax, the foolishness of tears. How often does their irrestrainable *non-sequitur* put the deepest reasons out of court, and turn the most solemn burden of the soul into apparent foolishness—a woman’s tears, which often gain a foolish cause, but as often lose a strong one, reducing the deep-hearted to the level of the shallow, and placing the greatest offender in the delightful superior position of the man who makes allowances for and pardons! Beaufort gathered her into his arms, made her have her cry out upon his shoulder, soothed and calmed and caressed her out of her passion of feeling. If any one could have whispered in his ear what was in the passionate heart that throbbed on his shoulder! but he would have smiled and would not have believed. She was a little enthusiast, still the same young ethereal poet as ever, a creature made up of lovely impulses and sympathies and nerves and feelings—his sweet Carry, his only love.

After this evening Lady Car had a little illness, nothing of any consequence, a chill taken sitting out too late on the lawn, a headache, probably neuralgic—a little ailment, quite simple,

such as ladies often have, keeping them in their rooms and dressing-gowns for a day or two. A woman scarcely respects herself who has not these little breaks from time to time, just to show of what delicate and fragile stuff she is made. But she emerged from her room a little different, no one could quite tell how, with a different look in her face, quieter, less given to restless fits, more composed and gentle. She had always been gentle, with the softest manners in the world, so that the change was not apparent to the vulgar. Beaufort perceived it for the first day or two, and it gave him a faint shock, as of something invisible, some sudden mystery between them; but the feeling passed over very quickly with a conviction of the utter absurdity of any such impression. Janet, who had never any words in which to convey her discoveries, and no one to say them to if she had found the words, saw it more clearly, and knew that something had happened, though what she could not divine. There were some faint changes scarcely perceptible, but developing gradually, in Lady Car's habits too. She was less in the library with her husband, abandoning this custom very slowly in the most natural way in the world, compelled by other duties which naturally, with a daughter growing up, became more important every day.

(To be continued.)

At the Sign of the Ship.

‘**D**INNA press,’ says the discreet caddie, when the eager golfer tries to hit with more muscle than the gods have given him. He who ‘presses’ never hits hard, and wastes time, and temper, and even money, if he has half-a-crown on the round. This is the morality of Golf, and surely the Rochefoucauld of the game, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, might make it a parable of life. In life most of us need the advice ‘Dinna press,’ and it is applied to the intellectual and moral spheres (if you can apply advice to spheres) by Mr. Burnham, in *Scribner’s Magazine*. Mr. Burnham, writing on ‘Economy in Intellectual Work,’ is opposed to pressing. ‘Unessential ideas should be excluded from consciousness.’ This is very well; one should not encourage unessential ideas, any more than one should eat too much, but what ideas are essential? *These* are not; the world could get on at least as well as usual without them. But it is true that such ideas as we cherish ‘in extreme pessimistic anxieties’ are unessential enough, if we could only dismiss them, and lighten our pressure by saying, ‘Get out, I deem you are unessential!’ When one feels politically pessimistic—and such a thing may occur—it may be well to remember the political pessimism of the old Red Indian chiefs, as described by a Jesuit Father in 1639: ‘The Sachems are always complaining that the country is going to the dogs (*que tout se va perdant*) because the forms and customs of their ancestors are neglected. If a prisoner is being burned at the stake, and if the young men get excited, an old fellow will rise, and cry that ‘they are ruining the country.’ And so they were, for the French came, and the English came, and rum and gunpowder came, and the Hurons *did* go to the dogs. The medicine man of the Hurons was, on the other hand, a stoic and in favour of

banishing 'unessential ideas.' 'That Frenchman's a fool,' said this wizard; 'he lets things put him out. Now nothing puts me out. Come famine! let my kinsfolk pass into the world of spirits, let the Iroquois slaughter our people, nothing puts me out!' but the missionary reports that this stoicism was mere swagger, and perhaps none of us banish unessential ideas as well as we pretend.

* *

The art of 'dauncyng' was recommended by old Sir Thomas Elyot, because it taught 'moral prudence.' The game of golf, so much sneered at by persons who have never played, may also be looked on as an ethical discipline, or perhaps penance. He who can bridle his tongue and temper at golf is almost perfect, and he is apt to be the more virtuous as a man in proportion as he is the worse player. He who never, or hardly ever, 'tops' a ball, does not undergo the temptations to cast all his clubs into the whins, to denounce the laws which govern matter, and to drown himself in the river Eden. But the ordinary player, still more the duffer, has to overcome these plots of the enemy. In golf it is necessary to bring a square inch, or so, of wood into contact with a circular half-inch of gutta-percha, and to do that with the full swing of the arms. Persons who have not attempted the feat may reckon it not difficult; they who usually smite the ball with the sole, as it were, of their clubs, know better. The number of their excuses is a pathetic thing to hear. Their club is too heavy or too light; the shadow of their legs gets between them and the ball; their partner's caddy rattled the clubs; they have no nails in their boots, or too many nails; the ball was 'in a cup;' the wind caught it; the wind did not catch it; the 'green' is very 'keen;' the 'green' is not keen enough; these are a few of a man's *apologiæ pro ludo suo*. All these are preliminary to black despair, breaking your club across your knee; forswearing golf, and then going and buying a new set. Golf is like gambling or opium-eating; you cannot give it up when once it has lured you. Therefore the best way is to make golf a moral discipline, and to imitate that veteran and respected champion who, in the deepest bunker, or after missing the shortest 'putt,' was never known to say anything stronger than 'Dear me!' But it must be allowed that the partners are unlucky who play with the moral but hopeless golfer. They get

more moral discipline than they bargained for, when he lands them in every sandhole, however remote from the straight course.

* * *

Among the sorrows of the literary life (when it comes to be written) housemaids are thought to inflict the direst. A poet sends the following lyric on the subject : perhaps he has suffered like poor Miss Delia Bacon ; part of her great work on Verulam's authorship of Shakspeare's plays was thrown into the fire by a negro waiter, a black man, if the expression may be tolerated. Perhaps the coloured critic was fortunately inspired, and perhaps little of worth, except Carlyle's first draft of the *French Revolution*, has really been destroyed by housemaids. However, the poet thinks otherwise, and thus he sings :—

TIDIED AWAY.

(TO THE AIR OF 'OVER THE SEA.'

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure.—SHELLEY.

Tidied away !
Tell me, I pray,
What has your housemaiden tidied away,
(*Tidied away, tidied away*)
She of the duster and broom ?
For I see, see, see,
Your hair and your whiskers are fast turning grey,
As you rummage, for something that *was* here, you say,
Before tea, tea, tea,
This corner and that of the room.

Many a lay
Tidied away,
Lost or mislaid, that superlative lay,
(*Tidied away, tidied away*)
Lost in the gathering gloom,
With a sweep, sweep, sweep,
Stuffed into the whatnot or under the tray,
Or in tomes of philology, round me that lay,
Buried deep, deep, deep,
By her of the dustpan and broom.

Books of the day,
 Tidied away,
 Novels of April and numbers of May,
(Tidied away, tidied away)
 Snatched from their critical doom.
 Taken down, down, down ;
 They take from the shelf to be read on the sly,
 Works you might think they would find rather dry,
 Ancient editions and brown,
 Those maids of the dustbin and broom.

Bills of the play
 Tidied away—
 Nothing so easy for maids to mislay,
(Maids to mislay, maids to mislay)
 Maids who are apt to presume ;
 For they read, read, read,
 And they dream for the nonce they are Sally or Nell,
 Till they're much too absorbed to attend to the bell,
 As with greed, greed, greed,
 They read, and they tidy the room.

Tidied away,
 Tidied away !
 All I most care for is tidied away,
(Tidied away, tidied away)
 Tidied away from the room ;
 Till I pine, pine, pine,
 To live for a year in the dingiest den,
 Where dust settles down on the works of the pen,
 Not a line, line, line,
 Being tidied away with a broom.

L. C.

* * *

By a piece of great luck, for folk-lorists, a lady has sent two Scotch *märchen*, or nursery tales. They are not even mentioned, I think, in Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, nor in the *Complaynt of Scotland*; and Sir Walter, who alludes to a lost variant, *The Black Bear of Norrøway*, does not anywhere speak of

Kate Crackernuts, or that mysterious being, *The Draiglin Hoggie*. The stories were told to her descendants by an ancient lady of an old family in Angus, and by this time they are a good deal battered and worn. The sick sister is a little mysterious, and nothing in particular comes of the sheep's head. It is possible that some reader may know a better and more complete version of the tale.



THE STORY OF KATE CRACKERNUTS.

Once upon a time there was a king and a queen, as in many lands have been. The king had a dochter, Kate, and the queen had one. The queen was jealous of the king's dochter being bonnier than her own, and cast about to spoil her beauty. So she took counsel of the henwife, who told her to send the lassie to her next morning fasting. The queen did so, but the lassie found means to get a piece before going out. When she came to the henwife's she asked for eggs, as she had been told to do; the henwife desired her to 'lift the lid off that pot there' and see. The lassie did so, but naething happened. 'Gae hame to your minnie and tell her to keep her press door better steekit,' said the henwife. The queen knew from this that the lassie had had something to eat, so watched the next morning and sent her away fasting; but the princess saw some country folk picking peas by the roadside, and being very affable she spoke to them and took a handful of the peas, which she ate by the way.

In consequence, the answer at the henwife's house was the same as on the preceding day.

The third day the queen goes along with the girl to the henwife. Now when the lid is lifted off the pot, off jumps the princess's ain bonny head and on jumps a sheep's head.

The queen, now quite satisfied, returns home.

Her own daughter, however, took a fine linen cloth and wrapped it round her sister's head and took her by the hand and gaed out to seek their fortin. They gaed and they gaed far, and far'er than I can tell, till they cam to a king's castle. Kate chappit at the door and sought a 'night's lodging for hersel' and her sick sister.' This is granted on condition that Kate sits up all night to watch the king's sick son, which she is quite willing to do. She is also promised a 'pock of siller' 'if a's right.' Till

midnight all goes well. As twelve o'clock rings, however, the sick prince rises, dresses himself, and slips downstairs, followed by Kate unnoticed. The prince went to the stable, saddled his horse, called his hound, jumped into the saddle, Kate leaping lightly up behind him. Away rode the prince and Kate through the green-wood, Kate, as they pass, plucking nuts from the trees and filling her apron with them. They rode on and on till they came to a green hill. The prince here drew bridle and spoke, 'Open, open, green hill, an' let the young prince in with his horse and his hound,' and, added Kate, 'his lady him behind.'

Immediately the green hill opened and they passed in. A magnificent hall is entered, brightly lighted up, and many beautiful ladies surround the prince and lead him off to the dance, while Kate, unperceived, seats herself by the door. Here she sees a bairnie playing with a wand, and overhears one of the fairies say, 'Three strakes o' that wand would mak Kate's sick sister as bonnie as ever she was.' So Kate rowed nuts to the bairnie and rowed (rolled) nuts, till the bairnie let fall the wand, and Kate took it up and put it in her apron.

Then the cock crew, and the prince made all haste to get on horseback, Kate jumping up behind, and home they rode, and Kate sat down by the fire and cracked her nuts, and ate them. When the morning came Kate said the prince had a good night, and she was willing to sit up another night, for which she was to get a 'pock o' gowd.' The second night passed as the first had done. The third night Kate consented to watch, only if she should marry the sick prince. This time the bairnie was playing with a birdie; Kate heard one of the fairies say, 'Three bites of that birdie would mak the sick prince as weel as ever he was.' Kate rowed nuts to the bairnie till the birdie was dropped, and Kate put it in her apron.

At cockcrow they set off again, but instead of cracking her nuts as she used to do, Kate plucked the feathers off and cooked the birdie. Soon there arose a very savoury smell. 'Oh!' said the sick prince, 'I wish I had a bite o' that birdie,' so Kate gave him a bit o' the birdie, and he rose up on his elbow. By-and-by he cried out again, 'Oh! if I had anither bite o' that birdie!' so Kate gave him another bit, and he sat up on his bed. Then he said again, 'Oh! if I had a third bite o' that birdie!' So Kate gave him a third bit, and he rose quite well, dressed himself, and sat down by the fire, and when 'the folk came i' the mornin' they found Kate and the young prince cracking nuts th'gether.'

So the sick son married the weel sister, and the weel son married the sick sister, and they all lived happy and dee'd happy, and never drank out o' a dry cappy.

* * *

As to the *Draigling Hoguey* (or Hoggey, or Hoggie) he may keep to another time. To 'draig' (according to Jamieson) is to delay, to be tardy. No light is thrown on 'Hoguey.' The being, in the tale, is a kind of monster, or fiend.

* * *

It is not often that poetry reaches us from New Zealand; so, as the following little piece has flown even farther than the winds whispered the secret of the reeds, it may as well fly back again in print to the land of Moas and Maoris.

AMONGST THE RUSHES.

Away through the night, where the tall reeds grow,
 King Midas's queen hath sped,
 Where the slumberous river lies dark below
 She hath faltered a word of dread:
 'Bend low, pretty reeds, my secret hear:
 King Midas, my lord, has an ass's ear.'

And the tall reeds treasured it safe, I wis,
 Till the breezes of morn came by,
 When each, as it bowed to their greeting kiss,
 Repeated her gentle sigh:
 'Bend low, pretty reeds, my secret hear:
 King Midas, my lord, has an ass's ear.'

Then as ruder and louder the winds blow wide
 The traitorous whispers grow,
 Till a chorus rises on every side,
 As the reeds sway to and fro.
 Loud o'er the land goes that word of fear,
 'Lord Midas, the king, has an ass's ear.'

Ah! had I a message, I fain would think
 Unspoken afar might go.
 Could I hie me down to the river brink
 And whisper it soft and slow,
 Would the waters that flow and the winds that fleet,
 Like kindly traitors, my trust repeat?

And had I a secret of sweeter strain,
 That for ever must rest untold,
 Did I murmur it low on the reedy plain,
 Would the rushes their secret hold?
 Did I bend me and murmur it day by day,
 Would it come to his hearing so far away?

MARY COLBORNE PEEL.

* *

The latest American plagiarism-hunter, pursuing the old quarry, discovers that a certain incident in a certain novel is pilfered from 'the Persian.' 'Does it not immediately suggest to the reader's mind the story of the infancy of Cyrus the Great; how, on account of his grandfather's dream, he had been condemned to death by exposition on Mount Taygetus?' and so forth. That learned periodical, the *American Notes and Queries*, publishes this blasting discovery. Perhaps its author will kindly explain his theory of the geographical position of Mount Taygetus, and explain how it came about that a Persian baby was doomed to 'exposition' in Sparta, of all improbable places. Few persons have written themselves down dolts with more elaborate care.

* *

Speaking of plagiarism, does not taste suggest some kind of limit to the horrors of shilling novels? The unwary traveller who purchases 'only a bob's worth,' as Mr. Pickwick's cabman said, may find that his shilling brings him rather too ill-favoured a nightmare. One recent shilling-dreadful introduces us to a miscreant who tickles women to death and gouges out their eyes, also to the ghost of the lady thus unkindly used, who, in her turn, tickles the miscreant to death! These scenes are described with great minuteness, the ghost is always on the premises, the

living characters 'tingle' mysteriously, as if overcharged with electricity; there are pictures of torture in the rooms, and the whole performance might have seemed agreeable to a notorious French author of the last century.

It is not hypercriticism objects to this inartistic heaping up of gruesome and tasteless impossibilities. As for the tickling villain, the writer in the *American Notes and Queries* may plausibly maintain that he is borrowed from the *Old Curiosity Shop*.

'That, ladies and gentlemen,' said Mr. Jarley, 'is Jasper Parklemerton of atrocious memory, who courted and married fourteen wives, and destroyed them all, by tickling the soles of their feet, when they were sleeping in the consciousness of innocence and virtue. On being brought to the scaffold, and asked if he were sorry for what he had done, he replied, yes, he was sorry he had let them off so easy, and hoped all Christian husbands would pardon him the offence. . . . Observe that his fingers are curled as in the act of tickling, and that his face is represented with a wink, as he appeared when committing his barbarous murders.' So murder by tickling should be 'barren' in fiction, as lacking in originality.

ANDREW LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts. Contributions received after March 10 will be acknowledged in the May number:—

Bertha 2s. H. R., Chester, 1l. Two friends 7s. 6d. Arima Jeston 3l. 3s. H. G. 21s. E. K. G. 1s. 6d. John D. Collins 21s. V. L. Q. 10s. A. D. M. 2s. 6d. F. W. B. 4s. Mrs. E. D. Stone 10s. Captain Lang, R.N., 10s. Walter C. Parker 5l. A Widow's mite 5s. E. F. S. 1l. A. G. Chapman 10l. Miss Hope 1l. Snowdrop 2s. 6d. H. A. H. 10s. A new reader of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE 1s. 6d. Maple 5s. The Misses Mee 20s. Mrs. Griffiths 1s. Miss Freer 20s. C. J. B. 10s. M. C. 20s. 'Children' 6d. J. D. K. 5s. W. H. H. 5s. J. H. 2s. 6d. Mrs. Brodribb (Cooper's Court) 5s. Two Sisters 2s. Plumps 2s. 7d. J. B., North Devon, 5s. The Aunts 15s. Bertie 2s. Mrs. Ullock 10s. Edith 20s. W. A. T. 1l. F. E. K. 1l. J. H. Ball 1l. M. J. W. 2s. 6d. Charity Box 6s. Friends at 29 Christchurch Road, Brondesbury, per R. N. Evens, 30s. J. B. 10s. A. B. 10s. R. C. C. 5s. L. H. 10s. M. A. C. 10s. Mrs. Marsden 5s. M. E. Lloyd 10s. Meole B. 5s. J. M. 10s. 6d. In Mem. C. L. 5s. H. M. 2s. 6d. H. W. P. H. 21s. G. B. 5s. W. J. D. 10l. 10s. E. Heath 2s. 6d. F. P. 10s. H. McC. 2s. 6d. J. T. T. 5s. J. S. 10s. 6d. C. D. 1s. M. H. J. 5s. Sawstock 10s. M. A. C. Bath, 2s. 6d. Cyprus 10s. Folkestone 4s. E. L. L. 2s. 6d. E. W. 2s. 6d. T. R. T. 10s. Anniversary 2s. 6d. (and woollen garment). Miss Eleanor Arthur

2s. 6d. E. Codrington 7s. 6d. Leman 5s. Mrs. Reynolds 2l. Miss C. H. Macewen 1l. 'Donna,' 1l. Cooper's Court. E. H. 10s. Lil 5s. Miss A., Annesley, 20s. Mrs. Percival Frost 1l. Also scrap books from S., Liverpool, Mrs. J. Evans, 'Friends,' and Anon. Parcels of clothing from Miss Proctor, Anon., West Brighton, A. B. Illustrated papers from J. Wyatt and F. T. B., and two boxes of raisins from Isaac Colbridge. The following have been received by the Sisters:—H. M. woollies. E. T. J. 5s. E. H., Marlborough, 2s. 6d. Miss Bolton, Christmas numbers. Mrs. J., Cheshunt, clothing. E. M. S. 'Donna' 1s., Cooper' Court 2s. and materials.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,

39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

INDEX

TO THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

A. K. H. B.:

Lord Westbury, 207
Of Taking in Sail, 623

Anstey (F.) The Bachelor: a Study
in Strained Sentiment, 377

At the Sign of the Ship, by Andrew
Lang, 105, 218, 328, 439, 554, 657
At whose Door? by Mrs. Deland,
493

BACHELOR, THE: A STUDY IN
STRAINED SENTIMENT, by F. An-
stey, 377

Barbara, by May Kendall, 81

Barker (H. J.) Studies of Elemen-
tary School Life, 256, 401

Bell of St. Paul's, The, by Walter
Besant, 225, 337, 449, 661

Black (William) A Day's Stalking,
173

Boyle (Frederick):

A Clandestine Correspondence,
383

Cool Orchids, 477

Brand (Cannock) The Frog and his
Relations, 61

Buckland (C. T.) Some Indian Fish,
366

CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL (H.) Flier-
Weather, 158

Clandestine Correspondence, A, by
Frederick Boyle, 383

Country Day School, A, Seventy
Years Ago, 512

DANGEROUS CATSPAW, A, by David
Christie Murray and Henry Mur-
ray, 1, 113, 302, 418

Deland (Mrs.) At whose Door? 493
'Donna,' The, 112, 224, 336, 447,
559, 665

'Donna' in 1888, The Unemployed
and the, by Miss Trench and the
Editor, 290

Duns (Earnest) 'Hath not a Jew
Eyes?' 273

EDITOR (The), The Unemployed
and the 'Donna' in 1888, 290

Elementary School Life, Studies of,
by H. J. Barker, 256, 401

FAIRIES' COBBLER, THE, by Graham
R. Tomson, 416

Fat and Fat-Cures, by Dr. Andrew
Wilson, 140

Fatal Lift, The, by May Kendall, 603

Flier-Weather, by H. Cholmondeley-
Pennell, 158

Frog, The, and his Relations, by
Cannock Brand, 61

GIVING AND SAVING, by Mrs. Henry
Reeve, 186

Gosse (P. H.) A Country Day
School Seventy Years Ago, 512

'HATH NOT A JEW EYES?' by
Earnest Duns, 273

Haunted Melon Garden, The, by the
Rev. T. G. Selby, 632

Herring, A Fresh, by the Rev. J. G.
Wood, 93

Hickey (Miss) Margery Daw, 77

INDIAN FISH, SOME, by C. T. Buck-
land, 366

'JIN,' by Mrs. Musgrave, 160

KARENGA: AN AFRICAN SKETCH, by
Miss Werner, 193
Kendall (May):
Barbara, 81
The Fatal Lift, 603.

LADY CAR: THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE,
525, 636

Lang (Andrew) At the Sign of the
Ship, 105, 218, 328, 439, 554, 657
Layard (Nina F.) A March Howl, 91
Little Sister, by Mrs. Musgrave, 607

MARCH HOWL, A, by Nina F.
Layard, 491

Margery Daw, by Miss Hickey, 77
Mated by Magic, by Walter Herries
Pollock and Brander Matthews, 44
Murray (David Christie and Henry)
A Dangerous Catpaw, 1, 113, 302,
418

Musgrave (Mrs.):
'Jin,' 160
Little Sister, 607

OLIPHANT (Mrs.) Lady Car: the
Sequel of a Life, 525, 636
Orchids, Cool, by Frederick Boyle,
477

'PAYMENT BY RESULTS,' A SCHEME
IN LIEU OF, by J. H. Yoxall, 28
Payne (John Orlebar) The Sequel
to 'A Queen-Anne Pocket-Book,'
595

Pollard (Mrs.) A Queen-Anne
Pocket-Book, 280

Pollock (Walter Herries) and
Matthews (Brander) Mated by
Magic, 44

QUEEN-ANNE POCKET-BOOK, A, by
Mrs. Pollard, 280
The Sequel to, by John
Orlebar Payne, 595

REEVE (Mrs. Henry) Giving and
Saving, 186

SELBY (Rev. T. G.) The Haunted
Melon Garden, 632
Stalking, A Day's, by William
Black, 173
Studies of Elementary School Life,
by H. J. Barker, 256, 401

TAKING IN SAIL, OF, by A. K. H. R.
623

Tomson (Graham R.) The Fairies'
Cobbler, 416

Trench (Miss) The Unemployed and
the 'Donna' in 1888, 290

UNEMPLOYED, THE, AND THE
'DONNA' IN 1888, by Miss Trench
and the Editor, 290

WERNER (Miss) Karenga: an
African Sketch, 193

Westbury, Lord, by A. K. H. R.,
207

Wilson (Dr. Andrew) Fat and Fat-
Cures, 140

Wood (Rev. J. G.) A Fresh Her-
ring, 93

YOXALL (J. H.) A Scheme in lieu of
'Payment by Results,' 28

FANCY DRESSES DESCRIBED;

OR, WHAT TO WEAR AT FANCY BALLS.

BY ARDERN HOLT.

7th and Enlarged Edition, with Sixty-four Pen-and-Ink Sketches and Sixteen Full-page Coloured Illustrations of Favourite Models, and Description of upwards of Seven Hundred Costumes.

'The writer has evidently been present at many of the Fancy Balls given of late years.'—MORNING POST.

'What to wear at a Fancy Ball is often a question of momentous interest, and it is answered in every particular by a little book called "Fancy Dresses Described."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

'The Illustrations are extremely pretty and graceful.'—THE QUEEN.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

EBENHAM & FREEBODY, Wigmore Street & Welbeck Street, London, W.

CARDINAL and HARFORD, The Oldest Established

Importers of ORIENTAL CARPETS.

THE LEVANT WAREHOUSE, 108 & 109 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

GUARANTEED GENUINE EASTERN HAND-MADE FABRICS.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

DAY-FEVER AND COLDS

Cured by Dr. DUNBAR'S

ALKARAM

SMELLING BOTTLE,

TWO SHILLINGS AND NINEPENCE EACH.

Which, if inhaled on the first symptoms, will at once remove them, and, even when a cold has been neglected and become severe, it will give immediate relief, and generally cure in one day.

To open the bottle, dip the stopper into very hot water, and rub off the lining.

Address Dr. DUNBAR, care of F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1 King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

JENNY LIND.—'I have much pleasure in confirming, as far as my experience extends, the testimony already so general in favour of the Lozenges prepared by you.'



DOUGHTY'S VOICE LOZENGES

Are sold by all Chemists, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 11s.; or post free, 7d., 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 11s. 6d.

F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1 King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London. Established A.D. 1746.

'FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.'

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 23 or 132 stamps by Proprietors, LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

KEATING'S POWDER

DESTROYS

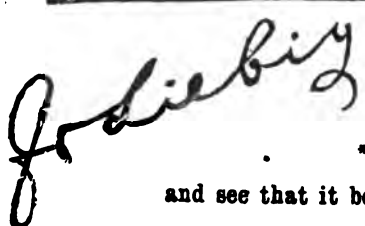
BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES

Sold in Tins 6^d 1/- & 2/6

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

REFRESHING.
NOURISHING.
STRENGTHENING.

To secure this article ask for **FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA**.



**LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT
OF MEAT**

** ASK for the COMPANY'S EXTRACT
and see that it bears **JUSTUS VON LIEBIG'S SIGNATURE**
IN BLUE INK across the label.

VAN HOUTEN'S

PURE Soluble

COCOA

EASILY DIGESTED—MADE INSTANTLY.

BEST AND GOES FARTHEST.

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—'ADMIRABLE,' 'PERFECT,' and so **PURE HEALTH.**—Its **PURITY** is **BEYOND QUESTION—ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.**

C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, WEESP-HOLLAND.

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT.

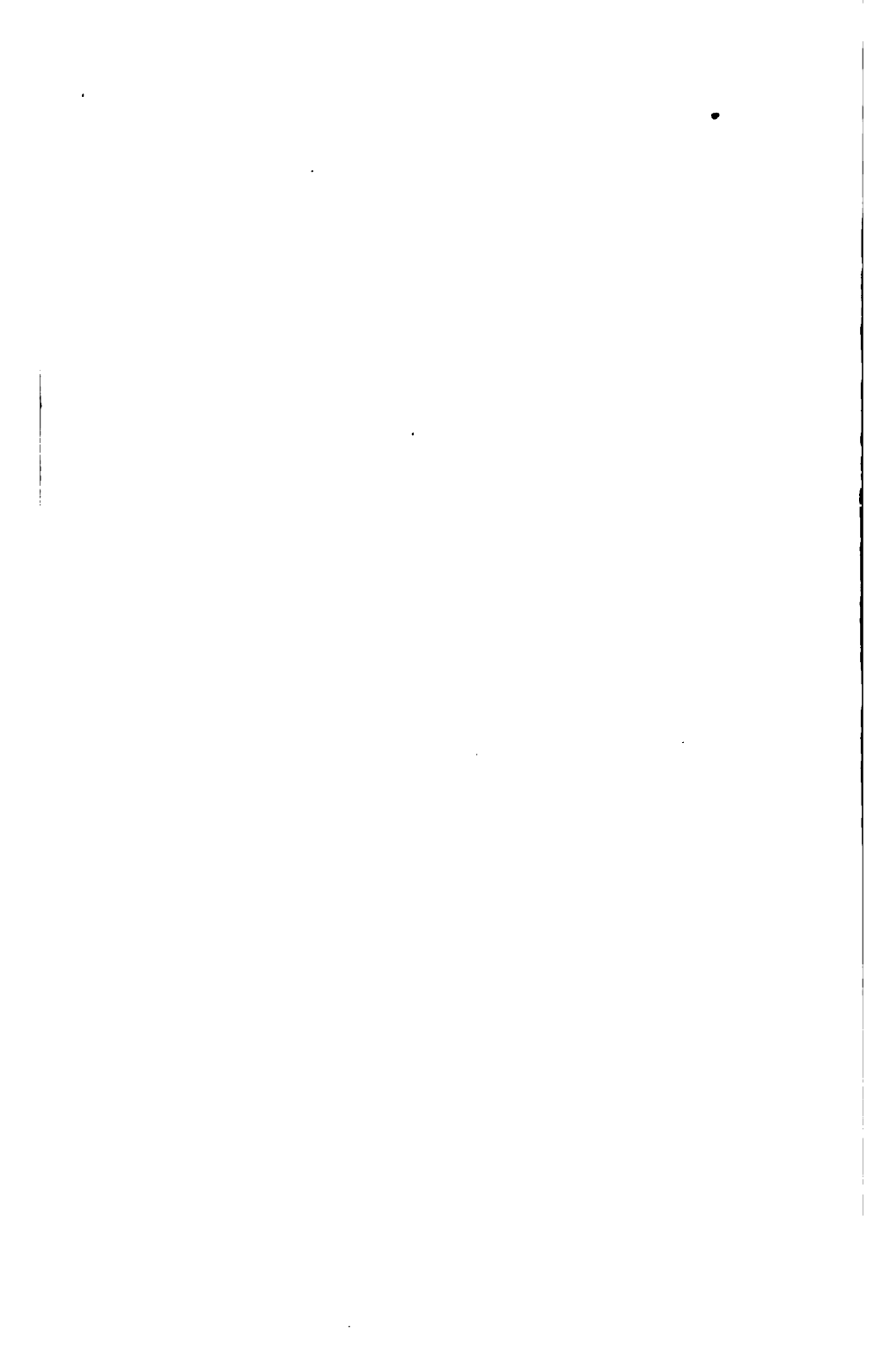
The **APOLLINARIS COMPANY**, as numerous Hungarian Aperient Waters Names, and Designations very similar Hungarian Aperient Water (Hunyadi) they have now adopted an additional their Registered Trade Mark of **RED DIAMOND**. This distinguish the **HUNGARIAN THE COMPANY** from all other

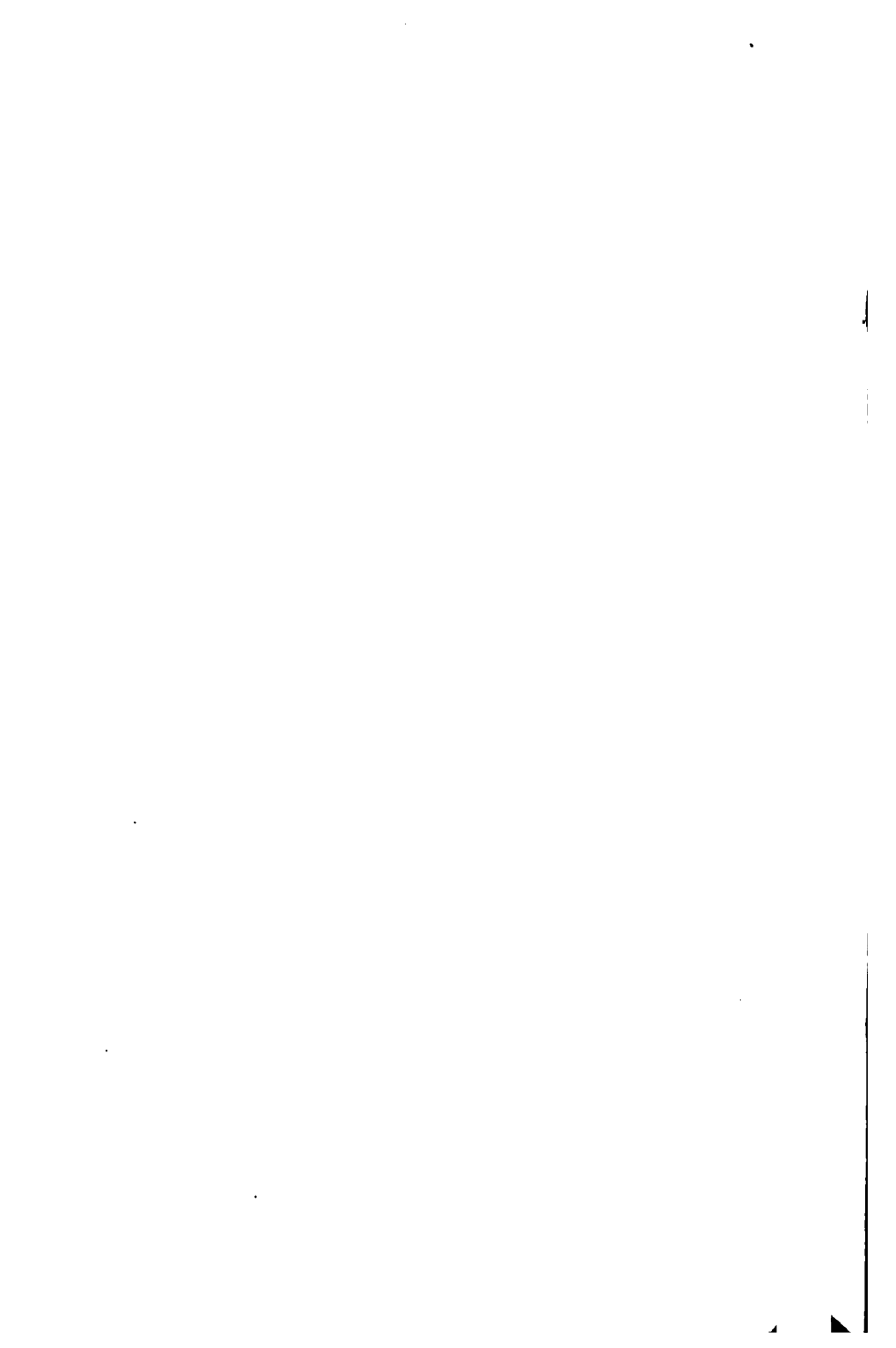
DEMAND THE
and insist upon receiving the
the **APOLLINARIS COMPANY**,
Of all Druggists and

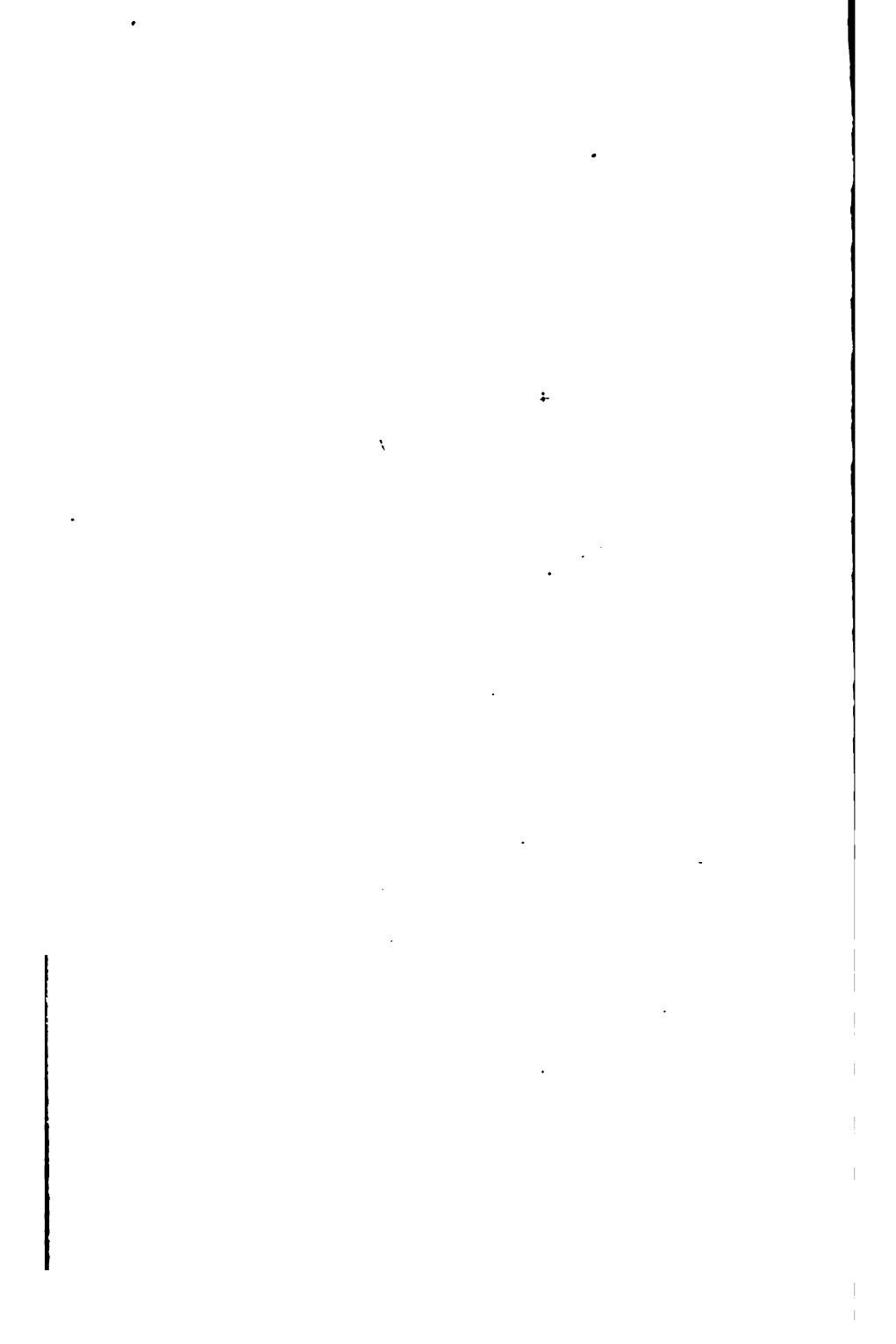


LIMITED, London, beg to announce that are offered to the public with Mark to those which are used for (Jinos) so long imported by the. Label of their own, comprising selection, which consists of a Label will henceforth serve to **APERIENT WATER SOLD BY** Aperient Waters.

DIAMOND MARK,
HUNGARIAN APERIENT WATER of
LIMITED, London.
Mineral Water Dealers.





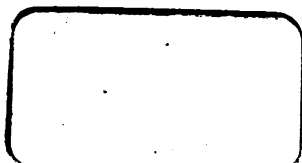


221890

OCT 26 1891

JUN 1 1892

JUN 17 62 H





3 2044 092 676 568